

THE
WVORKES
OF M A S T E R
GEORGE WITHER, OF
LINCOENS-INNE,
GENTLEMAN,

Containing
Satyrs.
Epigrams.
Eclogues.
Sonnets.
and Poems.

Whereunto is annexed a Paraphrase on the Creed and the
Lords Prayer.

LONDON,
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George Washington
Lodge No. 1
Great Falls

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The Satyr to the meere Courtiers.

Sirs, I doe know your minds, you looke for
fees,
For more respect then needas, for caps and
knees:

But be content, I haue not for you now,
Nor will I haue at all to doe with you.
For though I seeme opprest, and you suppose
I must be faine to crouch to Vertues foes;
Yet know, your fauours I doe sleight more
In this distresse, then ere I did before.

A Satyre.

Here to my Leige a message I must tell,
If you will let me passe you shall doe well;
If you denie admittance, why then know,
I meane to haue it where you will or no.

Your formall wisdom, which hath never been
In ought yet (sauing iugenting fashions) seene,
And deemes that man was borne to no entent,
But to be train'd in Apish complement;
Doth now (herhaps) suppose me indiscreet,
And such vnused messages unmeet.

But what of that? Shall I goe fute my matter
Vnto your wits that haue but wit to flatter?

Shall I, of your opinions so much prize
To lose my will to haue you thinke me wise,
Who never yet to any liking had,

Unlesse he were a Knaue, a Foole, or mad?
You Mushroms know, so much I weigh your pow.
I neither value you, nor what is yours.

Nay, though my croffes had me quite out-worne,
Spirit enough I de finde your spight to scorne:
Of which resolu'd to further my aduenter,
Vnto my King without your leaues I enter.

To

To the Honest Courtiers.

But You, whose onely worth doth colour
give
To Them, that they doe worthy seeme to
live,
Kind Gentlemen, your aide I crave to bring
A Satyre to the presence of his King :
A shew of rudenesse doth my fore-head arm'd,
Yet you may trust me I will doe no harme :
He that hath sent me, is a subiect true,
And one whose loue (I know) is much to you :
But now he lyes bound to a narrow scope,
Almost beyond the Cape of all good hope.
Long hath he sought to free himselfe, but failes :
And therefore seeing nothing else preuailes,

Me, to acquaint my Soueraigne, here he sends,
As one despairing of all other friends.
I doe presume that you will fauour shew me,
Now that a Messenger from him you know me:
For many thousands that his face ne're knew
Blame his Accusers, and his Fortune rue:
And by the helpe which your good word may doe,
He hopes for pitty from his Soueraigne to.
Then in his presence with your fauours grace me,
And there's no Vice so great shall dare out-face me.

To

To the Kings most Excellent Maiestie.

A SATYRE.

Quid tu, si pereo?

WHAT once the *Poet* said, I may auow,
Tis a hard thing not to write Satyrs now,
Since what we speak, abuse raigns so in all,
Spite of our hearts will be *Satyricall*.-

Let it not therefore now be deemed strange,
My vnfmeoth'd lines their rudenesse do not change,
Nor be distastfull to my gracious *King*,
That in the *Cage*, my old harsh notes I sing,
And rudely make a *Satyre* here vnfold,
What others would in neater tearmes haue told.
And why? my friends and meanes in *Court* are scant,
Knowledge of curious phrase, and forme I want.
I cannot bear't to runne my selfe in debt,
To hire the *Groome* to bid the *Page* entreat
Some *fauourd Follower* to vouchsafe his word
To get me a cold comfort from his *Lord*.
I cannot sooth, though it my life might saue,
Each *Favourite*, nor crouch to eu'ry *Knaue*,
I cannot brooke delayes as some men do,
With scoffes and scornes, and tak't in kindnesse to.

For

A Satyr.

For ere I'de binde my selfe for some sleight grace
To one that hath no more worth then his place,
Or by a base meane free my selfe from trouble,
I rather would endure my penance double :
Cause to be forc'd to what my mind disdaines
Is worse to me then tortures, yacks and chaines :
And therefore vnto thee I onely flie,
To whom there needes no meane but Honesty :
To thee that lou'st not *Parasite* or *Mision*,
Should ere I speake possesse thee w th opinion.
To thee that do'st what thou wilt vndertake,
For loue of *Justice*, not the persons sake.
To thee that know'st how vaine all faire shewes be,
That flow not from the hearts sinceritie,
And canst, though shadowed in the simplest vaille,
Discerne both *Loue* and *Trush*, and where they faile :
To thee deē I appcale ; in whom Heau'n knowes,
I next to God my confidence repose.
For, can it be thy Grace should euer shine,
'And not enlighten such a cause as mine ?
Can my hopes (fixt in thee great King) be dead ?
Or thou those *Satyr*s hate thy *Forrest*s bred ?
Where shall my second hopes be founded then,
If euer I haue heart to hope agen ?
Can I suppose a fauour may be got
In any place, when thy *Court* yeelds it not ?
Or that I may obtaine it in the land,
When I shall be deni'd it at thy hand ?

And

A Satyr.

And if I might, should I so fond on't be,
To tak't of others, when I mist of thee?
Or if I did, can I haue comfort by it,
VVhen I shall thinke my *Soueraigne* did deny it?
No, were I sure, I to thy hate were borne,
The loue of halfe the world beside Ide scorne.

But why should I thy fauour here distrust,
Tha haue a *cause* so knowne, and knowne so iust?
VVich not alone my inward comfort doubles,
But all suppose me wrong'd that heare my troubles,
Nay, though my fault were Reall, I beleeue
Thou art so Royall, that thou wouldest forgiue.
For well I know thy sacred *Maiesy*
Hath euer been admir'd for Clemencie,
And at thy gentlenesse the world hath wondred,
For making Sunshine, where thou mightst haue thund're,
Yea, thou in mercy life to them didst give (dred,
That could not be content to see *thee* lieue.
And can I thinke that thou wiit make me, then,
The most vnhappy of all other men?
Or let thy loyall Subiect, against reason,
Be punish't more for *Lowe*, then some for *Treason*?
No, thou didst neuer yet thy glory staine
VVith an iniustice to the meanest *Swaine*.
Tis not thy will I'me wrong'd, nor dost thou know,
If I haue suffred iniuries or no.
For if I haue not heard false *Rumors* flie,
Th'ast grac'd me with the stile of *Honesty*.
And

A Satyr.

And if it were so (as the world thinkes twas)
I cannot see how it should come to passe
That *thou*, from whose free *tongue* proceedeth nought
Which is not correspondent with thy thought.
Those thoughts to, being fram'd in *Reasons* mould,
Should speak that once, which should not euer hold.

But passing it as an vncertainty,
I humbly begge thee by that *Majestie*,
Whose sacred *Glory* strikes a louing-feare
Into the hearts of all, to whom tis deare:
To deigne me so much fanour, without merit,
As read this plaint of a distempered spirit:
And thinke, vnlesse I saw some hideous storne,
Too great to be endur'd by such a *worme*,
I had not thus presum'd vnto a *King*,
VVith *Esope's Fly* to seeke an *Eagle's* wing:
But know I'me he that entred once the list,
Gainst all the world to play the *Satyr*ist:
Twas I, that made my measures rough and rude,
Dance arm'd with whips amidst the multitude,
And vnappalled with my charmed *Serowles*,
Teaz'd angry *Monsters* in their lurking holes:
I've plaid with *Wasps* and *Hornets* without feares,
Till they grew mad, and swarm'd about my eares:
I've done it, and me thinkes tis such braue sport,
I may be stung, but nere be sorry for't,
For all my griefe is that I was so sparing,
And had no more i'rt worth the name of daring.

He

A Satyr.

He that will taxe these times must be more bitter,
Tart lines of *Vinegar* and *Gall* are fitter.
My fingers and my spirits were benum'd,
My *ink* ran forth too smooth, twas too much gum'd;
Ide haue my *Pen* so paint it, where it traces,
Each accent, should draw bloud into their faces.
And make them, when their *Villaines* are blazed,
Shudder and *startle*, as men halfe amazed,
For feare my *Verse* should make so loud a din,
Heauen hearing might raine vengeance on their sin.
Oh now for such a straine! would *Art* could teach it,
Though halfe my spirits I consum'd to reach it.
Ide learne my *Muse* so braue a course to flic,
Men should admire the power of *Poesie*.
And those that dar'd her greatnessse to resist,
Quake enen at naming of a *Satyrift*.
But when his scourging numbers flow'd with wôder,
Should cry, *God blesse vs*, as they did at thunder.
Alas! my lines came from me too-too dully,
They did not fill a *Satyr* mouth vp fully.
Hot bloud, and youth, enrag'd with passions store,
Taught me to reach a *straine* nere touch'd before.
But it was coldly done, I throughly chid not:
And somewhat there is yet to doe, I did not.
More soundly could my *scourge* haue yerked many,
Which I omitted not for feare of any.
For want of *action*, *discontentments*, *rage*,
Base *dis-respect* of *Vertue* (in this age)

With

A Satyr.

VVith other things, vnto my selfe a wrong,
Made me so fearelesse in my carelesse song :
That had not reason within compasse won me,
I had told *Truth* enough to haue vndone me.
(Nay, haue already, if that her Divine
And vnseene power, can do no more then mine.)
For though fore-seeing wariness was good,
I fram'd my stile vnto a milder mood,
And clogging her high-towring wings with mire,
Made her halfe earth, that was before all fire.
Then being(as you saw) disguis'd in shew,
Clad like a *Satyre*, brought her forth to view :
Hoping(her out-side being mis-esteem'd)
She might haue passed, but for what she seem'd :
Yet *some*, whose *Comments* iumpe not with my mind
In that low phrase, a higher reach would find,
And out of their deepe iudgements seeme to know,
What tis vncertaine if I meant or no :
Ayming thereby, out of some priuate hate,
To worke my shame, or ouerthrow my state :
For amongst many wrongs my *foe* doth doe me,
And divers imputations laid vnto me,
Deceiued in his aime, he doth misconster
That which I haue enstil'd a *Man-like Monſter*,
To meane some priuate person in the State,
VVhose worth I sought to wrong out of my hate ;
Upbrayding *me*, I from my word doe start,
Either for want of better *Ground* or *Heart*.

Cause

A Satyr.

Cause from his expectation I did vary
In the denying of his *Commentary*,
VWhereas tis knowne I meant ~~abuse~~ the while,
Not thinking any *one* could be so vile
To merit all those *Epitomes* of shame,
Howeuer many doe deserue much blame.

But say I grant that I had an intent
To haue it so(as he interprets)meant,
And let my gracious *Liege* suppose there were
One whom the *State* may haue just cause to feare,
Or thinke there were a man(and great in *Court*)
That had more faults then I could well report;
Suppose I knew him, and had gone about
By some particular marksto paint him out,
That *he* best knowing his owne faults,might see,
He was the *Man* I would should noted be:
Imagine now such doings in this *Age*,
And that *this man* so pointed at,should rage,
Call me in question, and by his much threatening,
By long imprisonment, and ill intreating,
Urge a *Confession*: wer't not a mad part
For me to tell *him* what lay in my heart?
Doe not I know a great mans *Power* and *Might*,
In spight of *Innocence*,can smother *Rights*,
Colour his *Villanies*,to get esteemme,
And make the *honest man* the *Villain* seeme?
And that the truth I told should in conclusion,
For want of *Power* and *Friends* be my confusion?

I know

A Satyr.

I know it, and the world doth know tis true ;
Yet I protest, if such a man I knew,
That might my *Country* prejudice, or *Thee*,
Were he the greatest or the proudest *Hee*
That breathes this day : (if so it might be found,
That any good to *either* might redound).

Sorre Ile be (though *False* against me run)
From starting off from that I haue begun,
I vn-appalled dare in such a case
Rip vp his foulest *Crimes* before his face,
Though for my *Labour* I were sure to drop
Into the mouth of *Ruine* without hope.

But such strange farre-fetcht meanings they haue
As I was never priuie to in thought : (sought,
And that vnto particulars would tie
Which I intended vniuersally.
Whereat *some* with displeasure ouer-gone,
Those I scarce dream'd of, saw, or thought vpon,
Maugre those caueats on my *Satyr*s brow,
Their honest and iust passage disallow.
And on their heads so many censures take,
That spight of *me*, themselues they'lle guilty make.
Nor is't enough to swage their discontent,
To say *I am* (or to be) *innocent*.
For as, when once the *Lyon* made decree,
No *horned beast* should nigh his presence be,
That, on whose fore-head onely did appeare
A *bunch of flesh*, or but some *tuft of haire*,

Was

A Satyre.

Was eu'en as farre in danger as the rest,
If he but said, it was a *horned boast* :
So, there be now, who thinke in that their power
Is of much force, or greater farre then our ;
It is enough to proue a guilt in me,
Because (mistaking) they so think't to be.

Yet 'tis my comfort, they are not so high,
But they must stoope to *Thee* and *Equierie*.
And this I know, though prickt, they storne agen,
The world doth deeme them ne're the better men.
To stirre in filth, makes not the stench the lesse,
Nor doth Truth feare the frowne of Mightinesse.
Because those numbers she doth deigne to grace,
Men may supprese a while, but ne're deface.

I wonder, and 'tis wondred at by many,
My harmelesse lines should breed distaste in any :
And so, that (whereas most *good men* approue
My labour to be worthy thankes, and loue)
I as a *Villaine*, and my *Countries foe*,
Should be imprison'd, and so strictly to,
That not alone my liberty is barr'd,
But the resort offriends (which is more hard.)
And whilst each *wanton*, or loose *Rimers Pen*,
With oyly words, sleekes o're the sinnes of men,
Vayling his wits to euery *Puppens becke*,
Which ere I'le doe, I'le ioy to breake my necke.
(I say) while such as they in euery place
Can find protection, patronage and grace;

A Satyre.

If any looke on mee, 'tis but a skaunce
Or if I get a fauour, 'tis by chance.
I must protect my selfe : poore *Truth* and I
Can haue scarce *one* speake for our *honesty*.
Then whereas they can gold and gifts attaine,
Malitious *Hate*, and *Envy* is my gaine,
And not alone haue here my *Freedome* lost,
Whereby my *best hope's* likely to be crost :
But haue been put to more charge in one day,
Then all my *Patrons* bounties yet will pay.
What I haue done, was not for thirst of *gaine*,
Or out of hope *preferments* to attaine.
Since to contemne them, would more profit me,
Then all the *glories* in the world that be :
Yet they are helpsto *Vertue*, vs'd aright,
And when they wanting be, she wants her might.
For Eagles mindes ne're fit a *Ravons* feather,
To dare, and to be able, fute together.

But what is't I haue done so worthy blame,
That some soeagerly pursue my fame ?
Vouchsafe to view't with thine own cies, and trie
(Saue want of *Art*) what fault thou canst espie.
I haue not sought to scandalize the State,
Nor sowne sedition, nor made publike base :
I haue not ayms'd at any good mans fame,
Nor taxt (directly) any one by name.
I am not he that am growne discontent
With the Religion ; or the Gouernment.

I meant

A Satyre.

I meant no Ceremonies to protect,
Nor do I fauour any new-sprung Sect;
But to my Satyres gave this onely warrant,
To apprebend and punish Vice apparant.
Who aiming in particulat at none,
In generall vpbraided euery one :
That each (vashamed of himselfe) might view
That in himselfe, which no man dares to shew.

And hath this *Age* bred vp neat *Vice* so tenderly,
She cannot brooke it to be toach'd so slenderly ?
Will she not bide my gentle *Satyres* bites ?
Harme take her then, what makes she in their sights ?
If with impatience she my *Whip-cord* feele,
How had she raged at my lash of *Steele* ?
But am I call'd in question for her cause ?
Ist *Vice* that these afflictions on me drawes ?
And need I now thus to Apologize,
Onely because I scourged *Villanies* ?
Must I be faine to giue a reason why,
And how I dare allow of *Honesty* ?
Whilst that each fleering *Parasite* is bold
Thy Royall brow vndaunted to behold :
And euery *Temporizer* strikes a string,
That's Musick for the hearing of a King ?
Shall not he reach out to obtaine as much,
Who dares more for thee then a hundred such ?
Heauen grant her patience, my Muse takes't so badly,
I feare shee'll lose her wits, for sheer rauens madly :

A Satyre.

Yet let not my *dread Sonraigne* too much blame her,
Whose awfull presence, now hath made her tamer.
For if there be no *Fly* but hath her spleene,
Nor a poore *Pismire*, but will wreake her teene ;
How shall I then, that haue both spleene and gall,
Being vniustly dealt with, beare with all ?
I yet with *patience* take what I haue borne,
And all the worlds ensuing hate can *scorne* :
But 'twere in me as much stupiditie,
Not to haue feeling of an iniurie,
As it were weakenesse not to brook it well :
What others therefore thinke I cannot tell ;
But he that's lesse then *mad*, is more then *Man*,
Who sees when he hath done the best he can,
To keepe within the bounds of *Innocence* :
Sought to discharge his due to *God and Prince* ;
That he, whil'st *Villanies* vnreproued goe,
Scoffing, to see him ouer-taken so,
Should haue his *good endeauours* misconceiu'd,
Be of his *dearest liberty* bereau'd ;
And which is worse, without reason why,
Be frown'd on by *Authorities* grim eye.
By that great Power my soule so much doth feare,
She scornes the stearn'st frownes of a mortall Peere,
But that I *Vertue* loue, for her owne sake,
It were enought to make me vndertake
To speake as much in praise of *Vice* agen,
And practise some to plague these *shames of men*.

I *meane*

A Satyre.

I meane those my *Accusers*, who mistaking
My aymes, do frame conceits of their owne making.
But if I list, I need not buy so deere
The iust *reneuge* might be inflicted here.
Now could *measures* frame in this iust fury,
Should soone find some guilty then a *Iury*:
The *words*, like *swords* (teper'd with *Art*) should pierce
And hang, and draw, and quarter them in verse.
Or I could iacke them on the wings of *Fame*,
(*And he's halfe hang'd* (they say) *hath an ill name*)
Yea, I'le goe neere to make those guilty Elues,
Lycambes-like, be glad to hang themselues:
And though this *Age* will not abide to heare
The faults reprovd, that *Custome* hath made deare;
Yet, if I pleased, I could write their *crimes*,
And pile them vp in wals for after-times:
For they'le be glad (perhaps) that shall ensue,
To see some story of their Fathers true.
Or should I smother'd be in darknesse still,
I might not vse the freedome of a quill:
Twould raise vp *brauer spirits* then mine owne,
To make my cause, & this their guilt more knowne.
Who by that subiect should get Loue and Fame,
Vnto my foes disgrace, and endlesse shame:
Those I do meane, whose *Comments* haue mis-vs'd me,
And to those Peeres I honour, haue accus'd me:
Making against my *Innocence* their batteries,
And wronging them by their base flatteries:

A Satyre.

But of reuenge I am not yet so faine,
To put my selfe vnto that needlesse paine:
Because I know a greater *Power* there is,
That noteth smalier iniurie then this;
And being still as iust as it is strong,
Apportions due reuenge for euery wrong.

But why (some say) should his too saucy Rimes
Thus taxe the wise and great ones of our times?
It suites not with his yeerest to be so bold,
Nor fits it vs by him to be controld.
I must confessel (tis very true indeed)
Such should not of my censure stand in need.
But blame me not, I saw good *Vertue* poore,
Desert, among the most, thrust out of doore,
Honesty hated, *Cartesie* banished,
Rich men excessiue, poore men famished:
Coldnesse in *Zeale*, in *Lawes* partialitie,
Friendship but *Complement*, and vaine *Formalitie*,
Art I perceiue contemned, while most aduance
(To offices of wort) *Rich Ignorance*:
And those that should our *Lights* and *Teachers* be,
Lieue (if not worse) as wantonly as we.
Yea, I saw *Nature* from her course runne back,
Disordres grow, *Good Orders* goe to wrack.
So to encrease what all the rest began,
I to this current of *confusion* ran.
And seeing Age, left off the place of guiding,
Thus plaid the saucy wagge, and fell to chiding.

Wherein

A Satyre.

Wherein, how euer some (perhaps) may deeme,
I am not so much faulty as I seeme :
For when the *Elders* wrong'd *Susanna's* honer,
And none withstood the Shame they laid vpon her ;
A *Child* rose vp to stand in her defence,
And spite of wrong confirm'd her *Innocence* :
To shew, *shoſe muſt not ſhat good undertake,*
Straine chrtſie, who ſhall do't, for manners ſake.
Nor do I know, whether to me God gaue
A boldnesſe more then many others haue,
That I might shew the world what shamefull blot
Vertue by her lasciuious *Elders* got.
Nor is't a wonder, as some do ſuppoſe,
My *Youth* ſo much corruption can diſclose ;
Since euery day the Sunne doth light mine eyes,
I am informed of new villanies :
But it is rather to be wondred how
I either can, or dare be honest now.

And though againe there be ſome others rage,
That I ſhould dare (ſo much aboue mine age)
Thus censure each degree, both young and old,
I ſee not wherein I am ouer-bold.
For if I haue been plaine with *Vice*, I care not,
There's nougħt that I know good, & can, & dare not.
Onely this one thing doth my mind deterre,
Euen a feare (through ignorance) to erre.

But oh knew I, what thou wouldſt well approue,
Or might the ſmall'ſt respect within thee moue ;

A Satyre.

So in the sight of God it might be good,
And with the quiet of my conscience stood :
(As well I know thy true integritie
Would command nothing *against* Pietie):
There's nought so dangerous, or full of feare,
That for my *Souveraignes* sake I would not dare.
Which good beliefe, would it did not possesse thee ;
Provided some iust tryall might reblesse me :
Yea, though a while I did endure the gall
Of thy displeasure, in this loathsome thrall.
For notwithstanding in this *place* I lye
By the command of that *Authoritie*,
Of which I haue so much respectiue care,
That in my *owne* (and iust) defence I feare
To vse the free speech that I doe intend,
Lest *Ignorance*, or *Rashnesse* should offend.
Yet is my meaning and my thought as free
From wilfull wronging of thy *Laws* or *Thee*,
As he to whom thy *Place* and *Persons* dearest,
Or to himselfe that finds his conscience clearest.
If there be *wrong*, 'tis not my making it,
All the offence is some's mistaking it.
And is there any Injustice borne of late,
Makes those faults mine, which others perpetrate ?
What man could euer any Age yet find,
That spent his spirits in this thankelesse kind,
Shewing his meaning, to such words could tye it,
That none could either wrong, or mis-apply it?

Nay,

A Satyre.

Nay, your owne *Lawes*, which (as you doe intend)
In plain'ſt and most effectuall words are penn'd,
Cannot be fram'd ſo well to your intent,
But ſome there be will erre from what you meant.
And yet (alas) I muſt be ty'de vnto
What neuer any man before could do ?
Muſt all I ſpeake, or write, ſo well be done,
That none may pick more meanings thence the one ?
Then all the world (I hope) will leue diſ-union,
And every man become of one opinion,
But ſince ſome may, what care ſo e're we take,
Diuers conſtructions of our Writings make,
The honest *Readers* euer will conceaue
The beſt intention's, and all others leue :
Chiefly in *that*, where I fore-hand protest
My meaning euer was the honeſteſt,
And if I ſay ſo, what is he may know
So much as to affirme it was not ſo ?
Sit other men ſo neare my thoughts to ſhow it,
Or is my *heart* ſo open that all know it ?
Sure if it were, they would no ſuch things ſee,
As thofe whereof ſome haue accuſed mee.
But I care leſſe how it be vnderſtood,
Because the Heauens know my intent was good.
And if it be ſo, that my too-free *Rimes*
Doe much diſplease the world, and theſe bad times ;
'Tis not my fault, for had I been imployd
In ſomething elſe, all this had now been voyd.

Or

A Satyre.

Or if the world would but haue granted me
Wealth, or Affaires, whereon to busie me,
I now vnheard of, peraduenture than,
Had been as mute as some rich *Clergie-man.*

But they are much deceiu'd that thinke my minde
VVill ere be still, while it can doing find ;
Or that vnto the world so much it leanes,
As to be curtold for default of meanes.
No, though most be, all *Spiri's* are not earth,
Nor suting with the fortunes of their birth,
My *body's* subiect vnto many Powers;
But my *soule's* as free, as is the *Emperours* :
And though to curbe her in, I oft assay,
She'le breake int' action spite of durt and clay!
And is't not better then to take this course,
Then fall to study mischiefes, and doe worse?
I say she must haue action, and she shall:
For if she will, how can I doe withall?
And let those that o'er busie thinke me know,
He made me, that knew why he made me so.
And though there's some that say my thoughts do flic
A pitch beyond my states sufficiencie ;
My humble mind, I giue my *Saviour* thanke
Aspires nought yet, aboue my fortunes ranke.
But say it did, wil't not befit a man
To raise his thoughts as neere *Heau'n* as he can?
Must the *free spirit* tyde and curbed be
According to the bodies pouerty ?

Or

A Satyre.

Or can it euer be so subiect to
Base *Change*, to rise, and fall, as fortunes do?

Men borne to noble meanes, and vulgar mindes
Enioy their wealth ; and there's no Law that bindes
Such to abate their substance, though their Pates
Want *Braines*, and they *worth*, to possesse such states.
So God to some, doth onely *great mindes* giue,
And little other meanes whereon to liue.
What law or conscience then shall make the smother
Their *Spirit*, which is their life, more then other
To bate their substance? since if 'twere confess,
That a braue mind could euer be supprest,
Wer't reason any should himselfe deprive
Of what the whole world hath not power to giue ?
For wealth is common, and fooles get it to,
When to giue spirit's more then *Kings* can do.

I speake not this, because I thinke there be
More then the ordinaryest gifts in me ;
But against those, who thinke I doe presume
On more then doth befit me to assume :
Or would haue all, whom *Fortune* barres from store,
Make themselues wretched, as she makes the poore.
And 'cause in other things she is vnkind,
Smother the matchless blessings of their mind :
Whereas (although her fauours do forfiske them)
Their *minds* are richer then the world can make the.
Why should a good attempt disgraced seeme,
Because the person is of meane esteeme ?

Vertue's

A Satyre.

Virtue's a chaste Queene, and yet doth not scorne
To be embrac'd by him that's meanest borne,
Shee is the prop, that *Maesties* support,
Yet one whom *Sianes* as well as *Kings* may court.
She loueth all that beare affection to her,
And yeelds to any that hath heart to wooc her.
So Vice, how high so e're she be in place,
Is that which Groomes may spit at, in disgrace;
She is a strumpet, and may be abhorr'd,
Yea, spurn'd at in the bosome of a *Lord*.
Yet had I spoke her faire, I had beene free,
As many others of her Louers be.
If her escapes I had not chanc'd to tell,
I might haue beene a *villaine*, and done well;
Gotten some speciall fauour, and not fate
As now I doe, shut vp within a *grate*.
Or if I could haue hap't on some loose straine,
That might haue pleas'd the wanton Readers vaine;
Or but claw'd *Pride*, I now had beene vnblam'd,
(Or else at least there's some would not haue sham'd
To plead my cause;) but see my fatall curse,
Sure I was either mad, or somewhat worse;
For I saw *Vices* followers brauely kept,
In *Silkes* they walkt, on beds of *Downe* they slept,
Richly they fed, on dainties euermore,
They had their pleasure, they had all things store,
(Whil'st *Virtue* begg'd) yea, fauours had so many,
I knew they brook't not to be touch'd of any:

Yet

A Satyre.

Yet could not I, like other men, be wise,
Nor learne (for all this) how to temporize;
But must (with too much honesty made blind)
Vpbraid this loued darling of mankind :
Whereas I might haue better thri'd by fayning :
Or if I could not chuse, but be complaining,
More safe I might haue rail'd on *Virtue* sure,
Because her louers and her friends are fewer.
I might haue brought some other thingsto passe,
Made *Fidlers Songs*, or *Ballets*, like an *Asse* ;
Or any thing almost indeed but this.
Yet since 'tis thus, I'me glad 'tis so amisse;
Because if I am guilty of a crime,
'Tis that, wherein the best of euery time,
Hath been found faulty (if they faulty be)
That doe reproue *Abuse* and *Villanie*.

For what I'me taxt, I can examples show,
In such old *Authors* as this State allow :
And I would faine once learne a reason why
They can haue kinder vsage here then I ?
I muse men doe not now in question call
Seneca, Horace, Perseus, Iuuenall,
And such as they ? Or why did not that Age
In which they liued, put them in a *Cage* ?
If I should say, that men were iuster then,
I should neere haue made vnsay't agen:
And therefore sure I thinke I were as good
Leane it to others to be vnderstood.

Yet

A Satyre.

Yet I as well may speake as deeeme amisse;
For such this *Agnes* curious cunning is,
I scarcely dare to let my heart thinke ought,
For there be some will seeme to know my thought;
Who may out-face me that I thinke awry,
When there's no witnessse but my *Conscience* by:
And then I likely am as ill to speed,
As if I spake, or did amisse indeede.

Yet lest those who (perhaps) may malice this;
Interpret also these few lines amisse,
Let them that after *thee* shall reade or heare,
From a rash censure of my thoughts forbear.
Let them not mold the sense that this containes
According to the forming of their braines,
Or thinke I dare, or can, here taxe those *Peeres*,
Whose *Worths* their *Honours* to my soule endeares,
(Those by whose loued-fear'd *Authoritie*)
I am restrained of my libertie:
For lest there yet may be a man so ill,
To haunt my lines with his blacke *Comment* still,
(In hope my lucke againe may be so good,
To haue my words once rightly vnderstood)
This I protest, that *I doe not condemne*
Ought as vnjust that hath beene done by them;
For though my honest heart not guilty be
Of the least thought, that may disparage me;
Yet when such men as *I*, shall haue such foes,
Accuse me of such crimes, to such as those,

Till

A Satyre.

Till I had meanes my *Innocence* to shew,
Their *Justice* could haue done no lesse then so.

Nor haue I such a proud conceited wit,
Or felfe-opinion of my knowledge yet,
To thinke it may not be that I haue run
Vpon some *Errors* in what I haue done,
Worthy this punishment which I endure ;
(I say I cannot so my felfe assure)
For 'tis no wonder if their *Wisdomes* can
Discouer *Imperfections* in a man
So weake as I, (more then himselfe doth see)
Since my sight dull with *Insufficiencie*,
In men more graue, and wiser farre then I,
Innumerable *Errors* doth espie,
Which they with all their knowledge I'le be bold,
Cannot (or will not) in themselues behold.
But ere I will my felfe accuse my *Song*,
Or keepe a *Tongue* shall doe my *Heart* that wrong,
To say I willingly in what I penn'd,
Did ought that might a *Good mans* sight offend ;
Or with my knowledge did insert one word,
That might disparage a true *Honour'd Lord* ;
Let it be in my mouth a helpleſſe ſore,
And neuer ſpeakē to be beleſſed more.

Yet *man* irresolute is, vnconstant, weake,
And doth his purpose oft through frailty breake :
Lest therefore I by force hereafter may
Be brought from this mind, and these words vnſay,

Here

A Satyre.

Yet I as well may speake as deeme amisse;
For such this *Ages* curious cunning is,
I scarcely dare to let my heart thinke ought,
For there be some will seeme to know my thought;
Who may out-face me that I thinke awry,
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To say I willingly in what I penn'd,
Did ought that might a *Good mans* sight offend ;
Or with my knowledge did insert one word,
That might disparage a true *Honour'd Lord* ;
Let it be in my mouth a helpleffe sore,
And never speake to be beleuened more.

Yet *man* irresolute is, vnconstant, weake,
And doth his purpose oft through frailty breake :
Lest therefore I by force hereafter may
Be brought from this mind, and these words vnsay,

Here

A Satyre.

Here to the *World* I doe proclaime before,
If e're my resolution be so poore,
'Tis not the *Right*, but *Might* that makes me doe it ;
Yea, nought but fearefull *basenesse* brings me to it ;
Which if I still hate, as I now detest,
Neuer can come to harbor in my brest.

Thus my fault then(if they a fault imply)
Is not alone an ill vnwillingly,
But also, might I know it, I intend,
Not onely to acknowledge, but amend :
Hoping that *thou* wilt not be so seuere,
To punish me aboue all other here.
But for m'intents sake, and my loue to *Truth*,
Impute my *Errors* to the heate of *Youth*,
Or rather *Ignorance*, then to my *Will*,
Which sure I am was *good*, what e're be *ill*,
And like to him now, in whose place thou art,
What e're the residue be, accept the *Heart*.
But I grow tedious, and my loue abus'd,
Disturbs my thoughts, and makes my lines confus'd.
Yet pardon me, and daigne a gracious eye
On this my rude, vnfild *Apologie*.
Let not the bluntnesse of my phrase offend,
Weigh but the *matter*, and not how 'tis penn'd,
By these abrupt lines in my iust defence,
Judge what I might say for my innocence.
And thinke, I more could speake, that here I spare,
Because my power suites not to what I dare.

My

A Satyre.

My vnaffected stile retaines(you see)
Her old Frize Cloake of young Rusticite.
If others will vse neater tearmes, they may,
Ruder I am, yet loue as weil as they :
And(*though if I would smooth't I cannot doo't*)
My humble heart I bend beneath thy foot :
While here my Muse her discontent doth sing
To thee her great *Apollo*, and my King :
Emploring thee by that high sacred *Name*,
By *Justice*, by those *Powers* that I could name :
By whatsoe're may moue, entreat thee,
To be what thou art unto all, to me;
I feare it not, yet giue me leaue to pray,
I may haue foes, whose power doth beat suchsway,
If they but say I'me guiltie of offence,
'Twere vaine for me to pleade my innocence.

But as the Name of God thou bear'st, I trust
Thou imitat'st him to, in being just :
That when the right of *Truth* thou comm'st to scan,
Thou'l not respect the person of the man :
For if thou doe, then is my hope vndone,
The head-long-way, to ruine I must runne.
For whil'st that they haue all the helps which may
Procure their pleasure with my soone decay :
How is it like that I my peace can win me,
When all the ayde I haue, comes from within me ?
Therefore (good King) that mak'st thy bountie shine
Sometime on those whose worts are small as mine;

C

Oh

A Satyre.

Oh sauē me now from Enuies dangerous shelfe,
Or make me able, and I'le sauē my selfe.
Let not the want of that make me a scorne,
To which there are more Fooles then *Wisemen* borne.
Let me not for my *Meanness* be dispis'd,
Nor others *greatnesse* make their words more priz'd.
For whatsoe're my outward *Fate* appears,
My *Soule*'s as good, my *Heart* as great as theirs.
My loue vnto my *Country* and to *thee*,
As much as his that more would seeme to be.
And would this Age allow but meanes to shew it,
Those that misdoubt it, should ere long time know it.
Pitty my youth then, and let me not lie
Waſting my time in fruitleſſe miserie.
Though I am meane, I may be borne vnto
That seruice, which another cannot doe.
In vaine the little Mouse the Lyon spar'd not,
She did him pleasure, when a greater dar'd not.
If ought that I haue done, doe *thee* displease,
Thy misconceiued wrath I will appease,
Or sacrifice my heart; but why should I
Suffer for God knowes whom, I know *not* why?
If that my words through *some* mistake offends,
Let them conceiue them right, and make amends.
Or were I guilty of offence indeed,
One fault(they say)*doth but one pardon need:*
Yet one I had, and now I want one more;
For once I stood accus'd for this before.

As

A Satyre.

As I remember I so long agon,
Sung *Thame*, and *Rhyne Epithalamion* :
When *SHE* that from thy Royall selfe derives
Those gracieous vertues that best *Title* gives :
She that makes *Rhine* proud of her excellencie,
And me oft mind her reuerence ;
Daign'd in her *great good-nature* to encline
Her gentle eare to such a cause as mine ;
And which is more, vouchsaf'd her word, to cleare
Me from all dangers (if there any were) ;
So that I doe not now intreate, or sue
For any great boone, or request that's new :
But onely this (though absent from the Land)
Her former fauour still in force might stand :
And that her word (who present was so deere)
Might be as powerfull, as when she was here.
Which if I find, and with thy fauour may
Haue leaue to shake my loathed bands away,
(As I doe hope I shall) and be set free
From all the troubles, this hath brought on me,
I'le make her *Name* giue life vnto a *Song*,
Whose never-dying note shall last as long
As there is either *River*, *Groune* or *Spring*,
Or Dovine, for *Sheepe*, or *Shepheards Lad* to sing.
Yea, I will teach my *Muse* to touch a straine,
That was ne're reach't to yet by any *Swaine*,
For though that many deeme my yeres vnripe,
Yet I haue learn'd to tune an *Oiten Pipe*,

C 2

Whereon

A Satyre.

Whereon I le try what musicke I can make me,
(Vntill *Bellona* with her *Trumpe* awake me).
And since the world will not haue *Vice* thus showne,
By blazing *Vertue* I will make it knowne.
Then if the *Court* will not my lines approue,
I le goe vnto some *Mountaine*, or thicke *Grove*:
There to my fellow *Shepheards* will I sing,
Tuning my *Reede* vnto some dancing *Spring*
In such a note, that none should dare to trouble it,
Till the *Hils* answere, and the *Woods* redouble it.
And peraduenture I may then goe neare
To speake of something thou'l be pleas'd to heare:
And that which *those* who now my tunes abhorre,
Shall reade, and like, and daigne to loue me for:
But the meane while, oh passe not this suite by,
Let thy *free hand* signe me my *liberty*:
And if my loue may moue thee more to do,
Good King consider this my trouble to.
Others haue found thy fauour in distresse,
Whose loue to thee and thine I thinke was lesse.
And I might fitter for thy *service line*
On what would not be much for *thee* to giue.
And yet I aske it not for that I feare
The outward meanes of life should faile me here:
For though I want to compasse those *good ends*
I aime at for my *Countrie* and my *Friends*,
In this poore *state* I can as well content me,
As if that I had *Wealsh* and *Honours* lent me;

Nor

A Satyre.

Nor for my *owne sake* doe I seeke to shunne
This *thraldome*, wherein now I seeme vndone :
For though I prize my *Freedome* more then *Gold*,
And vse the meanes to free my selfe from hold ;
Yet with a mind (I hope) unchang'd and free,
Here can I liue, and play with miserie :
Yea, in despight of want and flauerie,
Laugh at the world in all her brauerie
Here haue I learn'd to make my greatest Wrongs
Matter of Mirth, and subiects but for Songs :
Here can I smile to see my selfe neglected,
And how the meane mans fute is disrespected ;
Whil'st those that are more rich, and better friended,
Can haue twice greater faults thrice sooner ended.

All this, yea more, I see and suffer to,
Yet liue content midst discontents I do.
Which whil'st I can, it is all one to me,
Whether in *Prison* or *abroad* it be :
For should I still lye here *distrest* and *poore*,
It shall not make me breathe a sigh the more ;
Since to my selfe it is indifferent,
Where the small remnant of my dayes be spent,
But for *Thy sake*, my *Counstreys*, and my *Friends*,
For whom, more then my selfe, *God* this life lends,
I would not, could I helpe it, be a scorne,
But (if I might) liue free, as I was borne :
Or rather for my *Mistris vertues sake*,
*Faire *Virtue*, of whom most account I make,*

A Satyre.

If I can chuse, I will not be debas'd
In this last action, lest she be disgrac'd:
For 'twas the loue of her that brought me to,
What *Spleene* nor *Envie* could not make me do.
And if her *servants* be no more regarded;
If enemies of *Vice* be thus rewarded,
And I should also *Vertues* wrongs conceale,
And if none liu'd to whom she dar'd appeale:
Will they that doe not yet her worth approue,
Be euer drawne to entertaine her *lone*,
When they shall see him plagu'd as an *Offender*,
Who for the loue he beares her, doth commend her?

This may to others more offensiuie be,
Then preiu liciall any way to me:
For who will his endeauours euer bend
To follow her, whom there is none will friend?
Some I doe hope there be that nothing may
From loue of *Truhy* and *Honesty* dismay.
But who will (that shall see my euill *Fortune*)
The remedy of *Times Abuse* importune?
VVho will againe, when they haue smother'd me,
Dare to oppose the face of *Villany*?
VVhereas he must be faine to vndertake
A *Combat* with a seconde *Lerncan Snake*;
VVhoſe ever-growing heads when as he crops,
Not onely two springs, for each one he lops,
But also he shall ſee in midſt of dangers, (gers.)
Those he thought friends turne foes, at leaſtwile ſtrange
More

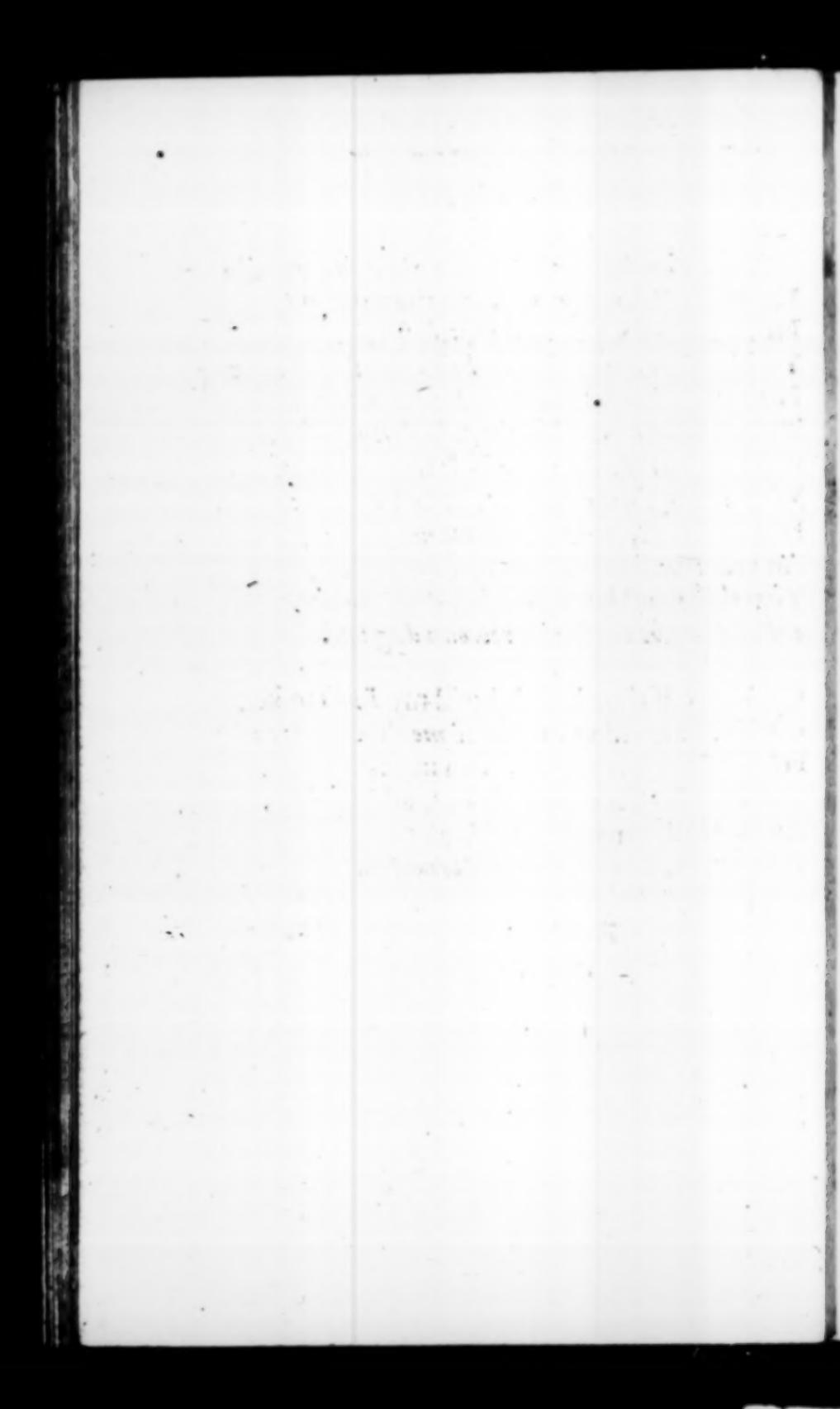
A Satyre.

More I could speake, but sure if this doe faile me,
I neuer shall doe ought that will auaile me,
Nor care to speake againe, vnlesse it be
To him that knowes how *heart* and *tongue* agree ;
No, nor to liue, when none dares vndertake
To speake one word for honest *Vertues* sake.
But let *his will be done*, that best knowes what
Will be my *future* good, and what will not.
Hap *well* or *ill*, my spotlesse *meaning's faire*,
And for *thee* this shall euer be my *praier*,
That thou maist here enjoy a long-b'est Raigne,
And dying, be in Heaven recrown'd againe.

SO now, if thou hast daign'd my *Lines* to heare,
There's nothing can befall *me* that I feare :
For if *thou* hast compassion on my trouble,
The *Joy* I shall receiue will be made double ;
And if I fall, it may some *Glory* be,
That none but Love himselfe did ruine me.

Your Maiesties most loyall Subject,
and yet Prisoner in the Marshalsey,

George Wither.



Epithalamia:

OR
N V P T I A L L P O E M S
V P O N T H E M O S T B L E S S E D
A N D H A P P Y M A R R I A G E
betweene the High and Mighty Prince
Frederick the fifth, Count Palatine
of the Rhein, Duke of
Bauier, &c.

AND T H E M O S T V E R T V O V S,
Gracious and thrice Excellent Princeſſe, Elizabeth
Sole Daughter to our dread Soueraigne, James, by
th: grace of God King of Great Britaine,
France and Ireland, Defender of
the Faith, &c.

Celébrated at white-Hall the fourteenth
of Februarie, 1612.

Written by George Wither.

L O N D O N,
Printed by John Beale for Thomas Walkley, and are to
be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child in
Brittanes Burse. 1612.

no. 11. 1977

6

TO THE ALL-VER-
TVOVS AND THRICE
EXCELLENT PRINCESSE

Elizabeth, sole daughter to our dread

Soueraigne, James by the Grace of

Gou, King of Great Brittaine,

France and Ireland,

&c.

AND WIFE TO THE HIGH
AND MIGHTIE PRINCE, FREDERICK
the fifth, Count Palatine of the *Rheine*, Duke

of Bauier, &c. Elector and Arch-cessor to

the sacred Roman Empire, during

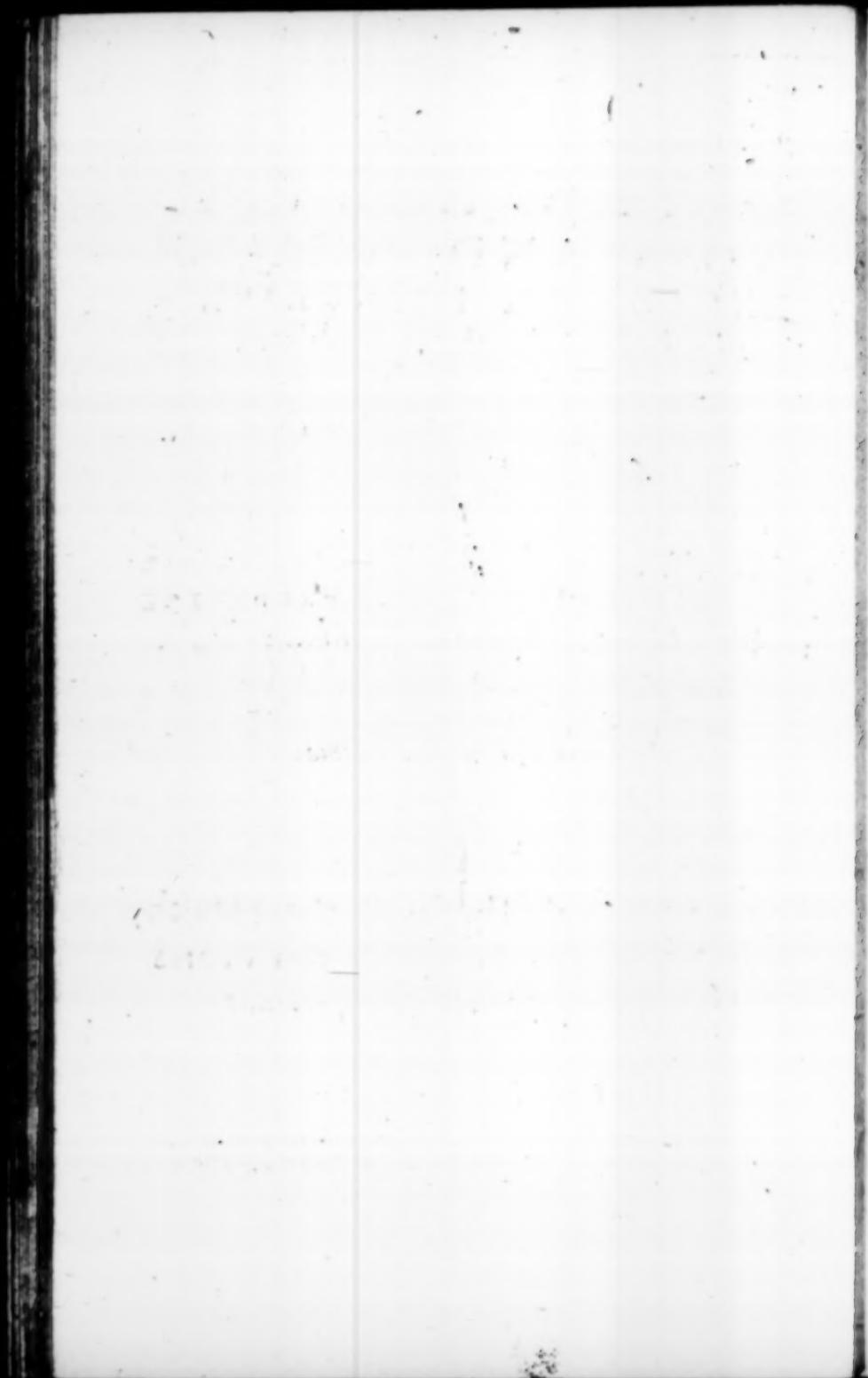
the vacancy Vicar of the same,

and Knight of the most hono-

table Order of the

Garter.

George Witber wisheth all the Health;
Joyes, Honours and Felicities of this World
in this life, and the perfections of eternitie
in the World to come.





To the Christian Rea- ders.

Readers; for that in my booke of Satyricall Essayes, I haue beene deemed ouer Cynicall; to shew, that I am not wholly inclined to that Vaine: But indeede especially, out of the loue which in dutie I owe to those incomparable Princes, I haue in honour of their Royall Solemnities, published these short Epithalamiae. By which you may perceiue (howeuer the world thinke of me) I am not of such a Churlish Constitution, but I can aff. rd Virtue her deserued honour; and haue as well an affable

To the Reader.

*affable looke to encourage Honesty; as a sterne
frowne to cast on Villanie: If the Times
would suffer me, I could be as pleasing as others;
and perhaps ere long I will make you amends
for my former rigor; Meane while I commit
this vnto your censures; and bid
you farewell.*

G.W.



Epithalamion.

Bright Northerne Starre, and great *Meruaines* peere,
Sweete Lady of this *Day*: Great Brit-
tans deere.
Loe thy poore *Vassall*, that was erst so
rude,
With his most *Rusticke Satyrs* to intrude,
Once more like a poore *Silvan* now drawes neare;
And in thy sacred *Presence* dares appeare.
Oh let not that sweete *Bowe* thy *Brow* be bent,
To scarre him with a *Shaft* of discontent:
One looke with *Anger*, nay thy gentlest *Frowne*,
Is twice enough to cast a *Greater* downe.
My *Will* is euer, neuer to offend,
These that are good; and what I here intend,
Your *Worth* compels me to. For lately greeu'd,
More then can be exprest, or well beleau'd;
Minding for euer to abandon sport,
And liue exilde from places of resort;
Carelesse of all, I yeelding to securitie,
Thought to shut vp my *Muse* in darke obscuritie:

And

Epithalamia.

And in content, the better to repose,
A lonely *Grove* vpon a *Mountaine* chose.
East from *Cair Winn*, midway twixt *Arle* and *Du*,
True *Springs*, where *Britans* true *Arcadia* is.
But ere I entred my entended course,
Great Eolus began to offer force.

* He here
zement-
beis and
describes
the late
Winter
which
was so
exceeding
tempestu-
ous and
windy.

"The boisterous *King* was growne so mad with rage;
That all the Earth, was but his furies stage.
Fyre, Ayre, Earth, Sea, were intermixt in one :
Yet *Fire*, through *Water, Earth and Ayre* shone.
The *Sea*, as if she ment to whelme them vnder,
Beat on the *Cliffes*, & rag'd more loud then thunder :
And whil'st the *vales* she with salt waues did fill,
The *Aire* shew'd *flouds*, that drencht our highest hill;
And the proud trees, that would no dutie know ;
Lay ouerturn'd, twenties in a Rowe.
Yea euery Man for feare, fell to *Devotion* ;
Lest the whole *Ile* should haue bin drencht in th'*Oce-*
Which I perceiuing, coniur'd vp my *Muse*, (an,
The *Spirit*, whose good helpe I sometime vse :
And though I ment to breake her rest no more,
I was then faine her aide for to implore.
And by her helpe indeed, I came to know,
Why, both the *Ayre* and *Seas* were troubled so.
For hauing vrg'd her, that she would vnfold
What cause she knew : Thus much at last she tol'd.
Of late (quoth she) there is by powers Divine ;
A match concluded, twixt Great Thame and Rhine.

Epitalamia.

Two famous Riuers, equall both to Nile :

The one, the pride of Europes greatest Ile.

The other disdaing to be closely pent,

Washes a great part of the Continent.

Yet with abundance doth the Want supply,

Of the still-thirsting Sea, that's neuer dry.

And now, these, being not alone endear'd,

To mighty Neptune, and his watric Heard :

But also to the great and dreadfull Ioue,

With all his sacred Companies aboue,

Both haue assented by their Loues inviting :

To grace (with their owne presence) this Vniting.

Ioue cal'd a Summons to the Worlds great wonder;

'Twas that we heard of late, which we thought thunder.

A thousand Legions he intends to send them,

Of Cherubins and Angels to attend them :

And those strong Winds, that did such blustering keepe,

Were but the Tritons, sounding in the Deepe ;

To warne each Riuuer, petty Streame and Spring,

Their aide unto their Soueraigne to bring.

The Floods and Shewers that came so plenteous downe,

And lay entrencht in every Field and Towne,

Were but retainers to the Nobler sort,

That owe their Homage at the Watric Court :

Or else the Streames not please d with their owne store,

To grace the Thames, their Mistris borrowed more :

Exacting for their neighboring Dales and Hills,

But by consent all, naught against their wills.

The rea-
son of the
tempestuous
Winds
etc.

Epithalamia.

Yet now since in this stirre are brought to ground
Many faire buildings, many hundreds drown'd,
And daily found of broken Ships great store,
That lie dismembred upon every shore :
With diners other mischieves knowne to all,
This is the cause that those great harmes befall.
Whilst other things in readinesse did make,
The cause of all such dangers as fell out during the distemperature of the ayre.
Hells batefull Hags from out their prisons brake :
And spighting at this hopefull match, began
To wreake their wrath on Ayre, Earth, Sea and Man.
Some hauing shapes of Romish shauelings got,
Spew'd out their venome ; and began to plot
Which way to thwart it : others made their way
With much distraction through Land and Sea
Extreamely raging. But Almighty Ioue
Perceives their Hate and Enuie from aboue :
Hee le checke their furie, and in yrons chain'd,
Their libertie abus'd, shall be restrain'd :
Hee le lout them vp, from comming to molest
The Meriments of Hymens holy feast.
Where shall be knit that sacred Gordian knot,
Which in no age to come shall be forgot.
Which Policie nor Force shall nere untie,
But must continue to eternitie :
Which for the whole Worlds good was fore-decreed,
With Hope expected long ; now come indeed.
And of whose future glory, worth, and merit
Much I could speake with a prophetlike spirit.

Thus

Epibalamia.

Thus by my *Muses* deare assistance, finding
The cause of this disturbance, with more minding
My Countries welfare, then my owne content,
And longing for to see this *Tales* event : He now
taketh the
most ad-
mirable
altera-
tion of the
weather
a while
before
these
Nuptijs
My lonely life I suddenly forsooke ;
And to the *Court* againe my Journey tooke.
Meane while I saw the furious *Winds* were laid ;
The risings of the swelling *Waters* staid.
The *Winter* gan to change in euery thing,
And seem'd to borrow mildnesse of the *Spring*. of
The *Violet* and *Pritrose* fresh did grow ; H
And as in *Apriall*, trimd both *Cops* and *Rowne*.
The *Citie*, that I left in mourning clad,
Drouping, as if it would haue still been sad, A
I found deckt vp in robes so neate and trimme ;
Faire *Irie* would haue lookt but stale and dimme
In her best colours, had she there appear'd.
The *Sorrowes* of the *Court* I found well cheer'd,
Their wofull habits quite cast off, and ty'd
In such a glorious fashion : I adhir'd.
All her chiefe *Peeres* and choisest *beauties* too
In greater pompe, then *Mortals* vse to doe,
Wait as attendants. *Inno*'s come to see ;
Because she heares that this solemnitie
Exceeds faire *Hippodamia*'s (where the strife
'Twixt her, *Minerua*, and lame *Uulcani* wife
Did first arise), and with her leades along
A noble, stately, and a mighty throng.

Epithalamia.

Venus, (attended with her rarest features,
Sweet louely-smiling, and heart-moising creatures,
The very fairest *Jewels* of her treasure,
Able to moue the senseles stones to pleasure).

Of all her sweetest *Saints*, hath robd their shrines ;
And brings them for the Courtiers *Valentines*.
Nor doth Dame *Pallas*, from these tryumphs lurke
Her Noblest wits, shee freely sets on worke.
Of late shee summond them ynto this place,
To do your masks and *Reuels* better grace.

* Mars
sing the
Sea fight,
and the
taking of
the Castle
on the
water,
which
was most
artificial-
ly perfor-
med.

Here * Mars himselfe to, clad in Armoir bright,
Hath shoun his furie in a bloudlesse fight ;
And both on land and water, sternenly dreft,
Acted his bloudy *Stratagems* in iest :
Which to the people, frighted by their error,
With seeming wounds and death did ad moe terror
Besides, to giue the greater cause of wonder,
*Io*ne did vouchsafe a ratling peale of thunders.
Comets and *Meteors* by the starres exhal'd,
Were from the *Middle Region* lately cal'd ;
And to a place appointed made repaire,
To shew their fierie Friscols in the aire,
People innumerable doe resort,
As if all *Europe* here would keepe one Court :
Yea, *Hymen* in his Safferon-coloured weed,
To celebrate his rites is full agreed.
All this I see : which seeing, makes me borrow
Some of their mirth a while, and lay downe sorrow

An

Epithalamia:

And yet not this : but rather the delight
My heart doth take in the much hoped sight
Of these thy glories, long already due ;
And this sweete comfort, that my eyes doe view
Thy happy Bridegrome, *Prince Count Palatine*,
Now thy best friend and truest *Valentine*.
Vpon whose brow, my mind doth reade the storie
Of mightie *fame*, and a true future glorie.
Me thinkes I doe foresee already, how
Princes and *Monarchs* at his stirrop bow :
I see him shine in steele ; the bloudie feilds
Already won, and how his proud *foe* yeelds.
God hath ordaind him happinesse great store :
And yet in nothing is he happy more,
Then in thy loue (*faire Princesse*) : For (vnlesse
Heauen, like to *Man*, be prone to ficklenesse)
Thy *Fortunes* must be greater in effect,
Then time makes shew of, or *men* can expect.
Yet, notwithstanding all those goods of fate,
Thy *Mind* shall euer be aboue thy *state* :
For ouer and beside thy proper merit,
Our last *Eliza* grants her Noble spirit
To be redoubled on thee ; and your *names*
Being both one, shall gine you both one fames.
Oh blessed thou ! and they to whom thou giuest
The leaue for to attend thee where thou liuest :
And haplesse we, that must of force let goe,
The matchlesse treasure we esteem offo.

Epithalamia.

But yet we trust 'tis for our good and thine;
Or els thou shouldest not change thy *Thame* for *Rhyme*.
We hope that this will the vniting proue
Of *Countries* and of *Nations* by your *lawe*:
And that from out your blessed loynes, shall come
Another terror to the *Whore of Rome*:
And such a stout *Achilles*, as shall make
Her tottering VValls and weake foundation shake;
For *Thetis*-like, thy fortunes doe require,
Thy *Issue* should be greater then his *fire*.
But (*gracious Princesse*) now since thus it fares,
And God so well for you and vs prepares:
Since he hath daign'd such honours for to doe you,
And shoune himselfe so fauourable to you:
Since he hath chang'd your sorrows, and your sadnes,
Into such great and vnxpected gladnes:
Oh now remember for to beat leisure,
Sometime to thinke on him amidst your pleasure!
Let not these glories of the *world* deceaue you,
Nor her vaine fauours of your selfe deceaue you.
Consider yet for all this Iollitic,
Y'are mortall, and must feele mortalitie:
And that God can in midst of all your Ioyes,
Quite dash this pompe, and fill you with annoyes.
Triumphes are fit for *Princes*; yet we find
They ought not wholly to take vp the mind,
Nor yet to be let passe, as things in vaine:
For out of all things, wit will knowledge againe.

Musique

Epithalamia:

Musique may teach of difference in degre,
The best tun'd *Common-Weales* will framed be :
And that he moues, and liues with greatest grace ;
That vnto *Time* and *Measure* ties his pace.
Then let these things be ^a *Emblems*, to present
Your Mind with a more lasting true content.
VVhen you behold the infinite resort,
The glory and the splendor of the Court ; (you,
VVhat wondrous fauours God doth here bequeath
How many hundred thousands are beneath you ;
And view with admiration your great blisse,
Then with your selfe you may imagine this.
'Tis but a blast, or transitorie shade,
Which in the turning of a hand may fade.
Honours, which you your selfe did never winne,
And might (had God been pleas'd) anothers binne ;
And thinke, if shadowes haue such maiestie,
What are the glories of eternitie ;
Then by this image of a *fight on sea*,
VVherein you heard the thundring canons plea ;
And saw flames breaking frō their murthering throts,
VVhich in true skirmish, fling resistlesse shots ;
Your wisdome may (and will no doubt) begin,
To cast what perill a poore *Souldier's* in :
You will conceaue his miseries and carees,
How many dangers, deaths and wounds he shares :
Then though the most pass't ouer, and negle&t them,
That *Recherick* will moue you to respect them.

^a He de-
clares
what vfe
is to be
made o
these
showes
and tri-
umphes,
and
what mo-
ditationes
the mind
may be
occupi-
ed about
when we
behold
them.

Epithalamia.

And if hereafter, you should hap to see
Such *Mimick Apes* (that Courts dilgraces be);
I meane such Chamber-combatants ; whoneuer
Weare other helmet, then a hat of *Beuer* :
Ornere board *Pinnace* but in filken saile ;
And in the steed of boysterous shirts of maile,
Goe arm'd in *Cambrick*: If that such a *Kite*
(I say) should scorne an *Eagle* in your sight ;
Your *wisdom* iudge (by this experience) can,
Which hath most worth, *Hermaphrodite*, or *Man*.
The *nights* strange * prospects, made to feed the eies,
With Artfull fiers, mounted in the skies :
Graced with horred claps of sulphury thunders ;
May make you mind, *Lebonahs* greater wonders.
Nor is there any thing, but you may thence
Reape inward gaine ; aswell as please the *Sense*.
But pardon me (*ob fairest*) that am bold,
My heart thus freely, plainly, to vnfold.
What though I know, you knew all this before :
My loue *this* showes, and that is something more.
Doe not my honest seruice here disdaine,
I am a faithfull, though an humble Swaine.
I me none of those that haue the meanes or place,
With showes of cost to doe your *Nuptials* grace :
But onely master of my owne desire,
Am hither come with others to admire,
I am not of these *Heliconian* wits ; (fits.
Whose pleasing straines the *Courts* knowne humour
But

Epithalamia.

But a poore rurall *Shepheard*, that for need,
Can make sheepe Musique on an *Oaten* reed :
Yet for my *lone* (Ile this be bold to boast)
It is as much to you, as his that's most.
Which, since I no way else can now explaine,
If you'l in midst of all these *glories* daigne,
To lend your eares vnto my *Muse* so long,
She shall declare it in a *Wedding song*.

Epiba-



Epithalamion.

Valentine, good morrow to thee,
Good I wish, though none I do thee:
I woul'd waite vpon thy pleasure,
But I cannot be at leisure:
For I owe this ~~day~~ as debtor,
To (a thousand times) thy better.

Hymen now will haue effected
VVhat hath been so long expected:
Thame thy *Mistres*, now vnwedded;
Soone must with a *Prince* be bedded.
If thou'l see her *Virgin* euer,
Come, and doe it now, or neuer.

VWhere art thou, oh faire *Aurora*?
Call in *Ver* and Lady *Flora*:
And you daughters of the *Morning*,
In your neat'st, andfeat'st adorning:
Cleare your fore-heads, and be spritefull,
That this ~~day~~ may seeme delightfull.

Epithalamia.

All you *Nimbs* that vsē the Mountaines,
Or delight in groues and fountaines ;
Shepbeardesses, you that dally,
Either vpon Hill or valley :
And you daughters of the *Bower*,
That acknowledge *Vestas* power.

Oh you sleepe too long ; awake yee,
See how *Time* doth ouertake yee.
Harke, the *Lark* is vp and singeth,
And the house with ecchoes ringeth.
Pretious howers, why negle&t yee,
VVhil'st affaires thus expect yee ?

Come away vpon my blessing,
The *Bride-chamber* lies to dressing :
Strow the waies with leaues of *Roses*,
Some make *garlands*, some make *poses* :
Tis a fauour, and't may ioy you,
That your *Mistres* will employ you.

VVhere's a *Sabrina*, with her daughters,
That doe sport about her waters :
Those that with their locks of *Amber*,
Haunt the fruitfull hills of Camber :
VVe must haue to fill the number,
All the *Nimbs* of *Trent* and *Humber*.

Epithalamia.

Fie, your haste is scarce sufficing,
For the *Bride's* awake and rising.
Enter beauties, and attend her ;
All your helpes and seruice lend her :
With your quaint'ſt and new'ſt deuises,
Trim your Lady, faire *Thamis*.

See, ſhee's ready : with *Joyes* greet her ;
Lads, go bid the *Bride-groom* meeete her :
But from rash approach aduife him,
Lest a too much loy ſurprize him,
None I ere knew yet that dared,
View an *Angell* vnprefpareſd.

Now vnto the *Church* ſhe hies her ;
Ennie bursts, if ſhee eſpies her ;
In her gestures, as ſhe paces,
Are vnted all the *Graces* :
Which who ſees and hath his ſenses,
Loues in ſpite of all deſences.

O moſt true maiestick creature !
Nobles did you note her feature ?
Felt you not an inward motion,
Tempting *Loue* to yeeld deuotion ;
And as you were cu'n defiring,
Something check you for aspiring ?

That's

Epitbalania.

That's her *Verue* which still tauneth
Loose desires, and bad thoughtes blameth:
For whilst others were vnruly,
She obseru'd *Diana* truly:
And hath by that meanes obtained
Gifts of her that none haue gained:

Yon's the *Bridegrome* d'ye not spie him?
See how all the *Ladies* eye him.
Venus his perfection findeth,
And no more *Adonis* mindeth.
Much of him my Heart deuineth:
On whose brow all *Verue* shineth.

Two such *Creatures* *Nature* would not
Let one place long keepe: she should not:
One shal le haue (she cares not whether),
But our *Loues* can spare her neither.
Therefore ere we le so be spighted,
They in one shall be yned.

Nature selfe is weli contented,
By that meanes to be presented.
And behold, they are retired;
So conioyn'd, as we desired:
Hand in hand, not onely fixed,
But their hearts, are intermixed.

Happy

Epithalamia.

Happy they and we that see it,
For the good of *Euope* be it.
And heare *Heauen* my deuotion,
Make this *Rhyne* and *Thame* an *Ocean* :
That it may with might and wonder,
VVhelme the pride of ^a *Tyber* vnder.

Tyber
the
over
Arch
meth
Rome

Witnes-

Now yon ^b *Hall* their persons shroudeth,
VWhither all this people crowdeth :
There they feasted are with plenty,
Sweet *Ambrosia* is no deinty.
Groomes quaff *Nectar*; for theres meeter,
Yea, more costly wines and sweeter.

Young men all, for ioy go ring yee,
And your merriest *Carolls* sing yee.
Here's of *Damzels* many choices,
Let them tune their sweetest voices.
Fet the *Muses* too, to cheare them,
They can rauish all that heare them.

Ladies, 'tis their *Highnesse* pleasures,
For to see you foot the *Measures*:
Louely gestures addeth graces,
To your bright and *Angell* faces.
Give your active minds the bridle :
Nothing worse then to be idle.

Worthies

Epithalamis.

Worthies, your affaires forbear yee,
For the *State* a while may spare yee :
Time was, that you loved sporting,
Haue you quite forgot your Courting ?
Joy the heart of *Cares* beguileth :
Once a yere Apollo smileth.

Sum
in su
su vi
des
app

Fellow shepheards, how I pray you,
Can your flockes at this time stay you ?
Let vs also hie vs thither,
Lets lay all our wits together,
And some *Pastorall* intent them,
For to shew the *lone* we ment them.

I my selfe though meanest staled,
And in *Court* now almost hated,
VVill knit vp my ^a *Scourge*, and venter
In the midst of them to enter ;
For I know, there's no disdaining,
VVhere I looke for entertaining.

See, me thinks the very *season*,
As if capable of Reason,
Hath laine by her natvie rigor,
The faire *Sunbeames* haue more vigor.
They are *Aeols* most endeared :
For the *Ayre*'s still'd and cleared.

a *Shep*
script
and
whipt.
He no-
teth the
mildnes
of the
winter
which
except-
ing the
cold be-
ginning
was no
windy,
was as
temper-
ate as
the
Spring.

FARNES

Epithalamia.

*Fawnes, and Lambs and Kidds doe play,
In the honor of this day :
The shrill Blacke-bird, and the Thrush
Hops about in every bush :
And among the tender twigs,
Chaunt their sweet harmonious ijgs.*

*Yea, and mord by this example,
They doe make each Groue a temple :
Where their time the best way vsing,
They their Summer loves are chusing.
And vnlesse some Churle do wrong them,
There's not an od bird among them.*

*Yet I heard as I was walking,
Groues and hills by Echoes talking :
Reeds vnto the small brooks whistling,
Whilst they danc't with pretty rushling.
Then for vs to sleepe 'twere pitty,
Since dumb creatures are so witty.*

*But oh Titan, thou dost dally,
Hie thee to thy Westernne Valley :
Let this night one howerborrow ;
Shee shall pay't againe to morrow :
And if thou'lt that fauor do them,
Send thy sister Phabe to them.*

But

Epithalamia.

But shee's come her selfe vnasked,
And brings ² Gods and Heroes masked.
None yet saw, or heard in storie,
Such immortall, mortall glorie:
View not, without *preparation* ;
Lest you faint in *admiration*.

any these
be means
the two
Marques,
one of
them be-
ing pre-
sented
by the
Lords, the
other by
the Gentry.

Say my *Lords*, and speake truth barely,
Mou'd they not exceeding rarely :
Did they not such praises merit,
As if *flesh* had all been *spirit*?
True indeed, yet I must tell them,
There was *One* did farre excell them.

But (alas) this is ill dealing,
Night vnwares away is stealing :
Their delay the poore *bed* wrongeth,
That for *Bride* with *Bride groome* longeth:
And aboue all other places,
Must be blest with their embraces.

Reuellers, then now forbear yee,
And vnto your rests prepare yee:
Let's a while your absence borrow,
Sleep to night, and *dance* to morrow.
We could well allow your Courting:
But 'twill hinder better sporting.

E

They

Epithalamia:

They are gone, and *Night* all lonely,
Leaves the *Bride* with *Bridegroome* only.

Muse now tell ; (for thou haft power
For to fie thorow wall or tewer) :

What contentments their hearts chearish ;
And how lously stee appeareth.

And yet doe not ; tell it no man.

Rare conceits may so grow commone :

Doe not to the *Under* shew them,
(*Tis enough that thou* dost know them) :

Their ill hearts are but the *Center*,
Where all misconciuings enter.

But thou *Luna* that dost lightly,
Maunt our downes and forrests nightly :
Thou that fauor'st generation,
And art helpe to procreation :
See their *issue* thou so cherisht,
I may liue to see it flourish,

And you *Planets*, in whose power
Doth consist these liues of ours ;
You that teach vs *Diminutions*,
Helpe with all your *Constellations*,
For to frame in *Her* a creature,
Blest in *Fortune*, *Wit* and *Feature*.

Lastly,

Epitbalamida.

Lastly, oh you *Angels* ward them,
Set your sacred *Spels* to gard them ;
Chase away such feares or terrors,
As not being, seeme through errors ;
Yea, let not a *dreames* molesting,
Make them start when they are resting.

But THOV chiefly, most adored,
That shouldst only be implored :
Thou to whom my meaning tendeth,
Whether er'e in shew it bentheth :
Let them rest to night from sorrow,
And awake with ioy to morrow.

Oh, to my request be heedfull,
Grant them *thae*, and all things needfull :
Let not these my straines of *Folly*,
Make true prayer be vnholy :
But if I haue here offended :
Helpe, forgiue, and see it mended.

Daigne me *this*. And if my *Musas*
Hastie issue, she peruses ;
Make it vnto her seeme gratefull,
Though to all the *World* else hatefull :
But how er'e, yet *Soule* perseuer
Thus to wish her good for ever.

E 2

Thus

Epithalamia.

THus ends the *Day*, together with my Song;
Oh may the Ioyes therof continue long!
Let *Heauens* iust, all-seeing, sacred power,
Fauour this happie *Isbile* of your;
And blesse you in your chaste embraces so,
We *Britans* may behold before you goe,
The hopefull Issue we shall count so deare,
And whom(vnborne) his foes already feare.
Yea, I desire, that all your sorrowes may
Neuer be more, then they haue been to day.
Which hoping, for acceptance now I sue,
And humbly bid your *Grace* and *Court* adue.
I saw the fight I came for; which I know
Was more then all, then world beside could shew.
But if amongst *Apolloes* Layes, you can
Be pleas'd to lend a gentle eare to *Pam*;
Or thinke your Country *Shepheard* loues as deare,
As if he were a *Courtier*, or a *Peere*:
Then I, that else must to my *Cell* of paine,
Will ioyfull turne vnto my *flocke* againe:
And there vnto my fellow *shepheards* tell,
VVhy *you* are lou'd; wherein *you* doe excell.
And when we drive our *flocks* a field to graze them,
So chaunt your praises, that it shall amaze them:
And thinke that *Fate* hath new recalld from death
Their still-lamented, sweete *Elizabeth*.
For though they see the *Court* but now and then,
They know *desert* as well as *Greater* men:

And

Epithalamia.

And honord *Fame* in them doth liue or die,
As well as in the mouth of *Maieftie*.
But taking granted what I here intreat;
At heauen for you my *deuotions* beat:
And though I feare, *fate* will not suffer me
To doe you seruice, where your *Fortunes* be:
How ere my skill hath yet despised seem'd,
(And my vnripened wit been misesteem'd);
VVhen all this costly *Showe* away shall flit,
And not one liue that doth remember it;
If *Envies* trouble let not to perseuer;
I'le find a meanes to make it knowne for euer.



CERTAINE E- PIGRAMS CON- CERNING MAR- RIAGE.

Epigram 1.

Its said; in Marriage above all therest
The children of a King find comforts least,
Because without respect of Loue or Hate
They must, and oft be, ruled by the State;
But if contented Loue, Religions care,
Equalitie in State, and yeares declare
A happie Match (as I suppose no leſſe)
Then rare and great's Elizacs Happinesse.

Epigram

Epithalamia.

Epigram 2.

God was the first that Marriage did ordains,
GBy making One, Two; and Two, One againe,

Epigram. 3.

Souldier; of thee I aske, for thou canst best,
Hauing knowne sorrow, iudge of Ioy and Rest :
What greater blisse, then after all thy harmes,
To haue a wife that's faire, and lawfull thine;
And lying prison'd twixt her Iuorie armes,
There tell what thou hast scapt by powers divine ?
How many round thee thou hast murthered scene;
How oft thy soule hath been neere hand expiring,
How many times thy flesh hath wounded been :
Whil st be thy fortune, and thy worth admiring,
With ioy of health, and pitie of thy paine;
Dost weepe and kisse, and kisse and weepe againes.

Epigram 4.

Faire Helen hauing stain'd her husbands bed,
And mortall hatred twixt two Kingdomes bred;
Had still remaining in her so much good,
That Heroes for her lost their dearest blood:

Epithalamia.

Then, if with all that ill, such worth may last,
Oh what is she worth, that's as faire and chaste !

Epigram. 5.

Old Orpheus knew a good wiues worth so well,
That when his dīd, he followed her to hell;
And for her losse, at the Elizean Grove,
He did not onely Ghosts to pitie mone :
But the sad Poet breath'd his sighes so deepe ;
Tis said, the Dianels could not chuse but wepe.

Epigram 6.

Long did I wonder and I wondred much,
Romes Church should from her Clergiers take that due :
Thought I, why should she that contentment gruech ?
What, doth she all with continence indue ?
No: But why then are they debar'd that state ?
Is she become a foe unto her owne ?
Doth she the members of her body hate ?
Or is it for some other cause unshowne ?
O yes : they find a womans lips so dainty ;
They tie themselues from one, cause ther'le haue
(twenty.

Epigram

Epithalamia.

Epigram 7.

VV Omen, as some men say, unconstant be ;
Perhaps a few ; and so no doubt are men :
Nay, if their scapes we could so plausibly see,
I feare, that scarce there will be one for ten.

Men haue but their owne lusts that tempt to ill :
Women haue lusts, and mens allurement to :
Alas, if their strengths cannot curbe their will ;
What shoulde poore women that are weaker do ?
Oh they had need be chaste, and looke aboue them,
That straine 'gainst lust within, and knaues without them.

FINIS.





THE SHEPHEARDS PIPE.



LONDON,
Printed by John Beale for Thomas Walkley, and are to
be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child in
Brittanies Bury. 1630.

1872

ANNA GREGORY

1919

John Cole Coll: Regalis
Cambridge Art: Mag: 1740.

TO THE TRVELIE
VERTVOVS AND VVOR-
THIE OF ALL HONOR, THE
Right Honourable, Edward, Lord Zouch,
Saint Maure and Cantelupe, and one
of his Maiesties most Honourable
Pruie Councell.

BE pleasd (great Lord) when underneath the
shades
Of your delightfull Brams-hill (where the
spring
Her flowers for gentle blasts with Zephire
trades)

Once more to heare a filly Shepheard sing.
Yours be the pleasure, mine the Sonnetting;
Eu'n that hath his delight: nor shall I need
To seeke applause amongst the common store,
It is enough if this mine oaren Reed
Please but the eare it should; I aske no more.
Nor shall those rurall notes which heretofore

Tony

Your true affection grac'd and wing'd for fame
Imperfectlye: Oblivion shall not gains
Ought on your worth, his song shall be your name
So long as England yields or song or swaine.
Free are my lines, though drest in lowly state,
And scorn to flatter but the men I hate.

Your Honours,

William Browne



Of his Friend, Master Will iam Browne.



Poets borne, not made: No wonder then
Though Spencer, Sidney (miracles of men),
Sole English Makers: whose even names so high
Expresse by implication Poesy)

Were long unparalleld: For nature bold
In their creation, spent that precious mould,
That Nobly better earth, that purer spirit
Which Poets as their Birth-rites, claime t'inherit:
And in their great production, Prodigall;
Carelesse of futures well-nie spent her-all
Viewing her worke, conscious sh'bad suffered wracke,
Hath caus'd our Countrymen ere since to lacke
That better earth and forme: Long thrifly grownne
Who truly might beare Poets, brought forth none:
Till now of late, seeing her flockes new full
(By Time, and Thrift) of maner beaumifull,

And

And quintessence of formes; what severall
Our elder Poets graues had, those all
Shee now determin'd to write in one,
So to surpasse her selfe, and call'd him Browne:
That beggar'd by his birth, shee's now so poore,
That of true Makers shee can make no more.
Hereof accus'd, answer'd, shee meant that bee
A species should, no individuum bee:
That (Phoenix-like) He in himselfe should find
Of Poesy contain'd each severall kind.
And from this Phoenix's urne, thought shee could take,
Whereof all following-Poets well to make.
For of some former shee had, now made knowne
They were her errours whil'st sh'intended Browne.

In libellum, inscriptionemque,

Not Elegogues your, but Eclogues: To compare:
Virgil's selected, yours elected are.
He Imitates, you Make: and this your creature
Expresseth well your Name, and theirs, their Nature.

E. Johnson
Int. Temp.

To

To his better beloued, then
knowne *Friend, Master*
Browne.

Such is the fate of some (write) now adies,
Thinking to win & weare, they break the Baies:
As a slow Foote-man straining neere to come,
A swifter that before him farre doth raine?
Pufft with the hope of Honours gole to winne,
Runnes out of Breath, yet furthest off from him.
So doe our most of Poets, whose Muse flies
About for honour: catch poore Butterflies.
But thou faire friend not rancke shall be 'mongst those
That makes a Mountaine where a mole-hill growes:
Thou, whose sweete singing Pen such layes hath writ
That in an old way, teacheth vs new wit:
Thou that wert borne and bred to be the man,
To turne Apollo's glory into Pan:
And when thoulifts of Shepheards leane to write
To great Apollo adde againe his light:
For never yet, like Shepheards forth haue come,
Whose Pipes so sweetly play as thine hath done.

f.r

*Faire muse of Browne, whose beauty is as pure
As women Browne, that faire an along' st endure;
Still mayst thou, as thou doft, a lounr moue,
And as thou doft each mouer may thee loue,
Whilſt I my ſelfe in loue with thee muſt fall,
Brownes Muſe the faire Browne woman ſtill will call.*

John Onley:
Int. Temp.



The Shepheards Pipe.

The first Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Roget and Willy both ymet,
Upon a greeny Ley;
With Rondelayes and Tales are set,
To spend the length of day.

WILLIE. ROGET.

Willie.

Roget, droope not, see the spring
Is the earthenamelling,
And the birds on every Tree
Greete this morne with melodie:
Hark, how yonder Thrustle chant's it,
And her mate as proudly vants it;

The Shepheards Pipe.

See how euery streme is drest
By her Margine, with the best
Of *Flora's* gifts, she seemes glad
For such Brookes such flowers she had
All the trees are quaintly tyred
With greene buds, of all desired;
And the Hawthorne euery day,
Spreads some little shew of May;
See the Prim-rose sweetly set
By the much-lou'd Violet:
All the Bankes doe sweetly couer,
As they would inuite a Louer
With his Lasse, to see their dressing,
And to grace them by their pressing.
Yet in all this merry tide
When all cares are laid aside,
Roger sits as if his bloud
Had not felt the quickning good
Of the Sun, nor cares to play,
Or with songs to passe the day
As he wont. Fye, *Roger* fly,
Raise thy head, and merrily
Tune vs somewhat to thy reede;
See our Flockes do freely feede;
Here we may together sit,
And for Musicke very fit
Is this place; from yonder wood
Comes an Eccho shrill and good;

Twice

The Shepheards Pipe.

Twice full perfectly it will
Answere to thine Oaten quill.
Roget, droope not then, but sing
Some kind welcome to the Spring.

Roget.

A H Willie, Willie, why should I,
Sound my notes of iollitie ?
Since no sooner can I play
Any pleasing Roundelay,
But some one or other still
'Gins to descant on my Quill ;
And will say, by this, he me
Meaneth in his Minstralsie.
If I chance to name an Asse
In my song, it comes to passe,
One or other sure will take it
As his proper name, and make it
Fit to tell his nature too.
Thus what e're I chance to do
Happens to my losse, and brings
To my name the venom'd stings
Of ill report : How should I
Sound then notes of iollitie ?

Willie.

The Shepheare's Pipe.

Willie.

Is true in feed, we say all
Rub a gal'd horse on the gall,
Kicke h' will, stome and bite :
But the horse offoun her plight
Gently feeles his Masters hand.
In the water thrust a brand
Kindled in the fier, 'twill hisse ;
When a sticke that taken is
From the Hedge, in water thrust,
Neuer rokes as would the first,
But en lures the waters touch.
Rogers, so it fares with such.
Whose owne guilt hath them enflam'd,
Rage when e're their vice is blam'd.
But who in himselfe is free
From all spots, as Lillies be,
Neuer stirres, do what thou can.
If thou flan her such a man
Yet he's quiet, for he knowes
With him no such vices close.
Only he that is indece
Spotte ' with the leprous feede
Of corrupted thoughts, and hath
An ulcerous soule in the path
Of reproose, he straight will brall,
If you u' b him on the gall.

But

• The Shepheards Pipe.

But in vaine then shall I keepe
These my harmleſſe flock of ſheepe.
And though all the day I tend them,
And from Wolues & Foxes ſhend them,
Wicked Swaines that beate me ſpight,
In the gloomy vaile of night,
Of my fold will draw the pegges,
Or elſe breake my Lambkins legges:
Or vnhang my Weathers bell,
Or bring bryers from the dell,
And them in my fold by pieces
Cast, to tanglo all their fleeces,
Welladay! ſuch churliſh Swaynes
Now and then lurke on our plaines;
That I feare, a time, ere long
Shall not heare a Sheepheards ſong,
Nor a Swayne shall take in taske
Any wrong, nor once vnmakſe
Such as do with vices rife
Soyle the Sheepheards happy life:
Except he meaneſ his ſheepe ſhall be
A prey to all their iniurie.
This cauſeth me I do no more
Chant ſo as I wont of yore:
Since in vaine then ſhould I keep
These my harmleſſe flocke of ſheepe.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Willie.

Yet if such thou wilt not sing,
Make the Woods and Vallies ring
With some other kind of lore,
Roget hath enough in store,
Sing of loue, or tell some tale,
Praise the flowers, the Hils, the Vale :
Let vs not here idle be ;
Next day I will sing to thee.
Hearke on knap of yonder Hill
Some sweet Shepheards tune his quill ;
And the Maidens in a round
Sit (to heare him) on the ground.
And if thou begin, shall we
Grac'd be with like company.
And to gird thy Temples bring
Garlands for such fingering.
Then raise thee *Roget*.

Roget.

Gentle Swaine

Whom I honour for thy straine,
Though it would beseeme me more
To attend thee and thy lore:
Yet lest thou mightst find in me
A negle&t of courtesie,

I will

The Shepheards Pipe.

I will sing what I did leere
Long agone in Ianiucere
Of a skilfull aged Sire,
As we to sted by the fire.

Willie.

Sing it out, it needs must be
Very good what comes from thee.

Roget.

VV Hilome an Emperour prudent and wise
Raigned in Rome, and had sonnes thre,
Which he had in great chiertee and great pris,
And when it shope so, that th' infirmitie
Of death, which no wight may eschew or flee
Him threwe downe in his bed, he let to call
His sonnes, and before him they came all.

And to the first he said in this manere,
All th'eritage which at the dying
Of my fadir, he me left, all in feere
Leave I thee: And all that of my buying
Was with my peny, all my purchasing,
My second sonne bequeath I to thee:
And to the third sonne thus said hee:

Vnmoue-

The Shepheards Pipe.

Vnmoueable good, right none withouten oath
Thee give I may ; but I to thee deuise.
Jewels three, a Ring, Brooch and a Cloth :
With which, and thou be guised as the wise,
Thou maist get all that ought thee suffice ;
Who so that the Ring vseth still to weare
Of all folkes the loue he shall conquerre.

And who so the Broch beareth on his breast,
It is eke of such vertue and such kind,
That thinke vpon what thing him liketh best,
And he as blive shall it haue and finde.
My worlds sonne imprint well in min' :
The Cloth eke hath a maruellous nature,
Which that shall be committed to thy cure,

Who so sit on it, if he wish where
In all the world to beene, he suddenly
Without more labour shall be there.
Sonne, those three Jewels bequeath I
To thee, vnto this effect certainly,
That to stuly of the Vniuersitee
Thou go, and that I bid and charge thee,

When

The Shepheards Pipe.

When he had thus said the vexation
Of death so hasted him, that his spirit
Anon forsooke his habitation
In his body, death would no respite
Him yeue at al, he was of his life quitte,
And buried was with such solemnity,
As fell to his Imperiall dignity.

Of the yongest sonne I tell shall,
And speake no more of his brethren two,
For with them haue I not to do at all.
Thus spake the mother *Ionarbas* vnto :
Sin God hath his will of thy father doe ;
To thy fathers Will, would I me conforme,
And truly all his Testament performe.

He three Jewels as thou knowest well
A Ring, a Brooch, and a Cloth thee bequacath,
Vvhose vertues he thee told ev'ry deal,
Or that he past, hence and yalde vp the breath :
O good God, his departing, his death
Full grieuously stickeith vnto mine heart,
But suffered mot been all how sore it smart.

The Shepheards Pipe.

In that case women haue such heauinessc,
That it not lyeth in my cunning aright ;
You tell of so great sorrow the excesse :
But wise women can take it light,
And in short while put vnto the flight
All sorrow and woe, and catch againe comfort,
Now to my tale make I my resort.

Thy fathers will, my sonne, as I said ere,
Will I performe, haue here the Ring, and goe
To studie anon, and when that thou art there,
As thy father thee bade, doe euен so,
And as thou wilt my blessing haue also :
Shee vnto him as swythe tooke the Ring
And bad him keepe it well for any thing.

He went vnto the studie generall
Where he gat loue enough, and acquaintance
Right good and friendly ; the ring causing all,
And on a day to him befell this chance,
With a woman, a morsell of pleasance,
By the streetes of the Vniuersitie,
As he was in his walking, met he.

And

The Shepheards Pipe.

And right as blyue he had with her a tale,
And therewithall sore in her loue he brent ;
Gay, fresh and piked was she to the sale,
For to that end, and to that intent
She thither came, and both forth they went :
And he a pistle rowned in her eare,
Nat wot I what, for I ne came nat there;

She was his Paramour shortly to sey,
This man to folkes all was so leefe,
That they him gaue abundance of money,
He feasted folke, and stood at high boucheefe :
Of the lack of good, he felt no griefe,
All whil'st the ring he with him had,
But fayling it, his friendship gan sad,

His Paramour which that ycalled was
Felicula, maruailed right greatly
Of the dispences of this *Jonathas*,
Sin she no peny at all with him sy,
And on a night as there she lay him by
In the bed, thus she to him spake, and said,
And this petition assoile him praid.

O re-

The Shepbeards Pipe.

O reuerent sir,vnto whom quoth she,
Obey I would ay with hearts humblenesse,
Since that ye han ha i my virginitie,
You I beseech of you high gentlenesse,
Tellith me whence comth the good and richeesse
That yee with feasten folke, and han no store,
By ought I see can,ne gold,ne tresore.

If I tell it,quoth he,par aventure
Thou wilt discouer it, and out it publish,
Such is womans inconstant nature,
They cannot keepe Councell worth a rish :
Better is my tongue keepe,than to wish
That I had kept close that is gone at large,
And repentance is thing that I more charge.

Nay good sir,quoth she,holde i me not suspect
Doubteth nothing,I can be right secre,
VVell worthy were it me to been abiect
From all good company,if I quoth she
Vnto you should so mistake me.
Be not adread your councell me to shew.
VVell,said he,thus it is at words few.

The Shepheardes Pipe.

My father the Ring which that thou maist see
On my finger, me at his dying day
Be queath'd, which this vertue and propertee
Hath, that the loue of men he shall haue aye
That weareth it, and there shall be no nay
Of what thing that him liketh aske and craue
But with good will, he shall as blive it haue.

Through the Rings vertuous excellencie
Thus am I rich, and haue euer ynow.
Now Sir, yet a word by your licence
Suffreth me to say, and to speake now:
Is it wisedome, as that it seemeth you,
VVcare it on your finger continually?
VVhat wold'st thou meane, quoth he, thereby?

VVhat perill thereof might there besal?
Right great, quoth she, as yee in company
VValke often, fro your finger might it fall,
Or plucked off been in a ragery
And so be lost, and that were folly:
Take it me, let me been of it wardeine,
For as my life keepe it would I certeine.

My

This

The Shepheards Pipe.

This *Jonathas*, this innocent young man,
Giuing vnto her words full credence,
As youth not auised best be can :
The Ring her tooke of his insipience.
When this was done, the heat and the feruence
Of loue which he beforne had purchased,
Was quench'd, and loues knot was vnlaced.

Men of their gifts to stint began.
Ah thought he, for the Ring I not ne beare,
Faileth my loue : fetch me woman
(Said he) my Ring, anon I will it weare.
She rose, and into chamber dresseth her ;
And when she therein had been a while,
Alasse (quoth she) out on falsehood and gile.

The chest is broken, and the Ring take out :
And when he heard her complaint and cry,
He was astonied sore, and made a shout,
And said, Cursed be the day that I
Thee met first, or with mine eyne sy.
She wept and shewed outward cheere of wo,
But in her heart was it nothing so.

The

The Shepheardes Pipe.

The Ring was safe enough, and in her Chest
It was, all that she said was leasing,
As some woman otherwhile at best
Can lye and weepe when is her liking.
This man saw her woe, and said Dearling
VVeepe no more, Gods helpe is nye,
To him vnewiste how false she was and flye.

He twyned thence, and home to his countree
Vnto his mother the streight way he went,
And when she saw thither comen was he;
My sonne, quoth she, what was thine intent
Thee, fro the schoole, now to absent?
VVhat caused thee fro schoole hither to hye?
Mother, right this, said he, hat would I lye.

Forsooth mother, my Ring is a goe,
My Paramour to keepe I betooke it,
And it is lost, for which I am full woe,
Sorrowfully vnto mine heart it sit.
Sonne, often haue I warne thee, and yet
For thy profit I warne thee my sonne,
Vnhonest women thou hereafter shunne.

The

G

Thy

The Shepheards Pipe.

Thy Brooch anon right woll I to thee fet,
She brought it him, and charged him full deepe
V Vhen he it tooke, and on his breast it set,
Bet than his Ring he should it keepe,
Lest he the losse bewaile should and weepe.
To the Vniuersity shortly to seyne
In what he could, he hasted him ageine.

And when he comen was, his Paramour
Him met anon, and vnto her him tooke
As that he did erst, this yong reuelour,
Her company he nat a deale forsooke,
Though he cause had, but as with the hooke
Of her sleight, he beforne was caught and hent,
Right so he was deceiued oft and blent.

And as through vertue of the Ring before
Of good he had abundance and plentee
While it was with him, or he had it lore:
Right so through vertue of the Brooch had he
What good him list; she thought, how may this be
Some priuy thing now causeth this richesse,
As did the Ring herebefore I gesse.

The Shepheardes Pipe.

VVondring heron, she praid him, and besought
Besily night and day, that tell he would
The cause of this; but he another thought,
He meant it close for him it kept be should,
And a long time it was or he it told.

She wept aye too and too, and said, alasse
The time and houre that euer I borne was.

Trust ye not on me Sir? she seid,
Leuer me were be slaine in this place,
By that good Lord that for vs all deid,
Then purpose againe you any fallace;
Vnto you would I be my lities space
As true, as any woman in earth is
Vnto a man doubteth nothing of this.

Small may she doe, that cannot well byheet,
Though not performed be such a promise.
This *Ionathas* thought her words so sweet,
That he was drunke of the pleasant sweetnesse
Of them, and of his foolish ten ferreesse.

Thus vnto her he spake, and said tho,
Be of good comfort, why weepest thou so?

The Shepbeards Pipe.

And she thereto answered thus, sobbing;
Sir, quoth she, my heauinesse and dred
Is this: I am adread of the leesing
Of your brooch, as Almighty God forbeed
It happen so: Now what so God thee speed,
Said he, wouldest thou in this case counsaile?
Quoth she, that I keepe it might sans faile.

He said, I haue a feare and dread algate,
If I so did thou wouldest it leese
As thou lostest my Ring, now gon but late:
First God pray I, quoth she, that I not cheese,
But that my heart as the cold frost may freeze,
Or else be it brent with wild fire:
Nay, surely it to keepe is my desire.

To her words credence he gaue pleneere,
And the brooch tooke her, and after anone,
VVhereas he was beforne full leefe and cheere
To folke, and had good, all was gone;
Goo l and frendship him lacked, there was none.
VVoman, me fetch the Brooch, quoth he, swythee
Into thy chamber for it goe; hye thee.

She

The Shepheards Pipe.

She into chamber went, as then he bad,
But she not brought that he sent her fore,
She meant it nat, but as she had be mad
Her clothes hath she all to rent and tore,
And cryd alasse, the brooch away is bore,
For which I wole anon right with my knife
My selfe slay, I am weary of my life.

This noice he heard, and blive he to her ran,
Weening she would han done as she spake,
And the knife in all haste that he can
From her tooke, and threw it behind his backe,
And said, ne for the losse, ne for the lacke
Of the brooch, sorrow not, I forgiue all,
I trust in God, that yet ys helpe he shall.

To th'Emperesse his mother this yong man
Againe him dresseth, he went her vnto;
And when she saw him, she to wonder gan,
She thought now somewhat there is misdo,
And said, I dread thy Iewels two
Been lost now, percase the Brooch with the Ring.
Mother, he said, yea, by heauen King.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Sonne, thou wotst well no iewell is left
Vnto thee now, but the cloth pretious
Which I thee take shall, thee charging eft
The company of women riotous
Thou flee, lest it be to thee so grieuous
That thou it nat sustaine shalt ne beare
Such company on my blessing forbeare.

The cloth she felt, and it hath him take,
And of his Lady his mother, his leaue
He took, but first this forward gan he make ;
Mother, said he, trusteth this weel and leeue
That I shall seyn, forsooth ye shall it preeue,
If I leese this cloth, neuer I your face,
Henceforth see wole, ne you pray of grace.

With Gods helpe I shall do well ynow,
Her blessing he tooke, and to study is go,
And as before he told haue I vnto you,
His Paramour his priuy mortall foe
Was wont to meet him, right eu'en so
She did than, and made him pleasant cheere :
They clipt an i kiss, and walk homeward in feere.

VVhen

The Shepheards Pipe.

VVhen they were entred in the house, he sprad
This cloth vpon the ground, and thereon sit,
And bad his Paramour, this woman bad,
To sit also by him adowne on it.
She doth as he commandeth, and bit,
Had she this thought and vertue of the Cloth
Wist, to han set on it, had she been loth.

She for a while ywas full sore affesed.
This *Jonathas* wish in his heart gan :
Would God that I might thus been eased,
That as on this Cloth I and this woman
Sit here, as farre were, as that neuer man
Or this came, and vnneth had he so thought,
But they with the Cloth thither werea brought.

Right to the worlds end, as that it were.
When apparceiued had she this, she cry'd
As thogh she through girt had be with a spere.
Harro ! alasse that euer shope thistide !
How came we hither ? Nay, he said, abide,
Worse is comming ; here sole wole I thee leave
Wild beasts shallen thee deuoure or caue.

The Shepheares Pipe.

For thou my *Ring* and *Brooch* haft fro me holden,
O reverent Sir I haue vpon me pittee,
Q^uoth she,if yee this grace do me wolden,
W^o bring me home againe to the Cittee
Where as I this day was, but if that ye
Them haue againe, of foule death do me dye
Your bountee on me kythe, I mercy cry.

This *Jonathas* could nothing beware,
Ne take entamble of the deceites tweine
That she did him beforne, but feith him bare,
And her he commanded on deaths peine
Fro such offences thenceforth her restreine :
She swore, and made thereto foreward,
But her kneth how she bore her afterward.

Whan she saw and knew that the wrath and ire
That he to her had borne, was gone and past,
And al' was well: she thought him eft to fire,
In her malice aye stood she stedfast,
And to enqui^re of him was not agast,
In so short time how that it might be
That they came thither out of her contre.

Such

The Shepheards Pipe.

Such vertue hath this cloth on which we sit,
Said he, that where in this world vs be list,
Suddenly with the thought shallen thither flit,
And how thither come vnto vs vnwist:
As thing fro farre, ynkownne in the mist.
And therwith, to this woman fraudulent
To sleepe he said, haue I good talent.

Let see, quoth he, stretch out anon thy lap,
In which wole I my head downe lay and rest.
So was it done, and he anon gan nap:
Nap? nay, he slept right well, at best:
What doth this woman, one the fickleſt
Of women all, but that cloth that lay
Vnder him, she drew lyte and lyte away.

Whan ſhe it had all: would God, quoth ſhe,
I were as I was this day morning!
And therewith this root of iniquitie
Had her wiſh, and ſole left him therē ſleeping.
O Ionathas! like to thy periſhing
Art thou, thy paramour made hath thy berd,
Whan thou wakeſt, cauſe haſt thou to be ferde.

But

The Shepheards Pipe.

But thou shalt doe full well, thou shalt obteene
Victory on her, thou hast done some deed
Pleasant to thy mother, well can I weene,
For which our Lord quite shall thy meed,
And thee deliuer out of thy wofull dred.

The childe whom that the mother vseth blesse,
Full often sythe is eased in distresse.

VVhan he awoke, and neither he ne fond
VVoman, ne Cloth, he wept bitterly,
And sai ¹, Alasse! now is there in no lond
Man worse I know begon then am I;
On every syde his looke he cast, and sy
Nothing but birds in the aire flying,
And wild beasts about him renning.

Of whose fight he full sore was agrysed,
He thought all this well deserued I haue,
VVhat ayled me to be so euill auised,
That my counsell could I nat keep and saue?
VVho can foole play? who can mad and rauue?
But he that to a woman his secre
Discouereth, the smart cleauch now on me.

The Shepheardes Pipe.

He thus departeth as God would harmlesse,
And forth of auenture his way is went,
But whitherward he draw, he conceitlesse
Was, he nat knew to what place he was bent.
He past a water which was so feruent
That flesh vpon his feet left it him none,
All cleane was departed from the bone.

It shope so that he had a little glasse
Which with that water anon filled he:
And whan he further in his way gone was,
Before him he beheld and saw a tree
That faire fruit bore, and in great plentee:
He eate thereof, the taste him liked well,
But he there-through became a foule mesel.

For which vnto the ground for sorrow and wa
He fell, and said, cursed be that day
That I was borne, and time and houre also
That my mother conceiued me, for ay
Now am I lost; alasse and well away!
And when some deel slaked his heauiness,
He rose, and on his way he gan him dress.

Another

The Shepheards Pipe.

Another water before him he sye,
Which(sore)to comen in he was adrad:
But nathelesse,since thereby,other way
Ne about it there could none be had,
He thought so streitly am I bestad,
That though it sore me affese or gaſt,
Aſſoile it wole I, and through it he paſt.

And right as the firſt water his fleſh
Departed from his feet,ſo the ſecownd
Reſtored it, and made all whole and fresh:
And glad was he, and ioyfull that ſtownd,
Whan he felt his feet whole were and ſound:
A violl of the water of that brooke
He fild, and fruit of the tree with him tooke.

Forth his iourney this *Jonathas* held,
And as he his looke about him caſt,
Another tree from a farre he beheld,
To which he haſted, and him hied faſt;
Hungry he was, and of the fruit he thrast
Into his mouth, and eate of it ſadly,
And of the Icpry he purged was thereby.

OF

The Shepheards Pipe.

Of that fruit more he raught, and thence is gone
And a faire Castle from a farre, saw he
In compasse of which, heads many one
Of men there hung, as he might well see,
But not for that he shun would, or flee,
He thither him dresseth the streight way
In that euer that he can or may.

Walking so, two men came him ageine,
And saiden thus: deere friend we you pray
What man be ye? Sirs, quoth he, certeine
A Leech I am; and though my selfe it say,
Can for the health of sicke folkes well puruay.
They said him, of yonder castle the King
A Lepre is, and can whole be for nothing.

With him there hath been many a sundry leech
That vndertooke him well to cure and heale
On paine of their heads, but all to seech
Their Art was, ware that thou not with him deale,
But if thou canst the charter of health enseale;
Lest that thou lecse thy head, as didden they,
But thou be wise thou find it shall no pley.

Sirs,

The Shepbeards Pipe.

Sirs, said he, you thanke I of your reed,
For gently ye han you to me quit :
But I nat dread to loose mine heed,
By Gods helpe full safe keepe I will it,
God of his grace such cunning and wit
Hath lent me, that I hope I shall him cure.
Full well dare I me put in auenture.

They to the Kings presence han him lad,
And him of the fruit of the second tree
He gaue to eate, and bad him to be glad,
And said, anon your health han shall yee :
Eke of the second water him gaue he
To drinke, and whan he those two had receiued
His Lepry from him voided was and weiuued.

The King (as vnto his high dignity
Conuenient was) gaue him largely,
And to him said, If that it like thee
Abiden here, I more habundantly
Thee giue wole. My Lord sickerly,
Quoth he, faine would I your pleasure fulfill,
And in your high presence abide still.

The Shepbeards Pipe.

But I no while may with you abide,
So mochill haue I to done elsewhere.
Jonathas euery day to the sea side
Which was nye, went to looke and enquere
If any ship drawing thither were,
Which him home to his countrey lead might,
And on a day of ships had he sight.

VVell a thirty toward the Castle draw,
And at time of Euensong, they all
Arriueden, of which he was full faw,
And to the shipmen cry he gan and call,
And said, if it so hap might and fall,
That some of you me home to my countree
Me bring would, well quit should he bee.

And told them whither that they sholden goe.
One of the shipmen forth start at last,
And to him said, my ship and no moe
Of them that here been, doth shope and cast
Thither to wend; let see, tell on fast,
Quoth the shipman, that thou for my trauaile
Me giue wilt, if that I thither saile.

They

The Shepbeards Pipe.

They were accorded, *Jonathas* forth goeth
Vnto the King to aske him licence
To twine thence, to which the king was loth;
And nathlesse with his beneuolence,
This *Jonathas* from his magnificence
Departed is, and forth to the shipman
His way he taketh, as swyth as he can.

Into the ship he entreth, and as blive
As wind and wether good hope to be,
Thither as he purposed him arrue
They sailed forth, and came to the Citree
In which this Serpentine woman was, shee
That had him terned with false deceiptis,
But where no remedy followeth, streit is.

Turnes been quit, all be they good or bad
Sometime, though they put been in delay.
But to my purpose, she deemed he had
Been deuoured with beasts many a day
Gone, she thought he deliuered was for ay.
Folke of the City knew not *Jonathas*,
So many a yeare was past, that he there was;

Misliking

The Shepheardes Pipe.

Misliking and thought changed eke his face;
Abouten he go'th, and for his dwelling
In the Cittie, he hired him a place;
And therein exercised his canning
Of Physicke, to whom wenken repairing
Many a sicke wight, and all were healed;
Well was the sick man that with him dealed.

Now shop it thus that this *Felonda*,
(The well of deceinable doublenesse,
Follower of the steps of *Dallida*)
Was then exalted vnto high richesse,
But she was fallen into great sicknesse
And headd feine, for nout might it been hid
How masterfull a leech he had him kid.

Messages solemaie to him she sent,
Praying him to do so mochill labour
As come and see her; and heithither went
Whan he her saw, that she his Paramour
Had been, he well knew, and for that deroit
To her he was, her he thought to quide
Or he went, and no longer st respite.

The Shepheards Pipe.

But what that he was, she ne wist nat
He saw her yrine, and exē felt her pous,
And said, the sooth is this plaine and flat,
A sicknesse han yee strange and meruailous,
VVhich to auoid is wonder dangerous:

To heale you there is no way but one,
Leech in this world other can find none.

Aulseth you whether you list it take
Or not, for I told haue you my wit.
Ah sir, said she, for Gods sake,
That way me shew, and I shall follow it
What euer it be : for this sicknesse sit
So nigh mine heart, that I wot not how,
Me to demene: tell on I pray yow.

Lady yee must openly you confesse,
And if against good conscience and right,
Any good han ye take more or lesse,
Beforne this houre, of any manner wight,
Yeeld it anou; else not in the night
Of man is it, to give a medicine
That you may heale of your sicknes and pine.

The Shepbeards Pipe.

If any such thing be, tell out it reed,
And yee shall been all whole I you beheet ;
Else mine Art is naught withouten dred.

O Lord the thought health is a thing full sweet,
Therewith desire I souerainly to meet :
Since I it by confession may recouer,
A foole am I but I my guilt discouer.

How falsely to the sonne of th' Emperour
Jonathas, had she done, before them all
As yee han heard aboue, all that error
By knew she, O *Felicula* thee call,
Well may I so, for of the bitter gall
Thou takest the beginning of thy name,
Thou root of malice and mirrour of shame.

Then said *Jonathas*, where are those three
Jewels, that thee fro the Clerke with-drew?
Sire in a Coffer at my beds feet, yee
Shall find them ; open it, and so pray I you.
He thought not to make it queint and tow.
And say nay, and streyne courtesie,
But with right good will thither he gan bye.

The Shepheardes Pipe.

The Coffer he opened, and them there fond,
VVho was a glad man but *Jonathas*? who
The Ring vpon a finger of his hond
He put, and the brooch on his breast also,
The cloth eke vnder his arme held he tho;
And to her him dresseth to done his cure:
Cure mortall, way to her sepulture.

He thought rue she should, and fore-thinke
That she her had vnto him mis-bore:
And of that water her he gaue to drinke,
VVhich that his flesh from his bones before
Had twined, where through he was almost lore
Nad he reliued been, as ye aboue,
Han heard, and this he did eke for her loue.

Of the fruit of the tree he gaue her ete,
VVhich that him made into the Leper stert,
And as blyue in her wombe gan they fret
And gnaw so, that change gan her hert,
Now harkneth how it her made smert:
Her wombe opened, and out fell each intraile
That in her was, thus it is said sans faile.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Thus wretchedly (lo) this guile-man dyde,
And *Ionathas* with Jewels three
No lenger there thought to abide,
But home to the Empresse his mother hasteth he,
Whereas in ioy, and in prosperitee
His life led he to his dying day,
And so God vs grant that we doe may.

Willie.

By my hooke this is a Tale
Would befit our VVhitton-ale:
Letter cannot be I wist,
Descant on it he that list,
And full gladly giue I wold
The best Cosset in my fold,
And a Mazer for a fee,
If this song thou'l teachen me.
Is so quaint and fine a lay,
That vpon our Reuell day
I sung it, I might chance
For my paines) be tooke to dance
With our Lady of the May.

Roget.

file. *Roget* will not say thee nay,
If thou deem'st it worth thy paines.

The Shephears Pipe.

Tis a song, not many Swaines
Singen can, and though it be
Not so deckt with nycetee
Of sweet words full neatly chused,
As are now by Shepheards vsed :
Yet if well you sound the sence,
And the Morals excellencie,
You shall find it quit the while,
And excuse the homely stile.
VVell I wot, the man that first
Sung this Lay, did quench his thirst,
Deepely as did euer one
In the Muses *Helicon*.
Many times he hath been seene
VVith the Fairies on the Greene,
And to them his Pipe did sound,
Whilst they danced in a round.
Mickle solace would they make him,
And at mid-night often wake him,
And conuey him from his roome
To a field of yellow broome ;
Or into the Medowes, where
Mints perfume the gentle Aire,
And where *Flora* spends her treasure :
There they would begin their measure.
If it chanc'd in nights sable shrowds
Muffled *Cinthia* vp in clowds ;

The Shepheards Pipe.

Safely home, they then would see him,
And from brakes & quagmires free him.
There are few such Swaines as he
Nowadayes for harmonie.

Willy.

What was he thou praisest thus ?

Roget.

Scholler vnto *Tityrus*,
Tityrus the brauest Swaine
Euer liued on the plaine,
Taught him how to feed his Lambes,
How to cure them, and their Dams :
How to pitch the fold, and then,
How he shoulde remoue agen :
Taught him when the Corne was ripe,
How to make an Oaten Pipe,
How to ioyne them, how to cut them,
VVhen to open, when to shut them,
And with all the skill he had
Did instruct this willing lad.

Willy.

Happy surely was that Swaine,
And he was not taught in vaine:

The Shepheards Pipe.

Many a one that prouder is,
Han not such a song as this :
And haue garlands for theirmeed,
That but iarre as *Skeltons* ied.

Roget.

Tis too true : But see the Sunne
Hath his iourney fully runne ;
And his horses all in sweate,
In the Ocean coole their heate :
Seuer we our sheepe and fold them,
Twill be night ere we haue told them.

Thomas Occleue, one of the privie Seale, composed first
this tale, and was never till now imprinted. As this shall
please, I may be drawne to publish the rest of his workes,
being all perfect in my hands. Hee wrote in Chaucers
time.



The Shepheardes Pipe.



The Shepheards Pipe.

The second Eglogue.

THE ARGVMENT.

Two Shepheardes here complaime the wrong
Done by a swynfishe Loue,
That brings his Hogges their Sheepe among,
And spoyle the Plaine throughout.

WILLIE. JACKIE.

Willy.

Willie, say: what might he be
That sits on yonder hill:
And tooteth out his notes of glee
So vncouth and so shrill?

Jockie.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Lockie.

Notes of glee? bad ones I trow,
I haue not heard beforne
One so mistooke as *Willy* now,
Tis some Sow-gelders horne.
And well thou asken might st if I
Do know him, or from whence
He comes, that to his Minstrelsie
Requires such patience.
He is a Swinward, but I thinke
No Swinward of the best:
For much he reketh of his swinke,
And carketh for his rest.

Willie.

Harme take the Swine! What makes he heere?
VVhat lucklesse planets frownes
Haue drawne him and his Hogges in feere
To root our daisied downes.
Ill mote he thriue! and may his Hogges
And all that ere they breed
Be euer worried by our Dogges,
For so presumptuous deed.
Why kept hee not among the Fennes?
Or in the Copes by,
Or in the Woods, and braky glennes,
Where Hawes and Acornes lye?

About

The Shepheards Pipe.

About the Ditches of the Towne,
Or Hedge-rowes he might bring them.

Lockie.

But then some pence twould cost the Clowne
To yoke and eke to ring them.
And well I weene he loues no cost
But what is for his backe:
To goe full gay him pleaseth most,
And lets his belly lacke,
Two sutes he hath, the one of blew,
The other home-spun gray:
And yet he meanes to make a new
Against next reuell day;
And though our May-lord at the feast
Seem'd very trimly clad,
A cloth by his owne mother drest,
Yet comes not neere this lad.
A is bonnet neatly on his head,
With button on the top,
A shooes with strings of leather red,
And stocking to his flop.
And yet for all it comes to passe,
He not our gybing scapes:
One like him to a trimmed Ass,
And some to Iacke-an-Apes.

Willie.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Willy.

It seemeth then by what is said,
That *Lockie* knowes the Boore;
I would my scrip and hooke haue laid
Thou knewst him not before.

Lockie.

Sike lothed chance by fortune fell,
(If fortune ought can doe)
Not kend him? Yes: I ken him well
And sometime paid for't too.

Willy.

Would *Lockie* euer stoope so low,
As conissance to take
Of sike a Churle? Full well I know
No Nymph offspring or lake,
No Heardesse, nor no Shepheards gerle
But faine would sit by thee,
And Sea-nymphs offer shells of perle
For thy sweet melodie.
The Satyrs bring thee from the woods,
The Straw-berrie for hire,
And all the first fruites of the buds
To wooc thee to their quire.

Silmarilli

The Shepheards Pipe.

Silvanus songsters learne thy straine,
For by a neighbour spring
The Nightingale records againe
What thou dost primely sing.
Nor canst thou tune a Madrigall,
Or any drery mone,
But Nymphs, or Swaines, or Birds, or all
Permit thee not alone,
And yet (as though deuoid of these)
Canst thou so low decline,
As leaue the louely *Naides*
For one that keepeth Swine?
But how befell it?

Zockie.

Tother day
As to the field I set me,
Neere to the May-pole on the way
This sluggish Swinward met me:
And seeing *Wepol* with him there,
Our fellow-swaine and friend
I bad, good day, so on did fare
To my proposed end.
But as backe from my wintring ground
I came the way before,
This rude g^oome all alone I found
Stand by the Ale-house dore.

There

The Shepbeards Pipe.

There was no nay but I must in
And taste a cup of Ale ;
Where on his pot he did begin
To stammer out a tale.

He told me how he much desir'd
Th'acquaintance of vs Swaines,
And from the forrest was retir'd
To graze vpon our plaines :
But for what cause I cannot tell,
He can nor pipe nor sing,
Nor knowes he how to digge a well,
Nor neatly dresse a spring :
Nor knowes a trap nor snare to till,
He sits as in a dreame ?
Nor scarce hath so much whistling skill
VVill hearten on a Teamie.
VVell, we so long together were,
I gan to haste away,
He licenc'd me to leaue him there,
And gaue me leaue to pay.

willy.

Done like a Swinward ; may you all
That close with such as he,
Be vsed so ! that gladly fall
Into like company.
But if I faile not in mine Art,
Ile send him to his yerd,

And

The Shepbeards Pipe.

And make him from our plaines depart

With all his durty herd,

I wonder he hath suffred been

Ypon our Common heere,

His Hogges doe root our yonger treen

And spoyle the smelling breere.

Our purest welles they wallow in,

All ouer-spred with durt,

Nor will they from our Arbours lin,

But all our pleasures hurt.

Our curious benches that we build

Beneath a shady tree.

Shall be orethrowne, or so defilde

As we would loath to see.

Then ioyne we *Jockie*; for the rest

Of all our fellow Swaines,

I am assur'd will doe their best

To rid him fro our plaines.

Jockie.

What is in me shall neuer faile

To forward such a deed.

And sure I thinke we might preuaile

By some Satyrickē reed.

Willy.

If that will doe, I know a lad

Can hit the master-vaine.

But let vs home; the skies are sad,

And clouds distill in raine.

The

The Shepbeards Pipe.

The Shepheards Pipe.

The third Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Old Neddy's powertie they mone,
Who whilome was a Swaine
That had more Sheepe himselfe alone,
Then ten upon the plaine.

PIERS. THOMALIN.

Thomalin.

Here is euery piping lad
That the fields are not yclad
With their milk-white sheepe?
Tell me: Is it Holy day,
Or if in the Month of May
Vse they long to sleepe?

Piers.



The Shepheardes Pipe.

Piers.

Thomalin 'tis not too late
For the *Turtle* and her mate

Sitten yet in nest:
And the *Thrush* hath not been
Gath'ring wormes yet on the green
But attends her rest.
Not a bird hath taught her young,
Nor her morning's lesson sung.

In the shady groue:
But the *Nightingale* in darke
Singing, woke the mounting *Lark*.

She records her loue.
Not the *Sun* hath with his beames
Guilded yet our christall stremes

Rising from the Sea.
Mists do crowne the Mountaines tops,
And each pretty mirtle drops.

Tis but newly day.
Yet see yonder (though vnwist)
Some man commeth in the mist;

Hast thou him beheld?
See, he crosseth or'ethe laud,
With a dogge and staffe in hand,

Limping for his eld.

Thomalin:

The Shepheardes Pipe.

Thomalin.

Yes, I see him, and doe know him,
And we all do reu'rence owe him,

Tis the aged Sire

Neddy, that was wont to make
Such great feasting at the wake,

And the * blessing-fire.

Good old man ! see how he walkes
Painfull and among the balkes

Picking lockes of wull :

I haue knowne the day when hee
Had as much as any three,

VVhen their lofts were full.

Vnderneath yond hanging rocks
All the valley with his Flockes

VWas whilome ouer-spread :

He had milch-goates without peeres,
Well-hung kine, and fatned steeres

Many hundred head.

Wilkins cote his Dairy was,

For a dwelling it may passe

With the best in towne.

Curds and Creame with other cheare,
Haue I had there in the yeare

For a greeny gowne.

Lasses kept it, as againe

VWere not fitted on the plaine

For a lusty dance :

* The Midsum-
mer fies are
scarmed so in
the West parts of
England.

And

The Shepheardes Pipe.

And at parting, home would take vs,
Flawnes or Sillibubs to make vs
For our iouisance.

And though some in spight would tell,
Yet old Nedd, tooke it well;
Bidding vs againe
Neuer at his Cote be strange:
Vnto him that wrought this change,
Mickle be the paine!

Piers.

VVhat disaster *Thomalin*
This mischance hath cloth'd him in,
Quickly tellen me:
Rue I doe his state the more,
That he clipped heretofore
Some felicitie.
Hau by night accursed theeues
Slaine his Lambs, or stolne his Beeues?
Or consuming fire
Brent his shearing house, or stall,
Or a deluge drowned all?
Tell me it intire.
Hau the VVinters been so set
To raine and snow, they haue wet
All his drieft Laire:

The Shepheards Pipe.

By which meanes his sheepe haue got
Such a deadly curelesse rot,
That none liuing are?

Thomalin.

Neither waues, nor theeues, nor fire,
Nor haue rots impoer'd this Sire,
Suretisship, nor yet
VVas the vsurer helping on
VVith his damn'd extortion,
Nor the chaines of debt.
But deceit that euer lies
Strongest arm'd for treacheries
In a bosom'd friend :
That (and onely that) hath brought it.
Cursed be the head that wrought it !
And the basest end.
Groomes he had, and he did send them
VVith his heards a fiedl to tend them,
Had they further been :
Sluggish, lazy, thriftlesse clues,
Sheep had better kept themselues
From the Fox's teen.
Some would kill their sheepe, and then
Bring their master home agen
Nothing but the skin ;

Tellin

The Shepheardes Pipe.

Telling him, how in the morne
In the fold they found them torne,

And were lying lin.

If they went vnto the Faire
With a score of fatned ware,

And did chance to sell,

If old *Neddy* had againe
Halfe his owne; I dare well faine,

That but seldome fell.

They at their returne would say,
Such a man, or such would pay,

VVell knowne of your Hyne.

Alas poore man! that subtil knaue
Vndid him, and vaunts it braue,

Though his Master pine,

Of his master he would beg
Such a lambe that broke his leg :

And if there were none,

To the fold by night hee'd hye,
And them hurt full rusully,

Or with stasse or stone.

He would haue petitions new,
And for desprate debts would sue

Neddy had forgot :

He would grant: the other then
Tares from poore and aged men;

Or in Iayles they rot.

The Shepheardes Pipe.

Neddy lately rich is stote,
Giuing much, deceipte more,
On a sudden fell.

Then the Steward lent him gold,
Yet no more then might be told
VVorth his masters Cell.

That is gone, and all beside,
(VVell-a-day, alacke the tide)

In a hollow den,
Underneath yond gloomy wood
VVons he now, and wails the brood
Of ingratefull men.

Piers.

But alas! now he is old,
Bit with hunger, nipt with cold,
VVat is left him?
Or to succour, or relieue him,
Or from wants oft to repreue him,

Thomalin.

All's bereft him,
Sane he hath a little crowd,
(He in youth was of it proud)
And a dogge to dance :

VVith

The Shepheards Pipe.

VVith them, he on holy-dayes
In the Farmers houses playes
For his sustenance,

Piers.

See ; he's neere, let's rise and meet him,
And with dues to old age, greet him,
It is fitting so.

Thomalin.

Tis a motion good and sage,
Honour still is due to age :
Up, and let vs goe,



The

The Shepheards Pipe.

The fourth Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

*In this the Author bewailes the death of onewhom he
shadoweth under the name of Philarete, compounded of
the Greeke words φιλος and ερωτη, a lover of vertue, a name
well befitting him to whose memory these lines are conse-
crated, being sometime his truly loued (and now as much
lamented) friend Mr. Thomas Manwood, sonne to
the the worthy, Sir Pete Manwood, Knight.*

UNder an aged Oke was *Willy* laid,
Willy, the lad who whilome made the rockes
To ring with ioy, whilst on his pip: he plaid,
And from their masters wood the neighbirng flockes;
But now o're-come with dolors deepe
That nie his heart-strings rent:
Ne car'd he for his silly sheepe,
Ne car'd for merriment.
But chang'd his wonted walkes
For vncouth pathes vnkowne,
Where none but trees might heare his plaints,
And echo rue his mone.

Autumne

The Shepheards Pipe.

Autumne it was, when droopt the sweetest floures,
And riuers (swolnewith pride) ore look'd the banks,
Poore grew the day of *Summers* golden houres,
And void of sap stood *Ida's* Cedar-rankes,

The pleasant meadows sadly lay
In chill and cooling sweats
By rising fountaines, or as they
Feard Winters wastfull threats.

Against the broad-spread Oke,
Each wind in furie beares :
Yet fell their leaues not halfe so fast
As did the Shepheards teares.

As was his seate so was his gentle heart,
Meeke and dejected, but his thoughts as hie
As those aye-wandring lights, who both impart
Their beames on vs, and heauen still beautifie.

Sad was his looke (O heauy Fate !
That Swaine should be so sad,
Whose merry notes the forlorne mate
VVith greatest pleasure clad).

Broke was his tunefull pipe
That charm'd the Christall floods,
And thus his griefe tooke airie wings
And flew about the woods.

Day

The Shepheards Pipe.

Day, thou art too officious in thy place,
And night too sparing of a wished stay,
Yee wandring lampes : O be ye fix a space!
Some other *Hemisphēre* grace with your ray.

Great *Phæbus* ! *Daphne* is not heere,
Nor *Hyacinthus* faire ;
Phœbe ! *Endimion* and thy deere
Hath long fince cleft the aire,
But yee haue surely scene
(VVhom we in sorrow misse)
A Swaine whom *Phœbe* thought her loue,
And *Titan* deemed his.

But he is gone ; then inwards turne your light,
Behold him there ; here never shall you more ;
O're-hang this sad plaine with eternall night !
Or change the gaudy greene she whilome wore
To fenny blacke. *Hyperion* great
To ashy palenesse turne her !
Greene well besfits a louers heate,
But blacke beseemes a mourner.
Yet neither this thou canst,
Nor see his second birth,
His brightnesse blinds thine eyc more now,
Then thine did his on earth.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Let not a shepheard on our haplesse plaines,
Tune notes of glee, as vsed were of yore:
For *Philaret* is dead, let mirthfull straines
With *Philarete* cease for euermore!

And it a fellow swaine doe liue
A niggard of his teares;
The *Shepheardeſſes* all will giue
To store him, part of theirs,
Or I would lend him ſome,
But that the store I haue
Will all be ſpent before I pay
The debt I owe his graue.

O what is left can make me leaue to mone?
Or what remains but doth increase it more?
Looke on his ſheepe: alas! their Master's gone.
Looke on the place where we two heretofore
With locked armes haue vow'd our loue,
(Our loue which time ſhall fee
In ſhepheards ſongs for euer moue,
And grace their harmony)
It ſolitarie ſeemes.
Behold our flowrie beds;
Their beauties fade, and Violets
For ſorrow hang their heads.

Tis

The Shepheards Pipe.

Tis not a Cypressse bough, a count'rance sad,
A mourning garment, wailing Elegie,
A standing herse in sable vesture clad,
A Toombe built to his names eternitie,
Although the shepheards all should striue
By yearly obsequies,
And vow to keepe thy fame aliuie
In spight of destinies
That can suppresse my griefe :
All these and more may be,
Yet all in vaine to recompence
My greatest losse of thee.

Cypresse may fade, the countenance be changed,
A garment rot, an Elegie forgotten,
A herse 'mongst irreligious rites be ranged,
A tombe pluckt down, or els through age be rotten:
All things th' vnpartiall hand of fate
Can rase out with a thought :
These haue a seu'rall fixed date,
VVhich ended, turne to nougħt.
Yet shall my truest cause
Of sorrow firmly stay,
When these effects the wings of Time
Shall fanne and sweepe away.

Looke

The Shepheards Pipe.

Looke as a sweet Rose fairely budding forth
Bewrayes her beauties to th' enamour'd morne,
Vntill some keene blast from the enuious North,
Killes the sweet bud that was but newly borne,

Or else her rarest smels delighting
Mhke her, her selfe betray
Some white and curious hand inuiting
To plucke her thence away.

So stands my mournfull case,
For had he been lesse good,
He yet (vncropt) had kept the stocke
VWhereon he fairely stood.

Yet though so long he liu'd not as he might,
He had the time appointed to him giuen.
Who liueth but the space of one poore night,
His birth, his youth, his age is in that *Esen*.

Who euer doth the period see
Of dayes by heau'n forth plotted,
Dyes full of age, as well as he
That had more yeares alotted.

In sad Tones then my verse
Shall with incessant teares
Bemoane my hapless losse of him
And not his want of yeares.

In

The Shepheards Pipe.

In deepest passions of my griefe-swoyne breast
(Sweete soule !) this onely comfort seizeth me,
That so few yeeres should make thee so much blest,
And gaue such wings to reach *Eternitie.*

Is this to die ? No : as a ship
Well built, with easie wind
A lazy hulke doth farre out-strip,
And soonest harbour find :

So *Philaros* fled,
Quicke was his passage giuen,
When others must hane longer time
To make them fit for heauen.

Then not for thee these briny teares are spent,
But as the Nightingale against the breere,
Tis for my selfe I moane, and doe lament,
Not that thou left'st the world, but left'st me heere.
Here, where without thee all delights
Faile of their pleasing powre ;
All glorious daies seeme vgly nights,
Me thinkes no Aprill shewre
Embroder should the eath,
But briny teares distill,
Since *Flora*'s beauties shall no mote
Be honour'd by thy quill.

The Shepheards Pipe.

And ye his sheepe (in token of his lacke)
VVhilome the fairest flocke on all the Plaine :
Yeane never Lambe, but be it cloath'd in blacke!
Yee shady Sycamours ! when any Swaine,

To carue his name vpon your rind
Doth come, where his doth stand,
Shed drops, if he be so vnkind
To raze it with his hand.

And thou my loued *Muse*
No more should'st numbers move,
But that his name should euer liue,
And after death my loue.

This said, he sigh'd, and with o're-drownned eyes
Gaz'd on the heauens for what he mist on earth ;
Then from the earth, full sadly gan arise
As farre from future hope, as present mirth,
Vnto his Cote with heauy pace
As euer sorrow trode
He went, with mind ne more to trace
Where mirthfull Swaines abode,
And as he spent the day,
The night he past alone ;
Was never *Shepheard* lou'd more deere,
Nor made a truer mone.

To

The Shepbeards Pipe.

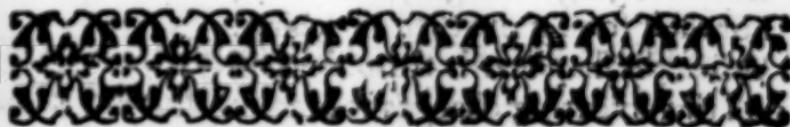
To the vertuous, and much lamenting
Sisters of my euer admired friend, Ma-
ster Thomas Manwood.

To mee more knowne then you, is your sad chanc
Oh ! had I still enjoy'de such ignorance
Then, by these spent teares had not been knowne
Nor left anothers griefe to sing mine own

Yet since his fate bath wrought these throe's
Permit a Partner in your woes :
The cause doth yeild, and still may doe
Enough for Yov, and others too :
But if such plaints for Yov are kept,
Yet may I grieue since you haue wept.
For bee more perfect growes to bee
That feeleth anothers MISERIE :
And though these drops which mourning run
From severall Fountaines first began,
And some farre off, some neerer stoe :
They will (at last) in one stremme meeto.
Mine shal with yours yours mix with mine,
And make one Offring at his Shrine :

For whose ETERNITE on Earth, my Ma
To build this ALTAR, did her best skill w
And that you, I, and all that held him deo
Our teares and sighes might freely offer hee

The Shepheards Pipe.



The Shepheards Pipe.

The fifth Eglogue.

To his ingenious friend, Master Christopher Brookes.

THE ARGUMENT.

Willy incites his friend to write
Things of a higher fame
Then filly Shepheards use endite
Vainly in a Shepheards name.

WILLY. CVTT.



Orne had got the start of night,
Lab'ring men were ready dight
With their shouels and their spades
For the field, and (as their trades)

K

Or

The Shepbeards Pipe.

Or at hedging wrought, or ditching
For their food more then enriching.
When the shepheards from the fold
All their bleating charges told,
And (full carefull) search'd if one
Of all their flock were hurt or gone,
Or (if in the night-time cul'd)
Any had their fleeces pul'd :
Mongst the rest (not least in care)
Cutty to his fold gan fare ;
And young *Willy* (that had giuen
To his flock the latest euen
Neighbourhood with *Cutis* sheepe)
Shaking off refreshing sleepe,
Hy'd him to his charge that blet,
VVhere he (busied) *Cutty* met :
Both their sheepe told, and none mist
Of their number ; then they blist
Pan, and all the Gods of plaines
For respecting of their traines
Of silly sheepe ; and in a song
Praise gaue to that holy throng.
Thus they draue their flockes to graze,
VVhose white fleeces did amaze
All the Lillies as they passe
VVhere their vsuall feeding was.
Lillies angry that a creature
Of no more eye-pleasing feature

Then

The Shepheards Pipe.

Then a sheepe, by nature's duty
Should be crown'd with far more beauty
Then a Lilly; and the powre
Of white in sheepe, outgoe a flowre:
From the middle of their sprout
(Like a Furies sting)thrust out
Dart-like forks in death to steepe them:
But great *Pan* did safely keepe them;
And affoorded kind repaire
To their dry and wonted laire,
VVhere their masters(that did eie them)
Vnderneath a *Haw-shorne* by them,
On their pipes thus gan to play,
And with rimes weare out the day.

Willy.

Cease *Cutty*: cease to feed these simple flockes,
And for a Trumpet change thine Oaten-reeds;
O're-looke the vallies as aspiring rockes,
And rather march in steele, then shepheards weeds.
Beloue me *Cutty*! for heroricke deeds
Thy verse is fit; not for the liues of Swaines;
(Though both thou canst do well)and none proceeds
To leauue high pitches for the lowly plaines:
Take thou a Harpe in hand, striue with *Apollo*;
Thy Muse was made to lead, the scorne to follow;

Cutty.

Willy, to follow theepe I neere shall scorne:
Much lesse to follow any Deity:

The Shepheards Pipe.

Who gainst the Sun(though weakened by the morne)
VVould vie with lookes,needeth an Eagles eye,.
I dare not search the hidden mysterie
Of tragicke Scenes ; nor in a buskin'd stile
Through death & horror march,nor their height flic,
VVhose pens were fed with blood of this faire Ile.
It shall content me, on these happy downes
To sing the strife for gallands,not for crownes.

Willy.

O who would not aspire, and by his wing
Keep stroke with fame, and of an earthly iar
Another lesson teach the Spheres to sing ?
VVho would a shepheard that might be a star ?
See learned Cutty, on yond mountaines are
Cleere springs arising, and the climbing goat
That can get vp, hath water clearer farre
Then when the stremes doe in the vallies float.
What mad-man would a race by torch-light run
That might his steps haue vsher'd by the Sunne ?

We Shepheards tune our layes of Shepheards loues,
Or in the praise of shady groues, or springs ;
We seldom heare of *Citherea's* Doues,
Except when some more learned Shepheard sings ;
An equall meed haue to our sonetings :
A Belt, a sleepe-hooke, or a wreath of flowres,

The Shepheards Pipe.

Is all we secke ; and all our versing brings,
And more deserts then these are seldome ours.

But thou whose muse a falcons pitch can sore
Maist share the bayes euen with a *Conqueror*.

Cutty.

VVhy doth not *Willy* then produce such lines
Of men and armes as might accord with these ?

Willy.

'Caufe *Cutties* spirit not in *Willy* shines,
Pan cannot weild the Club of *Hercules*,
Nor dare a *Merlin* on a *Horus* scise.
Scarce know I how to fit a sh. pheards eare ;
Farre more vnable shall I be to please
In ought, which none but semi-gods must heare ;
When by thy verse (more able) time shall see
Thou canſt giue more to kings, then kings to thee.

Cutty.

But(wel-a-day) who loues the muses now ?
Or helpeſ the climber of the ſacred hill ?
None leane to them : but ſtrive to diſallow
All heauenly dewes the goddesses diſtill.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Willie.

Let earthly minds base mucke for euer fill,
VVhose musicke onely is the chime of gold,
Deafe be their eares to each harmonious quill!
As they of learning thinke, so of them hold.

And if ther's none deseru's what thou canst doo,
Be then the Poet and the Patron too.

I tell thee *Cutty*, had I all the sheepe
With thrice as many moe, as on these plaines,
Or shepheard, or faire maiden sits to keepe,
I woul'd them all forgoe, so I thy straines
Could equalize. O how our neatest swaines
Doe trim themselves, when on a holy-day
They haste to heare thee sing, knowing the traines
Off fairest Nymphs will come to learne thy lay.
Well may they run & with a parting neuer, (uer,
So thy sweet song might charme their eares for e-

Cutty.

These attributes (my lad) are not for me,
Bestow them where true merit hath assign'd;

Willy.

And do I not bestowing them on thee :
Believe me *Cutty*, I doe beare this mind,

That

The Shepheards Pipe.

That wheresoe're we true deseruing find,
To give a silent praise is to detract;
Obscure thy veres (more then most refin'd)
From any one of dulnesse so compact.
And rather sing to trees, then to such men,
Who know not how to crowne a Poets pen.

Cutty.

Willy, by thy incitement I'le assay
To raise my subie & higher then tofore,
And sing it to our Swaines next holy-day,
VVhich(as approu'd) shall fill them with the store
Of such rare accents: if dislik'd, no more
Will I a higher straine then Shepheards vs,
But sing of VVoods and Rivers as before.

Willy.

Thou wilt be euer happy in thy Muse.
But see, the radiant Sunne is gotten hye,
Let's seeke for shadow in the groue hereby.

The Shepheards Pipe.



The Shepheards Pipe.

The sixth Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Philos of his Dogge doth bragge
For having many feastes
The while the Curre undoes his bagge,
And all his dinner eates.

WILLY. JOCKIE. PHILOS.

Willy.

 Tay Jockie, let vs rest here by this spring,
And Philos too, since we so well are met;
This spreading Oke wil yeeld vs shadowing
Till Phœbus slee ds be in the Ocean wet.
Jockie.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Jockie.

Gladly (kind swaine) I yecld, so thou wilt play
And make vs merry with a Roundelay.

Philos.

No *Jockie*, rather wend we to the wood,
The time is fit, and Filberds waxen ripe :
Let's go and fray the Squirrell from his foed ;
We will another tyme heare *Willy* pipe.

Willy.

But who shall keepe our flocks when we are gone ?
I dare not goe and let them feede alone.

Jockie.

Nor I : finē but the other day it fell,
Leauing my sheepe to graze on yonder plaine,
I went to fill my bottle at the well,
And ere I could returne, two lambs were slaine.

Philos.

Then wasthy dog ill taught, or else asleepe ;
Such Curres as those shall never watch my sheepe.

Willy.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Willy.

Yet *Philos* hath a dog not of the best;
He seemes too lazy, and will take no paines;
More fit to lie at home and take his rest,
Then catch a wandring sheepe vpon the plaines;

Jockie.

Tis true indeed: and *Philos* wot ye what?
I thinke he plaies the Fox he growes so fat.

Philos.

Yet hath not *Jockie* nor yet *Willy*, seene
A dogge more nimble then is this of mine,
Nor any of the Fox more heedfull beene
VVhen in the shade I slept, or list to dine.
And though I say't, hath better tricks in store
Then both of yours, or twenty couple more.

How often haue the maidens stroue to take him,
VVhen he hath crost the plaine to barke at Crowes?
How many Lasses haue I knowne to make him
Garlands to gird his necke, with which he goes
Vaunting along the lands so wondrons trim,
That not a dog of yours durst barke at him.

1

And

The Shepheards Pipe.

And when I list(as often times I vse)
To tune a *Horne-pipe*, or a *Morris-dance*,
The dog(as he by nature could not chuse)
Seeming asleepe before, wil leap and dance.

Willy.

Belike your dog came of a *Pedlers* brood,
Or *Philos* musickē is exceeding good.

Philos.

I boast not of his kin, nor of my Reed,
(Though of my reed and him I well may boast)
Yet if you will aduenture that some meed
Shall be to him that is in action most,

As for a Coller of shrill sounding bels
My dog shall striue with yours, or any's els.

Jockie.

Philos in truth I must confessē your *Wagge*
(For so you call him) hath of tricks goo i store,
To steale the vittailes from his masters bagge
More cunningly, I ne're saw dog before,

See *Willy*, see! I prithee *Philos* note (throte
How fast thy bread and cheeſe goes downe his

Willy.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Willy.

Now *Philos* see how mannerly your Carre,
Your well-taught dog, that hath so many trickes,
Deuoures your Dinner.

Philos.

I wish 'twere a burre
To choke the Mungrell!

Jockie.

See how cleane he lickes
Your butter-boxe; by *Pan*, I doe not meaneely
Loue *Philos* dog, that loues to be so cleanly.

Philos.

Well flouted *Jockie*.

Willy.

Philos, run amaine,
For in your scrip he now hath thrust his head
So farre, he cannot get it forth againe;
See how he blind-fold strags along the mead;
And at your scrip your bottle hangs, I thinke:
He loues your meat, but cares not for your drink.

Jockie.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Jackie.

I, so it seemes : and *Philos* now may goe
Vnto the wood, or home for other cheere.

Philos.

Twere better he had neuer seru'd me so,
Sweet meat, sowre sauce, he shall abyte deere.
VVhat must he be aforhand with his master?

Willy.

Onely in kindnesse he would be your taster;

Philos.

VWell *Willy*, you may laugh, and vrge my spleene ;
But by my hooke I sweare he shall it rue,
And had far'd better had he fasting been.
But I must home for my allowance new.
So farewell lads. Looke to my fleeced traïne
Till my returne.

Jackie.

VVe will,

Willy.

Make haste againe.

The



The Shepheards Pipe.

The seuenth Eglogue.

THE ARGVMENT.

Palinode intreats his friend
To leauue a wanton Lasse ;
Yet he pursues her to his end
And lets all Councell passe.

PALINODE. HOBBINOL.

VV Hither wends *Hobbinol* so early day ?
What be thy Lamkins broken frō the fol
And on the plaines all night haue run astray ?
Or are thy sheepe and sheep-walkes both ysold ?
What mister-chance hath brought thee to the fiel
Without thy sheepe ? thou wert not wont to yee

The Shepbeards Pipe.

To idle sport,
But did resort
As early to thy charge from drowzy bed
As any shepheard that his flocke hath fed
Vpon these downes.

Hobbinoll.

Such heauy frownes
Fortune for others keepes ; but bends on me
Smiles would befit the seat of maestie.

Hath *Palinode*

Made his abode

Vpon our plaines, or in some yncouth Cell ?
That heares not what to *Hobbinoll* besell ;
Phillis the faite, and fairer is there none,
To morrow must be linkt in marriage bands ;
Tis I that must vn doe her virgin Zone.
Behold the man, behold the happy hands.

Palinode.

Behold the man ? Nay, then the woman too,
Though both of them are very small beholding
To any powre that set them on to woee ;
Ah *Hobbinoll* ! it is not worth vnfolding
V Vhat shepbeards say of her ; thou canst not chuse
But heare what language all of *Phillis* vse ;
Yet,

The Shepbeards Pipe.

Yet, then such tongues,
To her belongs
More then to sate her lust ; vnhappy elfe !
That wilt be bound to her to loose thy selfe,
Forsake her first.

Hobinoll.

Thou most accurst !
Durst thou to slander thus the iuincient,
The graces patterne, Vertues president ?
She, in whose eye
Shines modestie :
Upon whose brow lust never lookes with hope,
Venus rul'd not in *Phillis* Horoscope :
Tis not the vapour of a Hemlocke stem
Can spoile the perfume offweet Cynamon ;
Nor vile aspersions, or by thee or them
Cast on her name, can stay my going on,

Palinode.

On maist thou goe, but not with such a one,
VVhom (I dare sweare) thou knowst is not a maid :
Remember when I met her last alone
As we to yonder Groue for silberds straid,
Like to a new strook *Doe* from out the bushes,
Lacing her selfe, and red with gameosome blushes.

Made

The Shepbeards Pipe.

Made towards the Greene,

Loth to be seene;

And after in the Groue the Goatheard met:

What saidst thou then? If this preuaile not, yet

I'le tell thee moe.

Not long agoe

Too long I lou'd her, and as thou dost now

Would swaere *Diana* was leſſe chaste then she,

That *Jupiter* would court her, knew he how

To find a shape might tempt such chastitie:

And that her thoughts were pure as newfayne snow,

Or siluer swans that trace the bankes of *Poe*,

And free within

From spot of sin:

Yet like the flint her lust-swoyne breast conceal'd

A hidden fire; and thus it was reueal'd:

Cladon, the Lad

Who whilome had

The Garland giuen for throwing beſt the barre,

I know not by what chance or luckie starre,

Was chosen late

To be the mate

Vnto our Lady of the gleesome May,

And was the firſt that danc'd each holyday;

None would he take but *Phillis* forth to dance;

Nor any could with *Phillis* dance but hee,

On *Palmeode* ſhe thenceforth not a glance

Bestowes, but hates him and his pouerty,

L

Cladon

The Shepheardes Pipe.

Cladon had sheepe and lims for stronger lode
Then ere shee saw in simple *Palinode*:

He was the man

Must cliper than;

For him she wreathes of flowers, and chaplets made;
To strawberries invites him in the shade,

In shearing time

And in the prime

Would helpe to clip his sheepe, and gard his lambs;
And at a need lend him her choicest rams,

And on each stocke

Work such a clocke

Withtwisted colored thred; as not a Swaine
On all these downes could shew the like againe.

But as it seemes, the VVell grew dry at last,
Her fire vnquench'd; and she hath *Cladon* leit,
Nor was I sorry; nor doe I wish to taste
The flesh whereto so many flies haue cleft.

Oh *Hobbinoll*! Canst thou imagine she
That hath so oft been tride, so oft misdone;
Can from all other men be true to thee?
Thou knowst with me, with *Cladon*, she hath gone
Beyond the limites that a maiden may,
And can the name of wife those rouings stay?

She hath not ought

That's hid, vnsought;

These eies, these hands, so much know of that womā,
As more thou canst not; can that please that's comō?

No

The Shepheards Pipe.

No: should I wed,
My marriage bed,
And all that it containes, should as my heart
Be knowne but to my selfe; if we impart

What golden rings

The Fairy brings,

WE loose the Iem, nor will they giue vs more:

WViues loose their value, if once knowne before:

Behold this Violet that cropped lyes,

I know not by what hand first from the stem,

WWith what I plucke my selfe shall I it prise?

I scorae the offals of a Diadem.

A Virgin's bed hath millions of delights

If then good parents please shee know no more:

Nor hath her seruants nor her fauorites

That waite her husbands issuing at dore:

Shee that is free both from the a^t and e^c

Onely deserues the due of Chāsticie.

But *Phillis* is

As farre from this,

As are the Poles in distance from each other,

Shee well beseemes the daughter of her mother.

Is there a Brake

By Hill or Lake

In all our plaines that hath not guilty been,

In keeping close her stealths; the Paphian Queene

Ne're vs'd her skill

To win her will

The Shepheards Pipe.

Of yong *Adonis*, with more heart then she
Hath her allurments spent to work on me.
Leaue, leaue her *Hobinoll*; she is so ill
That any one is good that's nought of her,
Though she be faire, the ground which oft we till
Growes with his burden old and barrenner.

Hobbinoll.

VVith much ado, and with no little paine
Haue I out-heard thy railing gainst my loue:
But it is common, what we cannot gaine
We oft disualew; sooner shalt thou moue
Yond lofty Mountaine from the place it stands,
Or count the Meadowes flowers, or *Ijis* sands,
Then stirre one thought
In me, that ought
Can be in *Phillis* which *Diana* faire
And all the Goddesses would not with their.
Fond man then cease
To crosse that peace
Which *Phillis* vertue and this heart of mine
Haue well begun; and for those words of thine
I doe forgiue
If thou wilt liue
Hereafter free from such reproches moe,
Since goodness neuer was without her foe.

Palinode.

The Shepheards Pipe.

Palinode.

Beleeue me *Hobinoll* what I haue said,
Was more in loue to thee then hate to her:
Thinke on thy liberty ; let that be weigh'd ;
Great good may oft betide if we deferre
And vse som short delayes ere marriage rites :
VVedlocke hath daies of toile as ioyfome nights.

Carist thou be free

From icelossies? Palinode vnto thee
Oh no : that plague will so infect thy braine
That onely death must worke thy peace againe.

Thou canst not dwell

One minute well

From whence thou leau' st her; locke on her thy gate,
Yet will her mind be still adulterate.

Not *Argos* eyes

Nor ten such spies

Can make her onely thine : for she will doe
With those, that shall make thee mistrust them too:

Hobinoll.

VVilt thou not leauue to taint a virgins name ?

Palinode.

A virgine ? yes : as sure as is her mother.
Dost thou not heare her good report by fame ?

The Shepbeards Pipe.

Hobbinoll.

Fame is a lyer, and was never other.

Palinode.

Nay, if she ever spoke true, how she did;
And thou wilt once confess what I foretold.
The fire will be disclos'd that now lies hid,
Nor will thy thought of her thus long time hold.
Yet may she (if that possible can fall)
Be true to thee, that hath been false to all.

Hobbinoll.

So pierce the rocks
A Red-breasts knocks

As the beleefe of ought thou tell'st me now.
Yet be my guest to morrow.

Palinode.

Spced your plow.

I scarce gre long
You le sing a song
Like that was sung hereby not long ago;
V Vhere there is carrion, neuer wants a crow.

Hobbinoll

The Shepheards Pipe.

Hobbinoll.

Ill tutor'd Swaine,
If on the plaine
Thy sheep hence-forward come where mine do feed,
They shall be sure to smart for thy misdeed.

Palinode.

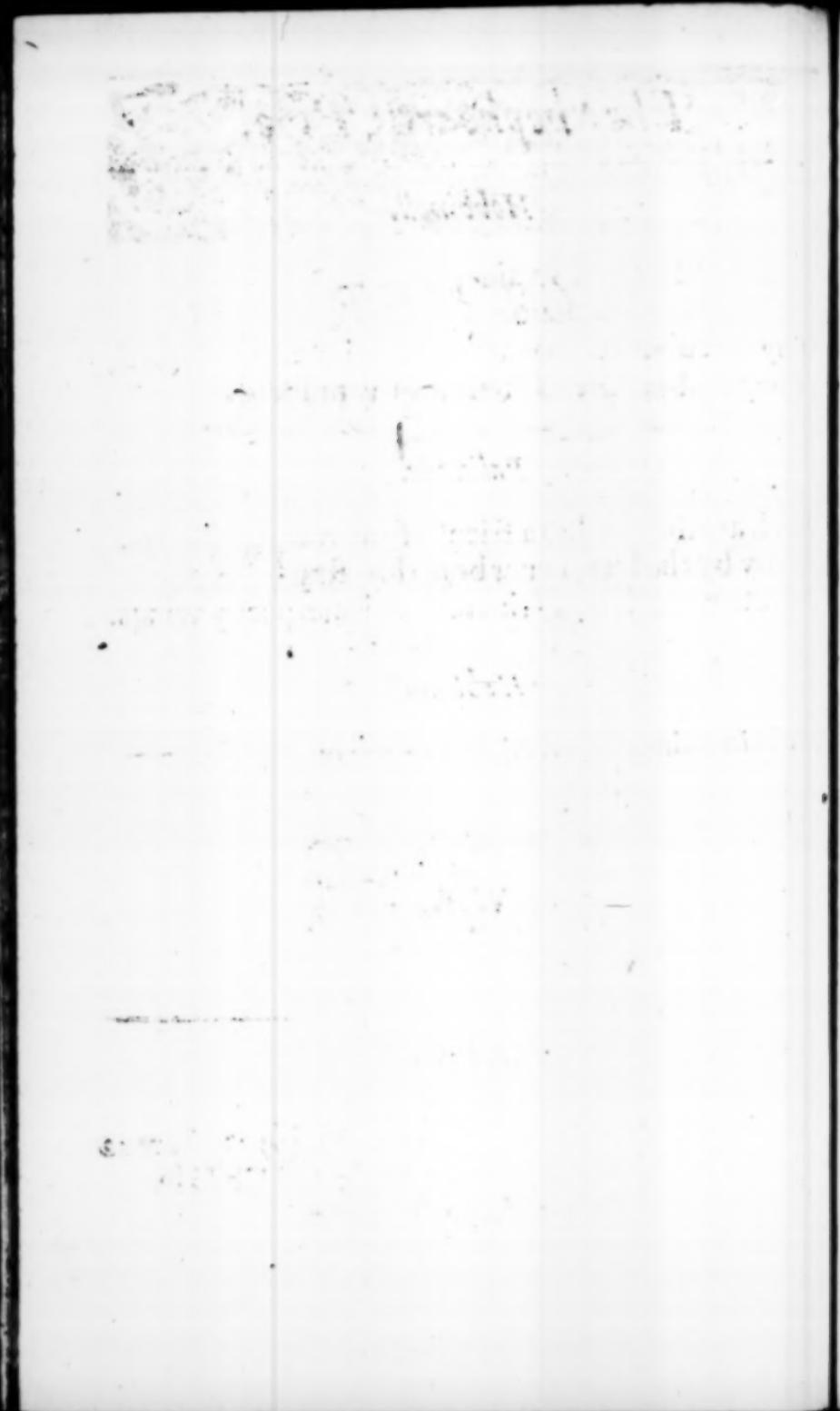
Such are the thankes a friends fore-warning brings.
Now by the loue I euer bore thee, stay!
Meete not mishaps! themselues haue speedy wings.

Hobbinoll.

It is in vaine. Farewell. I muſt away.

W. B.

FINIS.





OTHER Eglogues.

By Master *Brouke*, and Ma-
ster *Davies*. •



LONDON,
Printed by *John Beale* for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to
be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child in
Brittanes Burse. 1620.

310

Techniques

17. *Ulmus* (L.) Schrad. (8)

• 87 •

1891-1892

1900-1901
1901-1902
1902-1903



To his much loued friend, Ma-
ster *W. Browne* of the Inner
Temple. D.D.

Cutty.

VV *W*ell met, now whiles thy flocks do feed
So dangerlesse, and free from any feare ;
Lay by thy Hooke, and take thy pleasant Reed,
And with thy melodie reblesse mine eare,
VV *W*hich(vpon Lammas last)and on this plaine,
Thou plaidst so sweetly to thy skipping Traine.

Willy.
I *Cutty*, then I plaid vnto my sheepe
Notes apt for them, but farre vnsit for thee ;
How shoulde my layes (alas)true measure keepe
VV *W*ith thy choice eares, or make thee melodies
For in thy straine thou do'st so farre exceed,
Thou canst not relish such my homely Recede.

Cutty

Eglogues.

Cutty.

Thy licenesse shewes thy conning, nothing more,
Yet since thou seem'st so lowly in thy thought ;
(Who in thy Pastorall veine, and learned lore
Art so much prais'd ; so farre and neere art sought.)
Lend me thine eares, and thou shalt heare me sing
In praise of Shepheards, and of thee their King.

MY loued *Willy*, if there be a Man
That never heard of a browne colour'd Swan ;
Whose tender Pinions scarcely fledg'd in shew
Could make his way with whitest Swans in Poe :
Or if there be among the Spawne of earth,
That thinkes so vilely of a shepheards birth,
That though he tune his Reed in meanest key ;
Yet in his braine holds not heauen, earth and sea :
Then let him know, thou art that yong brown Swan,
That through the winding stremes of Albion
Taking thy course, dost seeme to make thy pace
VVith flockes full plum'd, equall in loue and grace ;
And thou art he (that though thy humble straines
Do moue delight to those that loue the plaines :)
Yet to thy selfe (as to thy sort) is given
A *Jacobs* staffe, to take the heighth of Heauen ;
And with a naturall Cosmography,
To comprehend the earths rotunditie :

Besides

Eglogues.

Besides the working plummet of thy braine,
Can sound the deepes, and secrets of the maine :
For if the Shepheard a true figure be
Of Contemplation(as the learn'd agree)
VVhich in his seeming rest, doth(restlesse)mone
About the Center, and to Heau'n aboue ?
And in his thought is onely bounded there,
See's Natures chaine fastned to *Jones* high Chaire,
Then thou (that art of *Pax* the sweetest Swaine
And farre transcending all his lowly traine)
In thy discoursing thought, do'st range as farre
Nor canst thou erre, led by thine owne faire starre.
Thought hath no prison, and the mind is free
Vnder the greatest King and tyranny.
Though low thou seem'st thy *Genius* mounts the Hill
Where heauenly *Nectar* doth from *Jone* distill ;
Where *Bayes* stil grows(by thuder not struck down)
The Victors-Garland ; and the Poets-Crowne,
And vnderneath the Horse-foote-fount doth flow,
Which giues Wit verdure, & makes learning grow.
To this faire Hill(from stormes and tempests free.)
Thou oft repair'st for Truthes discouery,
A prospect vpon all times wandring mazes
Displaying vanity ; disclosing graces,
Nay in some cliffe it leades the eye beyond
The times horizon stripping sea and land.
And farther(not obscurely)doth devine
All future times : Here do the Muse-shine,

Here

Eglogues.

Here dignitie with safetie doe combine,
Pleasure with merit make a louely twine.
Ut am vitalem they shall euer leade
That mount this hill and Learnings path do treade:
Here admiration without enui's wonne,
All in the light, but in the heate sit none.
And to this Mount thou dost translate thine Essence
Although the plaines contain thy corporal presence;
Where though poore peoples miserie thou shew
That vnder griping Lords they vndergoe,
And what content they (that do lowest lie)
Receiue from good men, that do sit on hie.
And in each witty Ditty (that surpasses)
Dost for thy loue, make strife mongst country Jasses;
Yet in thy humble straine, Fame makes thee rise,
And strikes thy mounting forehead gaints the skies.
Renowned friend, what Trophe may I raise
To memorize thy name; would I could praise
(In any meane) thy worth; strike enuy dumbe,
But I die here; thou liu'st in time to come;
States haue their period, statuies lost with rust;
Sonles to *Elizium*, Nature yeelds to dust;
All monuments of Armes and Power decay,
But that which liues to an Eternall day,
Letters preferue; Nay, Gods with mortall men
Do sympathize by vertue of the penne,
And so shalt thou. Sweete *Willy*, then proceede,
And in eternall merit fame thy Reede.

Pan

Eglogues.

Pan to thy fleeced numbers giue increase,
And *Pales* to thy loue-thoughts giue ~~true~~ peace,
Let faire *Feronia* (Goddesse of the woods)
Preserue thy yong Plants multiply thy buds.
And whiles thy Rams doe Tup, thy Ewes do twyn
Doe thou in peacefull shade (from mens rude dyn)
Adde Pinyons to thy Fame: whose aetive wit
With *Hermes* winged cap doth suite most fit.

Christopher Brooke.

Thirstis



Thiris and Alexis.

Thiris.

Alexis if thy worth doe not disdaine
The humble friendship of a meane Swaine;
And some more needfull businesse of the day
Urge thee to be too hasty on thy way;
Come (gentle shepheard) rest thee here by me
Under the shadow of this broad-leau'd tree:
For though I seeme a stranger, yet mine eye
Obserues in thee the markes of curtesie:
And if my judgement erre not, noted too
More then in those that more would seeme to doe:
Such vertues thy rude modesty doth hide
Whiche by thy proper luster I espi'd;
And though long mask't in silence they haue beene,
I haue a wisedome through that silence seene:
Yea, I haue learned knowledge from thy tongue,
And heard when thou hast in concealement sung:
Whiche

12
Eclogues.

Pan to thy fleeced numbers giue increase,
And *Pales* to thy loue-thoughts giue true peace,
Let faire *Feronia* (Goddess of the woods)
Preserue thy yong Plants, multiply thy buds.
And whiles thy Rams doe Tup, thy Ewes do twyn
Doe thou in peacefull shade (from mens rude dyn)
Adde Pinyons to thy Fame: whose actiue wit
With *Hermes* winged cap doth suite most fit.

Christopher Brooke.

M An

An Eclogue betweeneyong *Willy*
the singer of his native Pastorals,
and old *Wernock* his
Friend.

Wernock.

Willy, why lig'st thou (man) so wo-be-gon?
What? been thy rather Lamkins ill-apaid?
Or, hath some dretie chance thy Pipe misdone?
Or, hast thou any sheep-cure mis-said?
Or, is some conteck twixt thy loue and thee?
Or, else some loue-warke arsie-varsie tane?
Or, fates lesse frolick than they wont to be?
VVhat gars my *Willy* that he so doth wane?
If it be for thou hast mis-said, or done,
Take keepe of thine owne councell; and thou art
As sheene and cleare fro both-twaine as the Sunne:
For, all Swaines laud thine hauour, and thine Art,
Ma hap thine heart (that vnneath brooke negle&,
And iealous of thy fresh fame) liggs vpon
Thy rurall songs, which rarest Clarkes affect,
Dreading the descant that mote fall thereon.
Droope not for that (man) but vnplesse thy browes,
And blithly, so, fold enuies vp in pleats:
For, fro thy Makings milke, and melly flowes
Fed the Songster-swaines with Arts foot-meats.

Willy

Eclogues.

Willy.

Now, sileer (*Wernocke*) thou hast spilt the marke
Albe that I ne wot I han mis-long :
But, for I am so yong, I dread my warke
Woll be misualued both of old and yong.

Wernocke.

Is thilke the cause that thou been ligge so laid,
Who whilom no encheson could fore-haile ;
And caitine-courage nere made misapaid,
But with chiefe youngsters songsters bar'ſt thy ſaile ?
As swoot as Swans thy strains make Thams to ring
Fro *Cotswold* where her ſourſe her course doth take,
To her wide mouth which vents thy carolling
Beyond the hether and the further lake.
Than vp (ſaid ſwaine) pull fro thy vailed cheeke
Hut prop, thy palme : and let thy Virilaiſes,
Kill enuious cunning ſwaines (whom all doe ſecke)
With enuy, at thine earned gaudy praise.
Vp lither lad, thou reck'ſt much of thy ſwinke,
When ſwinke ne ſwat thou ſhouldſt ne reck for fame
At *Aganip* than, lay thee downe to drinke
Vntill thy ſtomacke ſwell, to raife thy name.
What though time yet han not bedowld thy Chin ?
Thy Dams deere wōmbe was *Helenon* to thee ;
Where (like a Loach) thou drew'ſt thilke liquor in,
Which on thy heart-ſtrings ran with muſickes glee.
Than vp betimes, and make the ſullen ſwaines
With thy ſhrill Reedſuch iolly-iouifance
That they (entranc'd) may wonder at thy ſtraines ;
So leue of thee ne're ending ſouenance.

M 2

Willy.

Eclugnes.

Willy.

Ah *Wernocke, Wernocke*, so my sp'rits been steept
In dulnesse, through these duller times missawes
Of sik-like musicke (riming rudely clept.)
That yer I pipe well, must be better cause.
Ah, who (with lauish draughts of *Aganip*)
Can swill their soule to frolick; so, their Muse,
VVhan Courts and Camps, that erst the muse did
Do now forlore her; nay, her most abuse? (clip,
Now, with their witlesse, causelesse surquedry
They been transpos'd fro what of yore they were,
That Swaines, who but to looser luxurie
Can shew the way, are now most cherisht there.
These times been crimefull (ah) and being so,
Bold Swaines (deft Songsters) sing them criminall;
So, make themselues oft gleefull in their wo:
For thy tho Songsters are misween'd of all.
Mecanau woont in blonke t liueries
Yclad fike chanters; but these miscr times
Vncaſe hem quite, that all may hem despise,
As they don all their best embellisht Rimes.
And Harue st-queenes of yore would Chaplets make
To crowne their scalps that couth most swootly sing,
And giue hem many a gaude at Ale or VVake,
But now nerecke they of foot carrolling.
Enaunter they should be as seeme they would,
Or songen lowdly for so deere desart;
Or else be peregall to Nymphes of old,
From which their beastlihed now freely start.
Than must they latch the blowes of Fates too fell

Eclogues.

With their too feeble clowches as they con :
For, none regards or guards hem for their spell,
Tho they, on point-deuice, empt *Helicon* !
There nis thilke chiuisance they whilome had
For piping swoote ; sith, with an Heydeguies,
Pipt by *Toms-piper*, or a Lorrel-lad,
(So be he clawes hem) they idolatrize.
And those that should presse proper songs for sale,
Bene, in their doomes, so dull ; in skill, so crude ;
That they had leauer printen *Jacke a vale*,
Or *Clam ô Clough* (alacke) they beene so rude !
And sith so few feate Songsters in an age
Bene founden; few do weigh hem as they been,
For, Swaines, that con no skill of holy rage,
Bene foe-men to faire skils enlawreld *Queene*.
Enough is mee, for thy, that I ma vent
My wits spels to my selfe, or vnto thee
(Deer *Wernock*) which dost feel like miscontent
Sith thou, and all vnheeded, singt with me.

Wernock.

Vartue it's sed (and is an old said-saw)
Is for hur selfe, to be forsought alone :
Then eftsoones fro their case thy shrill pipes draw,
And make the welkin ringen with their tone.
Of world, ne worly men take thou no keepe,
VVhat the ooe doth, or what the other say ;
For should I so, I so should Eyne out-weepe :
Than, with me ; *Willy*, ay sing care-away.
It's wood to be fore-pind with wastefull carke
In many a noyfull stoure of willing bale

Eclogues.

For vading toyes : But trim wits pooreſt wark
The vpper heau'n han hent fro nether Dale.
Thilks all our ſhare of all the quelling keape
Of this worldſ good : enough is vs to tell
How rude the reſt bene, caduke, and how cheape ;
But, laude for well-done warks, don all excell !
For thy we ſhoulden take keepe of our Race
That here we rennen, and what here we doon
That whan we wenden till another place,
Our ſouenance may here, ay-gayly woon.
For, time will vnderfong vs ; and our voice
Woll woxen weake ; and our deuising lame :
For life is briefe ; and ſkil's been long, and choice :
Than ſpend we *Time*, that *Time* may ſpare our *Faſte*.
Looke how breme Winter chamsers Earths bleeke
So, corbed Eld accoyes youths ſurquedry ; (face ;
And, in the front, deepe furrowes doon enchase,
Inuoloped with falling ſnow a hy.
Then nougnt can be atchieu'd with witty ſhewes,
Sith griefe of Eld accloyen wimble wit ;
Than, vs behouen, yer Eld ſick accrewes,
Time to forelay, with ſpels retarding it.
I not what bliſſe is whelm'd with heau'ns coape
So be the pleaſance of the Muſe be none :
For, when thilke gleſome ioyes han hallowed ſcōpe
They been as thoſe that heau'ns-folke warble on.
I con my good ; for, now my ſcalpe is froſt
Yeelding to ſnow ; the crow-feete neere mine Eyns
Beene markes of mickle preefe I haue, that moſt
Of all glees elſe alow, han ſuddaine ſire.

Eclogues.

O how it garres old *Wernock* swynck with gice
In that emprise that chiuen featest fame,
It heats my heart aboue abilitie
To leaue parduring souenance of my name.
And whan mine Engine han heau'd hy my thought,
An that on point-deuice eftsoons yfell,
O! yow my hart's ioy-rapt, as I had caught,
A Princedome to my share, of thilk Newell.
They beene of pleasances the alderbest :
Than, God to forne ; I wol namo but tho :
Tho beene the summe of all I louen best :
And for hem loue I life ; else nold I so.
Driue on thy flocke than, to the motley plaines
Where by some prill, that 'mong the Pibbles plods,
Thou, with thine Oaten reede, and queintest straines,
Maist rapt the senior Swaines, and minor Gods :
That as on *Ida* that mych-famed Mount,
A Shepheard Swaine, that sung lesse soote than thou,
By light loues Goddesse, had the grace to mount
To owe the sheneest Queene that Earth didowe :
So, thou maist, with thy past'rall Minstralsy
Beating the aire, atweene resounding Hils,
Draw to thee Bonibels as smirke, as hy,
And wrap hem in thy loue begrey their wils :
For (ah)had *Pbaebus* Clarkes the meanes of some
Worse Clarkes (parauenter) so to sing at ease ;
They soone would make high long-wingd haggards
And vaille vnto their Lures : so, on hem feise. (come ;
For, bright Nymphes buxume Breasts do cas'ly ope
To let in thirling notes of noted laies :

For

Eclogues.

For, deftly song they han a charming scope ;
So, Nymphs theselues adore Brows girt with Bayes,
Than, *Will*, (ah for pitty of thine heart
That drouping yearnes, at misses of these times)
Take thou thy Pipe, and of glee take thy part ;
Or cheere thy selfe with cordials of thy Rimes.
Before the worlds sterne face, the world backe-bite
So flyly that her parts neit perceiue :
M^errall thy matter so, that, tho thou smite,
Thou maist with tickling her dull sence ; deceiue.
Thanhy thec, *Willy*, to the neighbour wafts
VVhere thou (as in another world alone)
Maist (while thy flocke doe feede) blow bitter blasts
On thy loudst Pipe, to make il's pertly knowne.
For, sith the rude world doon vs misplease
That well deseruen, tell wee hur hus ownie ;
And let her ken our cunning can, with ease,
Aye shend, or lend hur sempiterne renowne.

Willy.

Ah *Wernocke*, so thy sawes mine heart downe thril
VVith loue of Muses skill in speciall,
That I ne wot, on mould what feater skill
Can bee yhugg'd in Lordings pe~~ctorall~~.
Ne would I it let-bee for all the store
In th'vncoth scope of both-twain hemispheres ;
Ynough is me, *perdy*, nor striue for more
But to be rich in hery for my leeres.

Ectopues.

Ne would I sharen that soule-gladding glee
In th'ever gaudy Gardens of the blest
Nor there to han the Muses compance,
Which, God to fore, is of the best, the best.
Now, *Wernock*, shalt thou see (so mote I thee)
That I nill vseen any skill so mytch
(Faire fall my swinck) as this so nice, and free,
In case I may my name to Heauen stitch.
For why ; I am by kind so inly pus'd
To these delices, that when I betake
My selfe to other lore I more am dul'd;
And therefro, keenely set, I fall to make.
But, well-away, thy nis the way to thriuen ;
And, my neer kith, for that wolsore me shend :
Who little reck how I by kind am giuen ;
But her wold force to swinck for thrifter end.
Hence forward then I must assay, and con
My leere in leefull lore, to please them
That, sib to me, would my promotion,
And carke for that to prancke our common Stem :
For, now (as wetis the world) no skill to that
(Or rather but that) thriues ; sith Swaines are now
So full of condecke, that they wot ne what
They would ; so, if they could, they all woud owe.
So fares it in calme seasons with curst men ;
Iffrennes forbeare at home, hem to inuade,
They wry their peace to noy each other then
By plces, till they deceast, or fall, or fade.

N

So

Eclognes.

So times been keener now with common Swaynes,
Than whan as forraigne foe-men with hem fought :
For, now they swyncke, but for flye *Law-mens* gaines
Or sedl they should possessen what they ought.
But, what for this ? to me it little longs
To gab of sikliche notes of misery ;
Ynough is me to chaunten swoote my songs,
And blend hem with my rurall mynstrelsy.
But, O (my *Wernock*) how am I to thee
Obligen, for thy keene reencouragements
To skill so mickle lourd and sought of mee
As this of making with Arts Elements ?
I not how I shall thriue therein ; ne h ^{ow}
I shall be dempt of in these aicer times :
But how soere so thou my workes a low,
I nill be ill-apaiden with my Rimes.

Wernock.

Thou needst not, *Willy* ; wretch were I to laude
Thee in thy misses : for, I so should bee
To th' adultries of thy wits-scapes, but a Baude,
Ne, as a friend, in sentence, should be free.
Than, wend thou fairely on, with thyne emprise ;
Sing cleerely, *Will*, on mine encoueragement,
And other Swaines, more able to deuise ;
And, fixe thee for it, in the firmament.

Ynough

Eclogues.

Ynough is me so I may beare a part
Aye in the **Muses** Quire with those and thee;
I'l sing (at ease) aloud, with cheerefull hart,
No base, ne meane, but Tenor of best glee.

willie.

And I, with thee, well chaunt each counter-verse
So shrilly that we'l make thilk Quire to ring
As euer do the Angels; who rehearse
The loudest lauds of heau'ns-Lord whan they sing:
So, farewell, **Wernock**, mickle thanks to thec
For thy freedome, that canst so well devise:
Phabu now gos to glade; than now goe wee;
Vnto our sheddes to rest vs till he rise.

Wernock.

Agree'd deere, **willie**, gent and debonaire;
Wee'l hence: for, thumaticke now fares the Aire;

To. Davies:

FINIS.

N 2



Imitatus est Moschi Ep. Agamemnon Idyll.
& Meleagri Epigram. Antho-
log. lib. 7. I.S. olim inter Otia

Rustica.

Compare with the 'A Hesper Cup after the Design of Mercati. Reliquary.'

To his Melisa.

 Oud did *Cytherea* cry,
 If you stragling *Cupid* spy,
 And but bring the news to me,
 Your reward a Kisse shall be:
 You shall (if you him restore)
 With a Kisse, haue something More.

Markes enough the Boy's knowne by,
 Fi'ry Colour, Flamy Eie;
 Subtil Heart an' sweetned Mouth,
 Faining still, but Failing Truth:
 Daring Vifage, Armes but small:
 Yet can Strike vs Gods and all.

Eody

Body Naked, Craftie Mind,
Winged as a Bird and blind;
Little Bow, but wounding hearts;
Golden both, and Leaden darts.
Burning Taper; if you find him,
Without pitie look you Bind him.

Pity not his Teares or Smiles :
Both are false, both forged guiles.
Fly it, if a Kisse He profer;
Lips enchanting he will offer,
And his Quiver, Bow, and Candle,
But none of them see you handle.

Poysoned they are, and such,
As my selfe I dare not touch :
Hurt no sight, yet peirce the Eie,
Thence vnto the Heart they flic :
Warned thus, Pray, take some paine,
T'help me to my Boy againe.

Thus while *Cytherea* cry'd him,
Sweet, within Thine Eys I spy'd him.
Thence he flily shot at Mine,
Strook My Heart and crept to Thine.
Pay you, *Sweet*, the promis't Fee,
Him, Ile swear, I did not see.

FINIS.

23/24

July 20

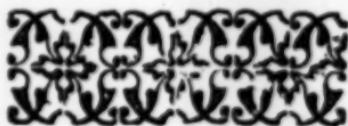
23/24



THE SHEPHEARDS HVNTING:

Being certaine Eglogues written
during the time of the Authors
Imprisonment in the
Marshalsey.

By George Wither, Gentleman.



LONDON,
Printed by John Beale for Thomas Walkley, and are to
be sold at his shop at the Eagle and Child in
Brittanes Burse. 1620.

MISSOURI
STATE

1900-1901

1900-1901



To those Honour-
red, Noble, and right Vertuous
Friends, my Visitants in the
Marshalsey.

And to all other my vnkowne
Fauorites, who either priuatly, or pub-
likely wished mee well in my
imprisonment.

Noble Friends; you whose vertues
made me first in loue with Vertue;
and whose worths made mee bee
thought worthy of your loues: I
haue now at last (you see) by Gods assistance,
and

To the Reader.

and your encouragement, run through the Purgatorie of imprisonment; and by the worthie fauour of a iust Prince, stand free againe, without the least touch of desected basenesse. Seeing therefore I was growne beyond my Hope so fortunate (after acknowledgement of my Creators loue, together with the vnequall'd Clemencie of so gracious a Soueraigne) I was troubled to thinke, by what meanes I might expresse my thankefulnes to so many well-deseruing friends: No way I found to my desire, neither yet ability to performe when I found it. But at lengthe considering with my selfe what you were (that is) such, who fauour honestie for no second reason, but because you your selues are good; and ayme at no other reward, but the witnessse of a sound conscience that you do well, I found, that thankefulnesse woul'd proue the acceptablest present to sute with your dispositions; and that I imagined could be no way better expressed, then in manifesting

To the Reader.

manifesting your courtesies, and giuing consene
to your reasonable demands. For the first, I
confesse (with thankes to the disposer of all
things, and a true gratefull heart towards you)
so many were the vnexpected Visitationes, and
unhoped kindnesses receiued, both from some
among you of my Acquaintance, and many o-
ther unknowne Well-willers of my Cause, that
I was perswaded to entertaine a much better
conceit of Time, then I lately conceiued, and
assured my selfe, that Vertue had farre more
followers then I supposed.

Somewat it disturbed me to behold our ages
Fauourites, whilst they frowned on my honest
enterprises, to take vnto their protections thee-
gregious fopperies: yet much more was my con-
iurment, in that I was respected by so many of
You; amongst whō there are some, who can and
may as much dis-esteeme these, as they neglect
meritor could I feare their Malice or Contempt,
whilst

To the Reader.

whilst I enjoyed your fauours, who (bowsoeuer
you are vnder-valued by Fooles for a time)
shall leaue vnto your posterite so noble a me-
morie, that your names shall be reverenced by
Kings, when many of these who now flourish
with a shew of vsurped Greatnesse, shall either
weare out of beeing, or dispoiled of all their pat-
ched Reputation, grow contemptible in the eyes
of their beloued Mistris the World. Your
Loue it is that (enabling me with patience to
endure what is already past) hath made me also
carefull better to prepare my selfe for all future
misaduentures, by bringing to my considerati-
on, what the passwr of my iust discontentments
had almost quite banished from my remem-
brance.

Further, to declare my thankefulnessse, in
making apparant my willing mind to bee com-
manded in any seruices of loue, whicb you shall
thinke fit (though I want abilitie to performe
great

To the Reader.

great matters) yet I have according to some of your requests, been contented to give way to the printing of these Eglogues; which though it to many seeme a slight matter, yet being well considered of, may prove a strong argument of my readinesse to give you content in a greater matter: for they being (as you well know) begotten with little care, and preserued with lesse respect, gave sufficient evidence, that I meant (rather then any way to deceive your trust) to give the world occasion of calling my discressions in question, as I now assure my selfe this will: and the sooner, because such expectations (I perceive) there are (of I know not what Inven- tions) as would haue been frustrated, though I had employed the utmost and very best of my endeauours.

Notwithstanding, for your sakes, I have here aduentured once againe to make tryall of the worlds censures: and what hath receuued beeing

To the Reader.

beeing from your Loues, I haue rededicated to
your Worches, which if your noble dispositions
will like wellof; or if you will but reasonably
respect what your selues drew me vnto, I shal
be nothing displeased at others cauils, but rest-
ing my selfe consented with your good opinions,
Scorne all the rabble of wncharitable detrac-
tors: For none, I know, will maligne it except
those, who either particularly malice my per-
son, or professe themselues enemies to my former
Bookes; who (sauing those that were incensed
on others speeches) as dymers of you (according
to your protestations) haue obserued, are either
open enemies of our Church; men notoriously
guiltie of some particular Abuses therein taxt,
such malicious Critickes who haue the reputa-
tion of being iudicious, by detraction from others; or
at best, such Guls, as never approue any thing
good, or learned, but either that which their
shallow apprehensions can apply to the soothing
of

To the Reader.

of their owne opinions, or what (indeed rather) they understand not.

Trust me, how ill souuer it hath been rewar-
ded, my loue to my Country is inviolate: my
thankefulnesse to you unfained, my endeavour
to doe euery man good; all my aime, content
with honestie: and this my paines (if it may bee
so termed) more to avoid idlenesse, then for af-
fection of praise: and if notwithstanding all
this, I must yet not openly rest my selfe content
that my innocencie hath escaped with strict im-
prisonment (to the impayring of my stafe, and
binderance of my fortunes) but also be constrain-
ned to see my guiltlesse lines, suffer the despight
of ill tongues: yet for my further encourage-
ment, let mee intreate the continuance of your
first respect, wherin I shall find that comfort as
will be sufficient to make mee set light, and so
much contemne all the malice of my aduersa-
ries, that readie to burst with the venome of
their

To the Reader.

their owne hearts, they shall see

My Minde enamoured on faire Vertues light,
Ascends the limits of their bleared sight,
And plac'd aboue their Enuie, doth contemne,
Nay, sit and laugh at their disdaine and them.

But Noble Friends, I make question
neither of yours, nor any honest mans respect,
and therefore will no further urge it, nor trou-
ble your patience: onely this Ile say, that you
may not thinke mee too well conceited of my
selfe; though the Time were to blame, in ill re-
quiting my honest endeauours, which in the
eyes of the world deserved better; yet somewhat
I am assured there was in me wroght that pu-
nishment, which when God shall give me grace
to see and amend, I doubt not but to finde that
regard as will bee fitting for so much merite as
my labours may iustly challenge. Meane while,
the better to hold my selfe in esteeme with
you,

To the Reader.

*you, and amend the worlds opinion of Vertue,
I will studie to amend my selfe, that I may
bee yet more worthie so bee
called*

Your Friend

Geo. Wyther.

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Topo Logos.

Topo Logos. *Topo Logos.* *Topo Logos.*
Topo Logos. *Topo Logos.* *Topo Logos.*
Topo Logos. *Topo Logos.* *Topo Logos.*

Topo Logos.

Topo Logos.

The Shepheards Hunting.

The first Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Willy leaves his Flocke a while,
Visits Roget in exile;
Where though prison'd he doth find
He's still free that's free in Mind:
And in trouble no defence
Is so firme as Innocence.

ROGET. WILLIE.

Roget.

Willy, thou now full iolly tun'st thy Reedes,
Making the Nymphs enamord on thy strains,
Willy, And whilst thy harmles flock vnscared feeds
Hast thy contentment, of Hils, Groues, and Plains :

O 2

Trusk

The Shepheardes Hunting.

Trust me I joy thou and thy *Muse* so speedes
In such an Age, where so much mischiefe raignes:

And to my *Care* it sometyme will be,
Fortune hath so much *grace* to smile on thee,

Willy.

To smile on me? I ne're yet knew her smile,
Vnlesse 'twere when she purpos'd to deceipte me;
Many a *Trayne*, and many a *painted Wile*
She castis, in hope of *Freedome* to deceipte me;
Yet now, because she sees I scorne her guile
To fawne on sooles, she for my *Muse* doth leaue me.
And here of late, her wonted *Spite* doth tend,
To work me *Care*, by frowning on my friend.

Eaget.

VVhy then I see her *Copper-coyne*'s no starling,
I will not be *currant* still, for all the gilding;
A *Knaue*, or *Foole* must ever be her *Darling*,
For they haue minds to all occasions yeelding:
If we get any thing by all our parling.
It seemes an *Apple*, but it proues a *Weilding*:
But let that passe; sweet *Shepheard* tell me this,
For what beloued *Friend* thy sorrow is.

Willy.

The Shepheardes Hawking

Wrong me not *Roger* ! do I not suffer heere,
And aske me for what *Fraud* it is I grieve ?
Can I suppose thy loue to me is deere,
Or this thy *joy* for my ~~care~~ belieue ?
When thou think'st thy *oxes* touch not me as neere,
Or that I pinne thy *Sorrows* at my sleeve ?

Roger, my faith in thee hath had such trust,
I neuer thought to finde thee so vnjust.

Roger.

Why *Willy*, *Willy* ; Prethee do not aske me why ?
Doth it diminish any o' thy *care*,
That I in freedome maken *melody* ;
And think'st I cannot as well somewhat spare
From my *delight*, to mone thy *miserie* ?
Tis time our *Loues* should these suspectes forbear ;
Thou art that friend, which thou vnam'd shold'st
And not haue drawn my loue in *questiō* so. (know,

Roger.

Forgiue me, and I'le pardon thy mistake,
And so shall this thy *gentle-anger* cease,
(In euer of thy loue will question make)
Whil'st that the number of our dayes encrease.

O ?

Yet

The Shepheards Hunting.

Yet to my selfe I much might seeme to take,
And something neere vnto presumption prease :
To thinke me worthy *lone* from such a spirit,
But that I know thy kindnesse paſt my merit.

Besides ; me thought thou ſpakſt now of a friend,
That ſeem'd more grieuous discontents to beare,
Some things I find that doe in ſhew offend,
Which to my Patience little trouble are,
And they ere long I hope will haue an end ;
Or thought they haue not, much I doe not care :
So this it was made me that question moue,
And not ſuſpect of honeſt *Willies* loue,

Willie.

Alas, thou art exiled from thy Flocke,
And quite beyond the *Desarts* here confin'd,
Hast nothing to conuerſe with but a *Rocke* ;
Or at leaſt *Out-lawes* in their *Caues* halfe pin'd :
And doſt thou at thy owne misfortune mocke,
Making thy ſelſe to, to thy ſelſe vnkind ?
When heretofore we talk't we did embrace :
But now I ſcarce can come to ſee thy face.

Roget.

The Shepheards Hunting.

Roget.

Yet all that, *Willy*, is not worthy sorrow,
For I haue *Mirth* here thou wouldest not beleue,
From deepest *cares* the highest *joyes* I borrow :
If ought chance out this day, may make me grieue
I'le learne to mend, or scorne it by to morrow,
This barren place yeelds somewhat to reliue :

For I haue found sufficient to content me,
And more true blisse then euer freedome lent me.

Willy.

Are *Prisons* then growne places of delight?

Roget.

'Tis as the *conscience* of the *Prisoner* is;
The very *Grates* are able to affright
The guiltie Man, that knowes his *deedes* amisse ;
All outward *Pleasures* are exiled quite ;
And it is nothing of it selfe but this :

Abhorred loathesse, darkenesse, sadness, paines,
Numm-cold, sharp-hunger, searching thirst and chaires.

The Shepheardes Hunting.

And these are nothing?

Roger.

Nothing yet to mee,

Only my friends restraint is all my paine.

And since I truly find my *conscience* free

From that my *leanness* to escape some gaine.

Willie.

But grant in this no discontentment be,

It doth thy wished liberty restrainte :

And to thy *soul* I thinke ther's nothing nearer,

For I could never heare thee prize ought deareer.

Roger.

True, I did euer set it at a Rate

Too deare for any *Mortals* worth to buy,

Tis not our greatest Shepheardes whole estate,

Shall purchase from me, my least liberty?

But I am subiect to the powers of *Fate*,

And to obey them is no flatterie:

They may do much, but when they haue done all,

Only my body they may bring in sharrall.

And

The Shepheards of Wiltshire.

And 'tis not that (my willy) is my mind,
My mind's more pretious, freedome I so weigh
A thousand wayes they may my body bind,
In thousand shrralls but ne're my mind betray :
And thence it is that I contentement find,
And beare with Patience this my loade away :
I'm still my selfe, and that I de rather bee,
Then to be Lord of all these Downes in fed.

Willy.

Nobly resol'd, and I doe joy to heare't,
For 'tis the mind of Man indeed that's all.
There's nought so hard but a brane heart will bear't,
The guiltless man count great afflictions small,
They'lle looke on Dearband Torment, yet not fear't,
Because they know 'tis rising so to fall :
Tyrants may boast they to much power are borne,
Yet he hath more that Tyrants can scorne.

Roger.

It's right, but I no Tyrannies endure,
Nor haue I suffered ought worth name of care.

Willy.

What e're thou'l call't, thou may'le, but I am sure,
Many more pine that much lesse paineed are :

Thy

The Shepheardes Hunting

Thy looke me thinks doth say thy meaning's pure
And by this past I find what thou do'st dare :

But I could neuer yet the *reasōn* know,

Why thou art lodged in this house of wo.

Roget.

Nor I by *Pass*, nor neuer hope to doe,
But thus it pleases some ; and I doe gesse
Partly a *cause* that moues them thereunto,
Which neither will auaile me to expresse,
Nor thee to heare, and therefore let it gos,
We must not say, they do so that oppresse :
Yet I shall ne're to sooth *them* or *the times*,
Iniure my selfe by bearing others *crimes*.

Willy.

The now thou may'st speak freely, thers none heares,
But he, whom I doe hope thou do'st not doubt.

Roget.

True : but if *doores* and *walles* haue gotten *ears*,
And *Closets-whisperings* may be spread about :
Doe not blame him that in such *causes* feares
What in his *Passion* he may blunder out :

In such a *place*, and such strict *times* as these,
Where what we speake is tooke as *others* please.

But

The Shepheardes Hunting.

But yet to morrow if thou come this way,
I'll tell thee all my story to the end,
Tis long, and now I feare thou canst not stay,
Because thy Flocke must watred be and pend,
And *Night* begins to muffle vp the day,
Which to informe thee how alone I spend,
I'll onely sing a sorrie *Prisoners Lay*,
I fram'd this *Morne*, which though it suits no fields,
Is such as fits me, and sad *Thralldome* yeelds:

Willy.

Well, I will set my *Ky* another string,
And play vneso it whil'st that thou do'st sing.

SONNET

The Shepbeards Hunting

Sonnet.

Roges.

Non that my body dead aline,
Bereau'd of comfort lies in thrall.
Doe thou my soule begin to thrall,
And unto Honie strow this Quall
So shall we both through outward wo
The way to inward comfort know.

For as that Foode my Fleſh I gine,
Doth keepe in me this Mortall breath?
So Soules on Meditations line,
And shunne thereby immortall death?
Nor art thou euer neerer rest,
Then when thou findest me most opprest.

First thinke my soule; If I haue Foes
Take a pleasure in my care,
And to procure these outward woes,
Haue thou entrap me unaware:

Thou

20

The Shepheards Hunting.

Thou shouldest by much more earefull be,
Since greater foes lay waste forspake.

Then when Mourning doth giveth Steele,
Minding those ioyes mine eyes doe misse,
Then find st no torment shou do st feele,
So grieuous as Privation is.

Muse how the damn'd in flames that glow,
Pine in the losse of blisse they know.

Thou seest there's given so great might
To some that are but clay as I,
Their very anger can affright,
Which is in any them of spie.

Thus thinke; If Mortals frownes strike force,
How dreadfull will Gods wrath apparess?

By my late hopes that now are lost,
Consider those that former be,
And make the freedome I haue lost,
A meanes that may remember thes:
Had Christ not thy Redemer bin,
Whas horrid shal shou had st been ix.

These iron chaines the bolt's off Steele,
Whick other poore offenders friend,
The wants and cares which they doe fee' c,
May bring some greater thing to mind.

The Shepheards Hunting.

For by their grace thou shalt doe well,
To think upon the paines of Hell,

Or when through me thou seeſt a Man
Condemn'd unto a mortall death,
How ſad he lookeſt, how pale, how wan,
Drawing with feare his panting breath:
Thinke if in this ſuch griefe thou ſeeſt,
How ſad will Goe yee cursed beeſt.

Againe, when he that feare d'ſto Dye
Past hope) doth ſee his Pardon brought,
Reade but the ioy that's in his eye,
And then conuay it to thy thought:
There thinke betwixt my heart and thee,
How ſweet will Come yee blessed, beeſt.

Thus if thou doe, though closed hereſt,
My bondage I ſhall deeme the leſſe,
I neither ſhall haue cauſe to feare,
Nor yet bewaile my ſad diſtreſſe:
For whether liue, or pine, or dye,
We ſhall haue bliſſe eternally.

Willy.

Trust me I ſee the Cagedothe ſome Birds good,
And if they doe notuffer too much wrong,

The Shepheards Hunting.

Will teach them sweeter descants then the wood
Beleeue't, I like the subiect of thy *Song*,
It shewes thou art in no distempred mood,
But cause to reare the residue I long

My Sheepe to morrow I will neerer bring,
And spend the day to heare thee talk and sing.

Yet e're we part, *Roger* to me areed,
Of whom thou learnt to make such songs as these,
I never yet heard any Shepheards reede
Tune in mishap, a straine that more could please,
Surely thou do'st inuoke at this thy need
Some power, that we neglect in other layes :
For heet's a Name, & words, that but few swaines
Have mention'd at their meeting on the Plaines.

Roger.

Indeed 'tis true ; and they are sore to blame,
They doe so much neglect it in their Songs,
For, thence proceedeth such a worthy fame,
As is not subiect vnto Enuies wrongs :
That is the most to be respected name
Of our true *Pau*, whose worth sits on all tongues :
And the most ancient Shepheards vse to prayse
In sacred *Anthemes* sung on Holy-dayes.

See that first taught his Musickes such a straine
Was that sweet Shepheard, who(vntill a King

Kept

The Shepheard's Hunting.

Kept Sheepe vpon the hony milky Plaine,
That is inrich't by *Jordans* watering ;
He in his troubles card the bodies paines,
By meausures rais'd to the soules rauishing :
And his sweet numbers onely most divine,
Gave the first being to this Song of mine.

Willie.

Let his good spirit ever with thee dwell,
That I might heare such Musick euery day.

Roges.

Thankes : but would now it pleased thee to play,
Yet sure 'tis late, thy *Weather* rings his Bell.
And *Swaines* to fold, or homeward drue away.

Willie.

And yon goes *Cuddy*, therefore fare thou well :
I'le make his Sheepe for me a little stay ;
And if thou thinke it fit I'le bring him to,
Next morning hither.

Roges.

Prethee *Willy* do.

FINIS.

The Shepheards Hunting.

The second Eglogue.

THE ARGVMENT.

Cuddy telles how all the Swaines,
Pitty Roget on the Plaines:
Who requested, doth relate
The true cause of his estate;
Which broke off, because 'twas long,
They begin a three-mans Song.

WILLY. CUDDY. ROGET.

Willie.

R Oget, thy old friend Cuddy here, and I,
Are come to visit thee in these thy Bands,
Whil'st both our Flocks in an Inclosure by,
Doe picke the thin grasse from the fallowed lands.
He tells me thy restraint of liberty,
Each one throughout the County vnderstands:
And there is not a gentle-natur'd Lad
On all these Downes, but for thy sake is sad;

P

Cuddy.

The Shepheards Hunting.

Cuddy.

Not thy acquaintance and thy friends alone,
Pitty thy close restraint, as friends shoulde doe :
But some that haue but seene thee, for thee moane :
Yea, many that did never see thee to.
Some deeme thee in a fault, and most in noone ;
So diuers wayes doe diuers *Rumours* goe :
And at all meetings where our *Shepheards* bee,
Now the maine Newes that's extant, is of thee.

Roget.

Why, this is somewhat yet : had I but kept
Sheepe on the *Mountaines*, till the day of doome,
My *name* should in obscuritie haue slept
In *Brakes*, in *Briars*, *scrubbed Furze* and *Brooms*.
Into the Worlds wide eare it had not crept,
Nor in so many mens thoughts found a roome :
But what cause of my sufferings doe they know ?
Good *Cuddy* tell me how doth *rumour* goe ?

Cuddy.

Faith 'tis vncertaine ; some speake this, some that :
Some dare say nought, yet seeme to thinke a cause,
And many a one prating he knowes not what ;
Comes out with *Proverbes* and *old ancient faires*,

As

The Shepheards Hunting.

As if he thought thce guyls, and yet not:
Then doth he speake halfe *Sentences*, then pawse:

That what the most woulde say, we may suppose
But what to say, the *Rawour* is, none knowts.

Roger.

Nor care I greatly, for it skilis not much,
VVhat the vnsteady common people doernes,
His *Conscience* doth not alwaies feele least touch,
That blamelesse in the sigh of others seemes;
My cause is honest, and because 'tis such,
I hold it so, and not for mens esteemes:
If they speake iustly well of mee, I'me glad;
If falsely euill, it he're makes me sad.

Willy.

I like that mind: but *Roger* you are quite
Beside the matter that I long to heare:
Remember what you promis'd yester-night,
You'l put vs off with other talke, I feare;
Thou know'st that honest *Cuddies* heart's upright
And none but he, except my selfe, is neere:
Come therefore, and betwixt vs two relate,
The true occasion of thy present state.

The Shepheards Hunting.

Roget.

My Friends I will ; You know I am a *Swaine*,
That keepe a poore Flocke here vpon this *Plaine* ;
Who though it seemes, I could doe nothing lesse,
Can make a *Song*, and woe a *Shepheardesse*,
And not alone the fairest where I liue,
Haue heard me sing, and fauours daign'd to giue :
But though I say't, the *nobleſt Nymph of Thaine*,
Hath grac'd my *Verse* vnto my greater fame.
Yet being young, and not much seeking prayſe,
I was not noted out for *Shepheards layes* :
Nor feeding Flockes, as you know others be :
For the delight that most possessed me
Was hunting *Foxes, Wolves, and Beasts of Prey* :
That spoile our *Foulds*, and beare our *Lambs* away ;
For this, as also for the loue I beare
Vnto my *Countrie*, I laid by all *care*
Of *gaine*, or of *preferment*, with *desire*
Onely to keepe that state I had entire,
And like a true growne *Huns-man* sought to speed
My ſelfe with *Hounds* of rare and choyfet breed,
Whose *Names* and *Natures* ere I further goe,
Because you are my friends I le let you know.
My firſt eſteemed Dogge that I did find,
Was by *deſcent* of old *Acteons* kind ;
A *Brache*, which if I doe not aime amifſe,
For all the world is iuft like one of his :

She's

The Shepheardes Hunting.

She's named *Lone*, and scarce yet knowes her duty ;
Her Damme's my Ladies pretty *Beagle*, *Beauty*.
I bred her vp my selfe with wondrous charge,
Vntill she grew to be exceeding large,
And waxt so wanton, that I did abhorre it,
And put her out amongst my neighbours for it.
The next is *Lust*, a Hound that's kept abroad
Mongst some of mine acquaintance, but a Toad
Is not more loathsome : 'tis a Curre will range
Extreamly, and is euer full of mange ;
And cause it is infectious, she's not wunt
To come among the rest, but when they hunte.
Hate is the third, a Hound both despe and long :
His Sire is *True*, or else supposed *Wrong*.
He'le haue a snap at all that passe him by,
And yet pursues his game most eagerly.
With him goes *Emme* coupled, a leane Curre,
And she'le hold out hunt we ne're so farre :
She pineth much, and feedeth little to,
Yet stands and snarleth at the rest that doe.
Then ther's *Renage*, a wondrous deep-mouth'd dog,
So fleet, I'me faine to hunt him with a clog,
Yet many times he'le much out-strip his bounds,
And hunts not closely with the other Hounds :
He'le venter on a *Lion* in his ire ;
Curst *Choller* was his Damme, and *Wrong* his Sire,
This *Choller* is a Brache, that's very old,
And spends her mouth too much to haue it hold :

The Shepheards Hunting.

She's very teasty, an vnplesasing Curre,
That bites the very Stones, if they but sturre :
Or when that ought but her displeasure moues,
She le bite and snap at any one she loues :
But my quicke scented st Dogge is *Iselme*,
The trueft of this breedes in *Italie* :
The Darhme of mine would hardly fill a Gloue,
It was a *Ladias* little Dogge, call'd *Loue* :
The *Stre* a poore deformed Curre, nam'd *Feare* ;
As shagged and as rough as is a *Bear* :
And yet the Whelpe turn'd after neither kind,
For he is very large, and neare hand blind,
At the first sight he hath a pretty culler,
But doth not seeme so, when you view him fuller,
A vile suspicioous Beast, his lookes are bad,
And I doe feare in time he will grow mad,
To him *People* *Amarite*, still poore ;
Yet he devoues as much as twenty more :
A thousand Horse she in her paunch can put,
Yet whine, as if she had an emptie gut,
And having gorg'd what might a land haue found,
She le catch for more, and hide it in the ground.
Ambition is a Hound as greedy full,
But he for all the daintiest bits doth cull :
He scornes to liche vp Crums beneath the Table,
He le fetch from boar ds and shelles, if he be able :
Nay, he can climbe if need be ; and for that
With him I haue the *Martine* and the *Cat* :

And

The Shepheards Hunting.

And yet sometimes in mounting, he's so quicke,
He fetches falles, are like to breake his necke.
Feare is wel mouth'd, but subiect to *Distrust* ;
A Stranger cannot make him take a Crust :
A little thing will soone his courage quaille,
And twixt his legges, he euer claps his Taile.
With him *Despaire* now often coupled goes,
Which by his roring mouth each *hunts-man* knowes,
None hath a better mind vnto the game ;
But he giues off, and alwaies seemeth lame.
My bloud-hound *Cruelty*, as swift as wind,
Hunts to the death, and never comes behind ;
VVho but she's strapt, and musled to withall,
VVould eat her fellowes, and the prey and all,
And yet she cares not much for any food,
Vnlesse it be the purest harmelesse blood.
All these are kept abroad at charge of menay,
They doe not cost me in a yea're a penny.
But there's two couple of a midling size,
That seldome passe the sight of my owne eyes,
Hope, on whose head I've led my life to pawne ;
Compassion, that on every one will fawne.
This would when 'twas a whelpe, with *Rabets* play
Or *Lambes*, and let them goe vnhurt away ;
Nay, now she is of grouch, she le now and then
Catch you a *Hare*, and let her goe agen.
The two last, *Joy* and *Sorrow* ; 'tis a wonder,
Can ne're agree, nor ne're bide farre asunder.

The Shepheards Hunting.

Joy's euer wanton, and no order knowes,
Shel'e run at *Larkers*, or stand and barke at *Crowes*.
Sorrow goes by her, and ne're moues his eye :
Yet both do serue to helpe make vp the crie :
Then comes behind all these to beare the base,
Two couple more of a farre larger Race, (good.
Such wide-mouth'd *Trolllops*, that 'twould doe you
To heare their loud loud *Echoes* teare the Woods :
There's *Vanity*, who by her gaudy Hide,
May far away from all the rest be spide, (there ;
Though huge, yet quick, for she's now here, now
Nay, looke about you, and she's euery where :
Yet euer with the rest, and still in chase.
Right so, *Inconstancie* filleth euery place ;
And yet so strange a fickle natur'd Hound,
Looke for her, and she's nowhere to be found.
Weakenesse is no faire Dogge vnto the eye,
And yet she hath her proper qualitie :
But there's *Presumption*, when he heat hath got,
He drōwnes the *Thunder*, and the *Canon-shot* :
And when at Start, hee his full roaring makes,
The Earth doth tremble, and the Heauen shakes.
These were my Dogges, ten couple iust in all,
Whom by the name of *Satyres* I doe call :
Mad Curs they be, and I can ne're come nigh them,
But I'me in danger to be bitten by them.
Much paines I tooke, and spent dayes not a few,
To make them keepe together, and hunt true :

Which

The Shepheards Hunting.

Which yet I doe suppose had never bin,
But that I had a *Scourge* to keepe them in.
Now when that I this Kennell first had got,
Out of my owne Demeanes I hunted not,
Saue on these Downes, or among yonder *Rockes*,
After those Beasts that spoyl'd our parish Flockes :
Nor during that time, was I euer wont,
With all my Kennell in one day to hunt :
Nor had done yet, but that this other yere,
Some Beasts of *Prey*, that haunts the *Deserts* heere,
Did not alone for many *Nights* together
Deuoure, sometime a *Lamb*, sometime a *Weasell* :
And so disquiet many a poore mans Heard,
But that of loosing all they were afeard :
Yea, I among the rest, did fare as bad,
Or rather worse ; for the best *Ewes* I had, * *Hopes*,
(Whose breed should be my meanes of life & gaine,
Were in one Euening by these *Monsters* slaine :
Wh:ch mischiefe I resolued to repay,
Or else grow desprate, and hunt all away :
For in a furie (such as you shall see
Hunts-men in missing of their sport will bee),
I vow'd a *Monster* should not luke about
In all this *Prouince*, but I'de find him out :
And thereupon without respect or care,
How lame, how full, or how vnsit they were,
I haft vnkennell'd all my roa'ing crew,
Wh:q were as mad, as if my mind they knew ;

Ang

The Shepheardes Hunting.

Ande're they trail'd a flight-shot, the fierce Curs
Had rous'd a *Hart*, and through *Brakes* and *Furres*,
Followed at gaze so close, that *Lone* and *Feare*
Got in together, so had surely there

Quite ouerthrowne him, but that *Hope* thrust
Twixt both, and sau'd the pinching of his skin,
Whereby he scap't, till coursing ouerthwart,
Despaire came in, and gripte him to the hart:
I hallowed in the residue to the fall,
And for an entrance, there I flesh't them all:
VVhich hauing done, I dip'd my staffe in blood
And onward led my *Thunder* to the Wood;
Where what they did, I'll tell you out anon,
My Keeper callcs me, and I must be gon.
Goe if you please a while, attend your Flocks,
And when the *Sonne* is ouer yonder Rocks,
Come to this *Cane* againe, where I will be,
If that my *Gardian* so much fauour me.

Yet if you please, let vs three siug a straine,
Before you turne your Sheepe into the Plaine.

Willy.

I am content.

Cuddy.

As well content am I.

Roge

The Shepheards Hunting.

Roget.

Then Will begin, and we'll the rest supply.

Song.

Willie,

Shepheard, would these Geese were ope,
Thou might' st take with us thy fortune.

Roget.

No, I'le make this narrow scope,
Since my Fate doth so importune
Meanes unto a wider Hope.

Cuddy.

Would thy Shepheardeſſe were here,
Who belou'd, loues thee ſo dearely?

Roget.

The Shepheards Hunting

Roget.

Not for bath your Flockes, I sweare,
And the gaine they yeeld you yearly,
Would I so much wrong my Deare.

Yet to me, nor to this Place,
Would she now be long a stranger ;
She would hold it in no disgrace,
(If she fear'd not more my danger)
Where I am to shew her face.

Willy.

Shepheard, me would with no harmes,
But something that might content thee.

Roget.

With me then within her armes,
And that wifh will ne're repent me,
If your wifhes might proue charmes.

Willie.

Bethy Prison her embrase,
Bethy ayre her sweetest breathing.

Cuddy.

The Shepheards Hunting.

Cuddy.

Be thy prospect her faire Face,
For each looke a kisse bequeathing,
And appoint thy selfe the place,

Roget.

Nay pray, hold there, for I should scantly then,
Come meete you here this afternoone agen :
But fare you well, since wishes haue no power,
Let vs depart, and keepe the pointed houre.



The

... and well educated
and good at his business
and at his work.

R. o

SO
The



The Shepheards Hunting.

The third Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

Roget sat with his three Friends,
Hearre his hunting storie ends ;
Kind Alexis with much ruth,
Wailes the banisht Shepheards youth :
But hee slighteth Fortunes stings,
And in spight of Thraldome fings :

ROGET. CUDDY. ALEXIS. WILLIE.

Roget.

SO now I see y're Shepheards of your wrod,
Thus were you wont to promise, and to do.

Cuddy.

The Shepbeards Hunting.

Cuddy.

More then our promise is, we can afford,
We come our selues, and bring another to :
Alexis, whom thou know'st well is no foc ;
VVho loues thee much : and I doe know that he
VVould faine a hearer of thy Hunting be.

Roget.

Alexis you are welcome, for you know
You cannot be but welcome where I am ;
You euer were a friend of mine in shew,
And I haue found you are indeed the same :
Vpon my first restraint you hither came,
And proffered me more tokens of your loue,
Then it were fit my small deserts should proue.

Alexis,

"Tis still your vse to vnderprise your merit ;
Be not so coy to take my proffered loue,
Twill neither vnbeseme your *worth* nor *spirit*,
To offer curt'sie doth thy friend behoue :
And which are so, this is a place to prone.
Then once againe I say, if *cause* there be,
First make a *tryall*, if thou please, of me

Roget.

The Shepheardes Hunting.

Roger.

Thankes good *Alexis*; sit downe by me heere,
I haue a taske, these *Shepheardes* know, to doe ;
A *Tale* already told this Morne well neere,
VVith which I very faine woulde forward goc,
And am as willing thou shouldest heare it to :

But thou canst neuer vnderstand this last,
Till I haue also told thee what is past.

Willy.

Roger it shall not need, for I presum'd,
Your loues to each were firme, and was so bold,
That so much on my selfe I haue assum'd,
To make him know what is already told :
If I haue done amisse, then you may scold.

But in my telling I preuisid this,
He knowes not whose, nor to what end it is.

Roger.

Well, now he may, for here my *Tale* goes on :
My eager Dogges and I to Wood are gon,
Where beating through the *Conuerts*, euery Hound
A seuerall *Game* had in a moment found :

Q

Tale I

The Shepheards Hunting.

I rated them, but they pursurd their pray,
And as it fell (by hap) tooke all one way.
Then I began with quicker speed to follow,
And teaz'd them on with a more chearefull hallow
That soone we passed many weary miles,
Tracing the subtile game through all these wiles.
These doubl'd, they redoubled on the scent,
Still keeping in full chase where ere they went :
Up *Hills*, down *Cliffes*, through *Bogs*, and ouer *Plaines*,
Stretching their *Musicke* to the highest straines,
That when some Thicket hid them from mine eye,
My care was rauish'd with their melodie.
Nor crost we onely Ditches, Hedges, Furrowes,
But Hamlets, Tithings, Parishes, and Borrowes :
They followed where so eu'r the game did goe,
Through Kitchin, Parler, Hall, and Chamber too ;
And as they pass'd the *City* and the *Countrey*,
My *Prince* look'd out, and daign'd to view my sport.
Which then (although I suffer for it now)
(If some say true) he liking did allow ;
And so much (had I had but wit to stay)
I might my selfe (perhaps) haue heard him say :
But I that time, as much as any daring,
More for my pleasure than my safetie caring ;
Seeing fresh game from euery loope-hole rise,
Crossing by thousands still before their eyes.
After I rush'd, and following close my *Hounds*,
Some beasts I found lie dead, some full of wounds
Among

The Shepheards Hunting.

Among the willows, scarce with strength to moue :
One I found here, another there, whom *Love*
Had grip'd to death : and in the selfe-same state,
Lay one devour'd by *Envy*, one by *Hate* ;
Lust had bit some, but I soone pale beside them,
Their fest'ld wounds so stuncke, none could abide :
Choller hurt diuers, but *Revenge* kild more :
Fear frighted all, behind him and before ?
Despaire droue on a huge and mightie heape,
Forcing some doyne from *Rockes* and *Hills* to leape :
Some into water, some into the fire, I saw :
So on themselues he made them wreake his ire :
But I remember as I pass'd that way,
Where the great *King* and *Prince* of *Shepheards* lay,
About the wals were hid some once more knowne ;
That my fell Curre *Ambition* had o'th'owne :
Many I heard pursyd by *Fist* arie,
And oft I saw my *Blond-Hound* *Cruelty*,
Eating her passage euen to the hart,
Whither once gotten, she is loath to part.
All pli'd it well, and made so loude a *plea*,
Twas heard through *Eritan*, and beyond the *Sea* ;
Some rated them, some storm'd, some lik't the *game* ;
Some thought me worthy *praise*, some worthy *blame*.
But I not fearing th'one, misleeming t'other,
Both, in shrili hallows and loud yernings smoothen'd :
Sea, the strong mettled and my long-breath'd crew ;
Seeing the *game* increasing in their view,

Q. 2

Grew

The Shepheards Hunting.

Grew the more frolick, and the courses length
Gauē better breath, and added to their strength ;
Which *Ione* perciuing, for *Ione* heard their cries
Rumbling amongst the *Spheares concavities* :
He mark'd their *course* and *courages* increase,
Saying, 'twere pitty such a chase shoulde cease ;
And therewith swore their mouthes shoulde never
But hunt as long's mortalitie did last. (walt
Soone did they feele the power of his great gift,
And I began to find their pace more swift :
I follow'd, and I rated but in vaine,
Striu'd to o'retake, or take them vp againe ;
They neuer stay'd since, neither nights or dayes,
But too and fro still runne a thousand waies :
Yea often to this place where now I lie,
They'l wheel about to cheare me with their cry ;
And one day in good time will vengeance take
On some offenders, for their Masters sake :
For know, my Friends, my freedome in this sort
For them I lose, and making my selfe spott.

Willy.

Why *Roger*, was there any harme in this ?

Roger.

No *Willy*, and I hope yet none there is.

Willy.

The Shepbeards Hunting.

10

Willie.

How comes this then?

Roget.

Note and I'le tell thee how:

Thou know'ſt that *Truth* and *Innocency* now,
ſplac'd with meanness, ſuffers more diſpight
Then *Villainies*, accompan'ed with me:
But thus it fell, while that my *Hound* purſu'd
Their noyſome prey, and euery field lay ſtrew'd
With *Monſters*, hurt and ſlaine mongſt many a beaſt,
Some viler, and more ſubtile then the reſt,
On whom the Bitch cal'd *Enny*, hapt to light:
And as her wont is, did ſo ſurely bite,
That though ſhe left behind ſmall outward ſmarts,
The wounds were deep, and rankled to their harts.
Then ioyning to ſome other that of late,
Were very eagerly purſu'd by *Hare*,
To fit their purpose hauing taken leaſure,
Did thus conſpire to worke me a diſpleaſure.
For imitation farre ſurpaſſing *Apes*,
They laid aside their *Foxe* and *Woluiſh ſhapes*,
And ſhrowded in the ſkinnes of harmleſſe *Sheepe*
Unto by-wayes, and open pathes did creepe,
Where they (as hardly drawing breath) did ly,
Shewing their wounds to euery paſſer by;

Q 3

To

The Shepheards Hunting.

To make them thinke that they were sheep so foild
And by my dogges in their late hunting spoyld.
Beside some other that enuy'd my game,
And for their pastime kept such *Monsters* tame:
As you doe know there's many for their pleasure
Keefe Foxes, Beares, & Wolues, as some great trea-
Yea, many get their liuing by them to, (sure:
And so did store of these, I speake of, doe,
Who seeing that my *Kennell* had affrighted,
Or hurt some *Vermine* wherein they delighted;
And finding their owne power by much to weake
Their *Malice* on my *Innocence* to wreake,
Swolne with the deepest rancour of despight,
Some of our greatest *Shepheards* folds by night
They closely entred; and there hauing strain'd,
Their hands in *villany*, of me they plain'd,
Affirming, without *shame* or *Honesty*,
I and my Dogges had done it purposely:
Whereat they storm'd and call'd me to a *tryall*,
Where *Innocence* preuails not, nor *denyal*:
But for that *cause* heere in this place I lie,
Where none so merry as my dogges and I.

Cuddy.

Beleeue it hee is a *Tale* will suten well,
For *Shepheards* in another *Age* to tell.

Willie.

The Shepheards Hunting.

Willy.

And *Roget* shall be thought on with delight,
For this hereafter many a *Winters night*,
For of this sport another *Age* will ring:
Yea, *Nymphes* vnborne now of the same shall sing,
Whennot a *Beauty* on our *Greenes* shall play
That hath not heard of *Rogets* hunting day.

Roget.

It may be so, for if that gentle *Swaine*,
Who wonnes by *Tany*, on the *Westerne plaine*,
VVould make the *Song*, such life his *Verse* can giue,
Then I doe know my *Name* might euer liue.

Alexis.

But tell me; are our *Plaines* and *Nymphes* forgot,
And canst thou frolicke in thy trouble be?

Roget.

Can I *Alexis* sayst thou? Can I not
That am resolu'd to scorne more miserie;

Alexis.

Oh, but thy yout'hs yet greene, and yong blood-hot,
And *libertie* must needs bee sweet to thee,

The Shepheards Hunting.

But now most sweet whil'st euery bushy *Vale*,
And *Grove* and *Hill*, rings of the *Nightingale*:

Me thinks when thou rememb'rest those *sweet laies*
Which thou wold'st leade thy *Shepheardeſſe* to heare,
Each Euening foorth among the *Leauy spraies*,
The thought of that shuld make thy freedom deare :
For now whil'st euery *Nymph* on *Holydaies*
Sport with some *jolly Lad*, and maketh cheere,
Thine sighes for thee, and mew'd vp from resort
Will neither play her ſelfe, nor ſee their ſport.

There's *Shepheards* that were many a Morning wont,
Vnto their Boyes to leaue the tender *Heard* ;
And beare thee company when thou didſt hunt :
Cannot their ſongs thou haſt ſo gladly heard,
Nor thy *miſt p/leasure* make thee thinke vpon't,
But ſeemes all yaine, now that was once indeard.
It cannot be : for I could make relation,
How for leſſe *cauſe* thou haſt been deepe in *paſſion* :

Roget.

Tis true : my tender heart was ever yet,
Too capable of ſuch conceits as theſe ;
I neuer ſaw that *Obieck*, but from it,
The *Paſſions* of my *Lone* I could encrease

Thofe

The Shepheards Hunting.

Those things which moue not other men a whit,
I can, and doe make vse of, if I please :

When I am sad, to sadness I apply,
Each *Bird*, and *Tree*, and *Flower* that I passe by.

So when I will be merry, I aswell
Something for mirth from euery thing can draw,
From *Miserie*, from *Prisons*, nay from *Heli* :
And as when to my *mind*, *griefe* giues a flaw,
Best comforts doe but make my woes more fell :
So when I'me bent to *Mirth*, from mischieves paw
(Though ceas'd vpon me) I would something cull
That spight of *care*, shuld make my *joyes* more full.

I feele those wants *Alexis* thou doest name,
Which spight of youth's affections I sustaine ;
Or else for what is't I haue gotten *Fame*,
And am more knewne then many an *elder Swaine* ?
If such desires I had not learn'd to tame,
Since many pipe much better on this *Plaine* :

But tunç your *Reeds*, and I will in a *Song*
Expresse my *Care*, and how I take this *Wrong*.

Sonnet.

The Shepheards Hunting.



Sonnet.

IThat ere st. while the worlds sweet Ayre did draw,
(Grac'd by the fairest ever Mortall saw;)
Now closely pent, with walles of Ruth-leffe stone,
Consume my Dayes, and Nights, and all alone.

*When I was wont to sing of Shepheards lones,
My walkes were Fields, and Downes, and Hills, & Grones:
But now (alas) so strict is my hard doome,
Fields, Downes, Hils, Grones, and al's but one poore roome.*

*Each Morne as soone as Day-light did appears,
With Natures Musicke Birds would charme mine eare:
Which now (in stead) of their melodious straines,
Heare ratling Shackles, Gyues, and Bonlis, and Chatnes.*

*But thought that all the world's delights forsake me,
I hane a Muse, and she shall Musick make me:
Whose ayrie Notes in spight of closest cages,
Shall give content to me, and after ages.*

The Shepheards Han廷g.

Nor doe I passe for all this outwardill,
My hearis the same, and undelected still;
And which is more then some in freedome winne,
I hane true rest, and peace, and ioy within.

And then my Mind that spight of prison's free,
When ere she pleases, anywhere can bee,
Shee's in an houre in France, Rome, Turky, Spaine,
In Earth, in Hell, in Heauen, and here againe.

Yet there's another comfort in my woe,
My cause is spread, and all the world doth know,
My faulter's no more but speaking Truth and Reason;
No Debt, nor Theft, nor Murther, Rape, or Treason.

Nor shall my Foes with all their Might and Power,
Wipe out their shame, nor yet this fame of our:
Which when they find, they shall my fate enuie,
Till they grow leane, and sick, and mad, and die.

Then though my Body here in Prison rot,
And my poore Satyrs seeme a while forgot:
Yet when both Fame and Life hane left those men,
My Verse and I'le reuine andlue agen.

So thus enclos'd, I beare afflictions load,
But with more true content then some abroad;
For whil'st their thoughts doe feele my scourges sting,
In bands I'le leape, and dence, and laugh, and sing.

Alexis,

The Shepheards Hunting

Alexis.

VVhy now I see thou droup'st not with thy care,
Neither exclaim'st thou on thy hunting day ;
But dost with vnchang'd resolution beare,
The heauy burthen of exile away.
All that did truly know thee, did conceaue,
Thy actions with thy spirit still agree'd ;
Their good conceit thou doest no whit bereaue,
But shewest that thou art still thy selfe indeed.
If that thy mind to basenesse now descends,
Thou'l iniure *Virtue*, and deceiue thy friends.

Willy.

Alexis, he will iniure *Virtue* much,
But more his friends, and most of all himselfe,
If on that common barre his mind but touch,
It wrackes his fame vpon disgraces shelfe :
Yet *Roget*, if thou steere but on the course,
That in thy iust aduenture is begun ;
No thwarting Tide, nor aduerse blast shall force
Thy *Bark* without the *Channels* bounds to run :
Thou art the same thou wert for ought I see,
VVhen thou didst freely on the Mountaines hunt,
In nothing changed yet, vnlesse it be
More merrily dispos'd then thou wert wont,

Still

The Shepheards Hunting.

Still keepe thee thus, so other men shall know,
V^ertue can giue content in mid^t of woe.
An^t he though *mights* with frownes doth threat,
To be yet *Innocent* is to be *great*.
Thrice and farewell.

Alexis.

In this thy trouble flouri^{sh}.

Cuddy.

While those that wish thee ill, fret, pine, and perish.

To

1904-1905

and the last night of the 6th, and the next day the 7th, the
whole of the day being spent in the same place. The
whole day was spent in the same place.

Dimensions of the study

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The Shepheards Hunting.

To his Truly beloued louing Friend,
Mast. *William Browne* of the
Inner Temple.

The fourth Eglogue.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Roget here on Willy calls,
To sing out his Pastorals :
Warrants Fame shall grace his Rimes,
Spight of Enuy and the Times ;
And shewes how in sare he vses,
To take comfort from his Muses.*

ROGET. WILLY.

Roget.

*P*Rethee *Willy* tell me this,
What new accident there is,
That thou (once the blythest Lad)
Art become so wondrous sad?

And

The shepbeards Hunting.

And so carelesse of thy quill,
As if thou had'st lost thy skill.
Thou wert wont to charme thy Flocks,
And among these rudest rockes
Hast so cheer'd me with thy Song,
That I haue forgot my wrong.
Something hath thee surely crost,
That thy old wont thou hast lost.
Tell me: Haue I ought mis-said
That hath made thee illa-paid?
Hath some Churle done thee a spight?
Dost thou misse a Lambe to night?
Frownes thy fairest *Shepheard's Lasse*?
Or how comes this ill to passe?
Is there any discontent
Worse then this my banishment?

Willy.

VVhy, doth that so euill seeme
That thou nothing worse doest deeme?
Shepheard, there full many be,
That will change *Contents* with thee.
Those that choose their Walkes at will,
On the Valley or the Hill.
Or those Pleasures boast of can,
Groves or Fields may yeeld to man:

Neuer

The Shepheardes Hunting.

Neuer come to know the rest,
Wherewithall thy minde is blest.
Many a one that oft resorts
To make vp the troope at sports,
And in company some while,
Happens to straine foorth a smile:
Feeles more want, & outward smart,
And more inward griefe of hart,
Then this place can bring to thee,
While thy minde remaineth free.
Thou contemn'st my want of mirth,
But what find' st thou in this earth,
Wherein ought may be beleev'd,
Worth to make me Ioy'd, or grieved?
And yet feele I (naithelless)
Part of both I must confesse,
Sometime I of mirth doe borrow,
Other while as much of sorrow,
But my present state is such,
I am not Ioy'd, nor grieved much.

Roget.

Why hath ~~Willy~~ then so long
Thus forborne his wonted Song?
Wherfore doth he now let fall,
His well-tuned *Pastoral*?

R

And

The Shepheards Hunting.

And my cares that musick barre,
Which I more long after farre,
Then the liberty I want.

willy.

That were very much to grant,
But doth this hold alway lad,
Those that sing not, must be sad?
Did'st thou euer that Bird'heare
Sing well, that sings all the yeer?
Tom the Piper doth not play
Till he weares his Pipe away:
There's a time to slack the string,
And a time to leaue to sing.

Roget.

Yea, but no man now is kill,
That can sing, or tune a quill.
Now to chant it, were but reason
Song and *Musick* are in season,
Now in this sweet iolly tide,
Is the earth in all her pride:
The faire Lady of the *May*
Trim'd vp in her best array.
Hath invited all the Swaines,
With the Lasses of the Plaines

To

The Shepheards Hunting.

To attend vpon her sport
At the places of resort.

Coridon (with his bould Rout)
Hath already been about
For the elders Shepheards dole,
And fetch'd in the *Summer-Pole*:
Whilst the rest haue built a *Bower*,
To defend them from a shower,
Seil'd so close with boughs all greene
Tytan cannot pry betweene.

Now the *Dayrie-Wenches* dreame
Of their Strawberries and Creame:

And each doth her self aduance
To be taken in to dance:
Euery one that knowes to sing,
Fits him for his Carolling:
So do those that hope for meede,
Either by the Pipe or Recde:

And though I am kept away,
I doc heare (this very day)
Many learned Groomes doc wend,
For the Garlands to contend.
Which a Nymph that hight *Desart*,
(Long a stranger in this part)
With her own faire had hath wrought
A rare worke (they say) past thought,
As appeareth by the name,
For she calles them *Wreathes of fame*.

The Shepbeards Hunting.

She hath set in their due place
Eu'ry flower that may grace,
And among a thousand moe,
(Whereof some but serue for shew)
She hath woue in *Daphnes* tree,
That they may not blasted be.
Which with *Time* she edg'd about,
Leaft the worke should rauell out.
And that it might wither neuer,
Intermixt it with *Lime-cher*.
These are to be shar'd among,
Those that doe excel for song:
Or their passions can rehearse
In the smooth'st and sweetest verse.
Then for those among the rest,
That can play and pipe the best.
There's a Kidling with the Damme,
A fat Weather and a Lambe.
And for those that leapen far,
Wrastle, Runne, and throw the Barre,
There's appointed guerdons to,
He that best the first can doe,
Shall for his reward be paid,
With a *Sheep-hook*, faire in-laid
With fine Bone, of a stiug Beast
That men bring out of the West.
For the next, a *Scrip* of red,
Tasseled with fine coloured Thred.

There's

The Shepheards Hunting.

There's prepared for their need,
That in running make most speed,
Or the cunning Measurers foote,
Cups of turned Maple-root:
Whereupon the skilfull man
Hathingrau'd the *Lones of Pan:*
And the last hath for his due,
A fine Napkin wrought with blyew:
Then my *Willy* why art thou
Carelesse of thy merit now?
What dost here with a wight
That is shut vp from delight,
In a solitary den,
As not fitter liue with men?
Goe my *Willy* get thee gone,
Leue me in exile alone.
Hye thee to that merry throng,
And amaze them with thy *Song:*
Thou art yong, yet such a *Lay:*
Neuer grac'd the month of May,
As (if they prouoke thy skill)
Thou canst fit vnto thy *Quill,*
I with wonder heard thee sing
At our last yeeres Reuelling.
Then I with the rest was free,
When vnknowne I noted thee:
And perceiu'd the ruder swaines,
Enuy thy farre sweeter straines.

The Shepheards Hunting.

Yea, I saw the *Lasses* cling
Round about thee in a Ring:
As if each one iealous were,
Any but her selfe should heare.
And I know they yet do long
For the res'due of thy song.
Hast thee then to sing it forth;
Take the benefite of woorth.
And *Desert* will sure bequeth
Fames faire Garland for thy *wreath*.
Hye thee *Willy*, hye away.

Willy.

Roger, rather let me stay,
And be desolate with thee,
Then at those their *Revels* bee,
Nought such is my skill I wis,
As in deed thou deem'st it is.
But what ere it be, I must
Be content, and shall I trust.
For a Song I doe not passe,
Mong'st my friends, but what (ala
Should I haue to doe with them.
That my Musick doe contemne?
Some there are, as well I wot,
That the same yet fauour not:

Yet

The Shepheards Hunting.

Yet I cannot well auow,
They my Carrols disallow:
But such malice I haue spid,
Tis as much as if they did:

Roget.

Willy. What may those men bee,
Are so ill, to malice thee?

Willy.
Some are worthy, well esteem'd,
Some without worth are so deem'd.
Others of so base a spirit,
They haue nor esteeme, nor merit.

Roget.

What's the wrong?

Willy.

A slight offence,
Wherewithall I can dispence;
But hereafter for their sake,
To my selfe I'le musick make.

The Shepheards Hunting.

Roget.

What, because some Clowne offends,
Wilt thou punish all thy frinds?

willy.

Honest *Roget* understand me,
Those that loue me may comnād me:
But thou know'st I am but yong,
And the *Pastrall* I sung;
Is be some suppos'd to bee,
(By a straine) too high for me;
So they kindly let me gaine,
Not my labour for my paine.
Trust me, I doe wonder why
They should me my owne deny.
Though I'me yong, I sco'ne to flie
On the wings of borrowed wit.
I'le make my owne feathers reare me,
Whither others cannot beare mee.
Yet I'le keepe my skill in store,
Till I'ue scene some VVinters mōre.

Roget.

The Shepheard's Hunting.

Roget.

But in earnest mean'st thou so?
Then thou art not wise, I trow:
Better shall aduise thee *Pax*,
For thou dost not rightly than:
That's the ready way to blot
All the credit thou hast got:
Rather in thy Ages prime,
Get another start of Time:
And make those that so fond be,
(Spight of their own dulnes) see.
That the sacred *Muses* can
Make a child in yeeres, a man.
It is knowne what thou canst doe,
For it is not long agoe,
When that *Cuddy*, *Thos*, and *I*,
Each the others skill to try,
At Saint *Dunstane's* charmed well,
(As some preient there can tell)
Sang vpon a sudden Theame,
Sitting by the Crimson streame:
Where, if thou didst well or no,
Yet remaines the Song to shew,
Much experience more I've had,
Of thy skill (thou happy Lad)
And wuld make the world to knowit;

But

The Shepheards Hunting.

But that Time will further show it :
Envie makes their tongues now runne
More then doubt of what is done ;
For that needs must be thy owne,
Or to be some others knowne :
But how then wilt suit vnto
What thou shalt hereafter do ?
Or I wonder where is hee,
Would with that song part to thee :
Nay, were there so mad a Swaine,
Could such glory sell for gaine ;
Hubris would not haue combin'd,
That gift with so base a minde.
Neuer di i the *Nine* impart
The sweet secrets of their Art
Vnto any that did scorne,
We should see their fauours worne.
Therefore vnto those that say,
Where they pleas'd to sing a Lay,
They coul i doo't, and will not tho ;
This I speake, for this I know :
None ere drunke the *Thespian* spring,
And knew how, but he did sing.
For that once infus'd in man,
Makes him shewt doe what he can :
Nay those that doe onely syp
Or but eu'n their fingers dip
In that sacred *Fons* (poore Elues)

The Shepheards Hunting.

of that brood will shew themselues,
yea, in hope to get them fame,
they will speake though to their shame.
Let those then at thee repine,
that by their wits measure thine,
needs those Songs must be thine owne,
and that one day will be knowne,
the same imputation to,
my selfe do vndergoe :
but it will appeare ere long,
me abus'd, and thou hast wrong;
Who at twice ten hast sung more,
then some will doe at fourscore.
heere thee(honest Willy) then,
and begin thy Song agen.

Willy.

None I would, but I doe feare
When againe my Lines they heare,
they yeeld they are my Rimes,
they will faine some other Crimes;
and 'tis no safe ventring by,
Where we see Detraction ly.
nor doe what I can, I doubt,
I will picke some quarrell out,
and I oft haue heard defended,
bittle said, and soone amended.

Roger.

The Shepbeards Hunting.

Roget.

See'st thou not in clearest daies,
Oft thicke fogs could Heavens raise?
And the vapours that doe breath
From the earths grosse womb beneath
Seeme they not with black streames,
To pollute the Sunnes bright beames.
And yet vanish into ayre,
Leaving it (vnablemisht) faire ?
So (my Will) shall it bee
With Detractions breath on thee.
It shall never rise so hie,
As to staine thy Poesie.
As that Sunne doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten Vale ;
Poesie so sometime draines,
Grosse conceits from muddy braines ;
Mists of Enuy, fogs of spight,
Twixt mens iudgements & her light ;
But so much her power may doo,
That she can dissolve them too.
If thy Verse doe brauely tower,
As shee makes wing, she gets power:
Yet the higher she doth sore,
Shee's affronted still the more:
Till she to the high'st hath past,

Then

The Shepbeards Hunting.

Then she rests with Fame at last,
Let nought therfore thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight;
For if I could match thy Rime,
To the very Starres I'd clime.
Here begin again, and flye,
Till I reach'd Eternity.
But (alasse) my Muse is flow:
Worthy place shee flags too low:
See, the more's her haplesse fate,
Her short wings were clipt of late.
And poore I, her fortune ruing,
Am my selfe put vp a muing.
But if I my Cage can rid,
I flye where I neuer did.
And thogh for her sake I me crost,
Though my best hopes I haue lost,
And knew she wuld make my trouble
Ten times more then ten times double:
Should loue and keepe her too,
Eight of all the world could doe.
Or though banisht from my flockes,
And confin'd within these rockes,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen Night,
I doth for my comfort stay,
And keepes many cares away.
Though I misse the flowry Fields,

With

The Shepheardes Hunting.

With those sweets the Spring-tyde yeelds,
Though I may not see those Groues,
Where the Shepheards haunt their Loues,
And the Lasses more excell,
Then the sweet voyc'd *Philomel*,
Though of all those pleasures past,
Nothing now remaines at last,
But *Remembrance* (poore relieve)
That more makes then mends my griefe:
She's my minds companion still,
Maugre Enuies euill will.
(Whence she should be driven to,
We're in mortals power to do.)
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former dayes of blisse,
His diuine skil taught me this,
That from euery thing I saw,
I could some inuention draw:
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest obiects sight,
By the murmure of a spring,
Or the least boughs rusteling.
By a Dazie whose leaues spred,

T be Shepheards Hunting.

Shut when *I* *yeare* goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in mee,
Then all Natures beauties can,
In some other wiser man.
By her helpe I also now,
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladnes,
In the very gall of sadnes,
The dull loannesce, the blacke shade,
That these hanging vaults haue made,
The strange Musick of the waues,
Beating on these hallow Caues,
This blacke Den which Rocks embosse
Ouer-growne with eldest Moss.
The rude Portals that giue light,
More to *Terror* then *Delights*.
This my Chamber of *Neglect*,
Wall'd about with *Disrespect*,
From all these and this dull ayre,
A fit obiect for *Despaire*,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore shou best earthly blisse,
Will cherishe thee for this.
Poesie; thou sweetest content
That ere Heau'n to mortals lente:
Though I he as a triffe leaue thee,

Whose

The Shepheards Hunting.

Whose dull thoughts can not conceiue thee,
Though thou be to them a scorne,
That to nought but earth are borne:
Let my life no longer bee
Then I am in loue with thee.
Though our wise ones call it madnes
Let me never taste of sadness;
If I loue not thy mad'ſt fits,
Aboue all their greatest wits.
And though ſome too ſeeming holy,
Doe account thy raptures folly:
Thou doſt teach me to contemne,
What make *Knaues & Fooles* of them.
Oh high power, that oft doth carry
Men about.

Willy.

Good Roger tarry,
I doe feare thou wilt be gon,
Quite aboue my reach anon;
The kinde flames of Poesie
Haue now borne thy thoughts ſo high,
That they vp in Heaven bee,
And haue quite forgotten me.
Call thy ſelfe to minde againe,
Are theſe Raptures for a Swaine,

That

The Shepheardes Hunting.

That attends on lowly Sheepe,
And with simple Heardes doth keepe.

Roger.

Thankes my *Willy*, I had runne
Till that Time had lodg'd the Sunne,
If thou had'st not made me stay;
But thy pardon here I pray,
Lou'd *Apolo*'s sacred fire
Has rais'd vp my spirits higher
Through the loue of Poesye,
Then in deed they vse to fli.
But as I said, I say still,
If that I had *Willy's* skill,
Envie nor Detractione spague,
Should ere make me leaue my song,
But I de sing it every day
Till they pin'd themselues away.

Be thou then aduis'd in this,
Which both iust and fitting is:
Finish what thou hast begun,
Or at least still forward runne:
Haile and Thunder ill hee'l beare
That a blast of winde doth feare,
And if words will thus affay thee,
Prethee how will deeds dismay thee:

The Shepheards Hunting.

Dot not thinke so rathe a song
Can passe through the vulgar throng,
And escape without a touch,
Or that they can hurt it much:
Frosts we see doe nip that thing
VVhich is forward's in the Spring:
Yet at last for all such lets
Somewhat of the rest it gets:
And I'me sure that so maist thou,
Therefore my kind *Willy* now;
Since thy folding time drawes on
And I see thou must be gon,
Thee I earnestly beseech
To remember this my speech,
And some little counsell take,
For thy poore friend *Roger* sake:
And I more of this will say,
If thou come next Holy-day.

FINIS.

The

The Shepheards Hunting.

The fifth Eglogue.

To Master W.F. of the Middle
Temple.

THE ARGUMENT.

Roger here Alexis mones,

To imbratre the Muses loves;

Bids him never carefull seeme,

Of ambers disfcomme:

Since to them it may suffice,

That themselves can justly prize.

ROGET. ALEXIS.

A Lexis, if thy worth doe not disdaine

The humble friendship of a meaner Swaine,

Or some more needfull busynesse of the day,

Urge thee to be too hasty on thy way;

The Shepheards Hunting.

Come (gentle Shepheard) rest thee here by mee,
Vnder the shadow of this broad leau'd tree :
For though I see me a stranger, yet mine eyc
Observes in thee the markes of custome :
And if my iudgement erre not, noted too,
More then in those that more would seeme to doe ;
Such *Vertues* thy rare modestie doth hide,
VVhich by their proper lustre I espy'd ;
And though long maskt in silence they haue been
I haue a Wisedome through that silence seene :
Yea, I haue learned Knovledge from thy tongue,
And heard when thou hast in concealement sung,
VVhich me the bolder and more willing made
Thus to invite thee to this harmely shade.
And though (it may be) thou couldst neuer spy
Such worth in me, I might be knowne thereby,
In thee I doe ; for here my neighbouring Sheepe
Vpon the border of these Dounes I keepe :
VVhere often thou at Pastorals and playes,
Hast grac'd our VVakes on Sommer-Holy-daisies :
And many a time with thee at this cold spring
Met I, to heare your learned shepheards sing,
Saw them disporting in the shady Groues,
And in chaste Sonnets wooc their chaster loues :
VVhen I endued with the meanest skill,
Mongst others haue been vrg'd to tune my quill,
Where (cause but little cunning I had got)
Perhaps thou sawst me, though thou knewst me not.

Alexis.

The Shepheards Hunting.

Alexis.

Yes *Roger* I doe know thee and thy name,
Nor is my knowledge grounded all on fame,
Art not thou he, that but this other yeere,
Scard'ſt all the Wolues and Foxes in the Sheere?
And in a match at Foot-ball lately tride
(Hauing scarce twenty Satyrs on thy ſide)
Held'ſt play: an i though affailed kept'ſt thy ſtand
Gainſt all the best-tride Ruffians in the land?
Did'ſt thou not then in dolefull Sonnets monc,
VVhen the beloved of great *Pas* was gone?
And at the wedding of faire *Thame* and *Rhine*,
Sing of their glories to thy Valentine?
I know it, and I muſt confeſſe that long
In one thing I did doe thy nature wrong:
For till I mark't the aime thy Satyrs had,
I thought them ouerbold, and *Roger* mad;
But ſince I did more nearely on thee looke,
I ſoone perceiu'd that I all had mistooke;
I ſaw that of a *Cynick* thou mad'ſt ſhew
Where ſince I find that thou were nothing ſo,
And that of many thou much blame hadſt got,
VVhen as thy *Innocency* deferr'd it not.
But this to good opinion thou haſt ſeem'd
To haue of me (not ſo to be esteem'd)

The Shepheardes Hunting.

Preuailes not ought to stay him who doth feare
He rather should reproches then praises heare
Tis true, I found thee plaine and honest to,
VVhich made me like, then loue, as now I doe,
And *Roger*, though a stranger, this I say,
VVhere I doe loue, I am not coy to stay.

Roger.

Thanks gentle Gwaine that dost so soone vnfold
What I to thee as gladly would haue told:
And thus thy wanted cartesie exprest
In kindly enteraining this request:
Surc I should injure my owne content,
Or wrong thy loue to stand on complement:
VVho hast acquaintance in one word begun,
As well as I could in a n age haue done:
Or by an ouer-weaning sliownesse marre
VVhat thy more wisdome, hath brought on so farre
Then sit thou downe and I le my mind declare
As freely, as if we familiars were:
And if thou wylt but daigne to giue me care,
Something thou mayst for thy more profit heare.

Alexis.

Willingly *Roger* I thy wylsh obey.

Roger.

The Shepheards Hunting.

Being by Sir *Roger* the Silver Liner composed.

Then know *Alexis* from that very day,
When as I saw thee at that Shepheards Coate,
VVhere each (I thinke) of other tooke first noate;
I meane that Pastor who by *Tanies* springs,
Chast Shepheards loues in sweetest number sings,
And with his Musick (to his greater fame)
Hath late made proud the fairest *Nymphs* of Thatne;
E're then me thought I did espie in thee,
Some vnperceiu'd and hidden worth to bee;
VVhich in thy more apparans vertues shin'd,
And among many I in thought deuin'd,
By something my conceit had vnderstood,
That thou wert markt one of the Muses brood,
That made me loue thee: and that Loue I beare,
Begat a Pittie, and that Pittie, Care;
Pitty I had to see good parts conceal'd,
Care I had how to haue that good reueal'd,
Since 'tis a fault admitteth no excuse,
To possesse much, and yet put nought in vse;
Hereon I vow'd (if we two euer met)
The first request that I would striue to get,
Should be but this, that thou woldst shew thy skill
How thou could'st tune thy verses to thy quill;
And teach thy muse in some well framed song,
To shew the *Art* thou hast suppress'd so long:

The Shepbeards Hunting.

VVhich if my new acquaintance may obtaine,
Roger will euer honour this daies gaine.

Alexis.

Alas! my small experience scarce can tell,
So much as where those *Nymphes* the *Muses* dwell,
Nor though my sloe conceit still tranel on
Shall I e're reach to drinke of *Helicon* ;
Or if I might so fauour'd be to taste
What those sweet streames but over-flow in waste,
And touch *Parrafus*, where it low'ſt doth lie,
I feare my skill would hardly flagge so hie.

Roger.

Despart not Man, the Gods haue prized hought
So deere, that may not be with labour bought,
Nor need thy paine be great, since *Fate* and *Hauen*,
That(as a blessing)at thy birth haue given,

Alexis.

Why, say they had?

Roger.

Then vſe their gifts thou must,
Or be vngratefull, and ſo be vniuſt.

For

The Shepheardes Hunting.

For if it cannot truly be deny'd,
Ingratitude mens benefits doe hide;
Then more vngratefull must he be by odds,
VVho doth conceale the bountie of the Gods.

Alexis.

That's true indeed, but *Envie* haunteth those
VVho seeking Fame, their hidden skill disclose:
Where els they might (obscur'd) from her espying,
Escape the blasts and danger of enuying:
Critticks will censure our best straines of Wit,
And purblind *Ignorance* misconstrue it.
And which is bad, yet worse then this doth follow,
Most hate the *Muses*, and contemne *Apollo*.

Roget.

So let them: why should we their hate esteeme?
Is't not enough we of our selues can deeme?
Tis more to their disgrace that we scorne them,
Then vnto vs that they our Art contemne;
Can we haue better pastime then to see
Their grosse heads may so much deceipted bee,
As to allow those doings best, where wholly
VVe scoffe them to their face, and flout their folly:
Or to behold blacke *Envie* in her prime,
Disselfe-consum'd, whilst we vie lines with time:

And

The Shepheard's Hunting.

And in despight of her more fame attaine,
Then all her malice can wipe out againe?

Alexis.

Yea, but if I applid me to those straines,
Who should driue forth my Flocks vnto the plaines,
VVhich whilst the Muses rest, and leisure craue,
Must watering, folding, and attendance haue:
For if I leaue with wonted care to cherish
Those tender heards, both I and they shoule perish.

Roget.

Alexis, now I see thou dost mistake,
There is no meaning thou thy Charge forsake,
Nor would I wish thee so thy selfe abuse,
As to negle&t thy cailing for thy Muse:
But let these two so of each other borrow,
That they may season mirth, and lessen sorrow.
Thy Flocke will helpe thy charges to defray,
Thy Muse to passe the long and tedious day:
Or whilst thou tunst sweet measures to thy Reed,
Thy Sheepe to listen will more neere thee feed;
The VVolues wil shun them, birds aboue thee sing,
And Lamkins dance about thee in a Ring.
Nay, which is more; in this thy low estate,
Thou in contentment shalt with Monarks mate:

For

The Shepheards Hunting.

For mighty *Pan* and *Ceres* to vs grants,
Our Fields and Flocks shal help our outward wants:
The Muses teach vs Songs to put off cares,
Grac'd with as rare and sweet conceits as theirs:
And we can thinke our Lasses on the Greenes
As faire, or fairer, then the fairest Queenes:
Or what is more then most of them shall doe,
Wee'l make their iuster fames last longerto,
Hauing our Lines by greatest Princes grae'd,
VVhen both their name and memori's defac'd.
Therefore *Alexis* though that some disdaine
The heauenly Musick of the Rurall plaine,
What is't to vs, if they (or'elseene) contemne
The dainties which were nere ordain'd for them?
And though that there be other-some enuy
The praises due to sacred Poesie,
Let them disdaine and fret till they are weary,
We in our selues haue that shall make vs merry:
Which he that wants, & had the power to know it,
Would give his life that he might die a Poet.

Alexis.

Abraue perswasion.

Roger.

Here thou see'st the pent
VVithin the iawes of strict imprisonment:

A fore-

The Shepheards Hunting.

A forelorne *Shepheard*, void of all the meanes,
Wheroun Mans common hope in danger leanes :
VVeake in my selfe, exposed to the *Hate*
Of those whose *Envies* are infatiate :
Shut from my friends, banish'd from all delights ;
Nay worse, excluded from the sacred *Rites*.
Here I do liue spongst out-lawes markt for death,
As one vnfit to draw the common breath,
VVhere those who to be good did never know,
Are barred from the meanes should make them so.
I suffer, cause I wish'd my Country well,
And what I more must beare I cannot tell.
I'me sure they giue my Body little scope,
And would allow my *Mind* as little *Hope* :
I waste my Meanes, which of it self is slender,
Consume my Time (perhaps my fortunes hinder)
And many Crosses haue, which those that can
Conceiue no wrong that hurts another man,
VVill not take note of, though if halfe so much
Should light on them, or their owne person touch,
Some that themselues (I feare) most worthy thinke
VVith all their helpes wold into basenes shrinke ;
But spight of *Hate*, and all that Spight can doe,
I can be patient yet, and merry to :
That slender *Muse* of mine, by which my *Name*,
Though scarce deseru'd, hath gaind a little fame,
Hath made me vnto such a Fortune borne,
That all misfortunes I know how to scorne;

Yea,

The shepheards Hunting.

Yea, midſt these bands can ſleight the Great'ſt that be
As much as their diſdaine miſteemeſ of me.
This Caue, whiſe very preſence ſome affrights,
I haue oft made to Echo forth delights,
And hope to turne, iſ any Iuſtice be,
Both shame and Care on thoſe that wiſh it me,
For while the world rancke viſtianies affords,
I will not ſpare to paint them out in words,
Because I thus into theſe troubles ruhne,
I knew what man could do, ere I beginne,
And I'le fulfiel what my Muſe drawes me to,
Maugre all Hayles, and Purgatories to,
For whiſt ſhe ſets me honest taskes about,
Verne or ſhe I know, will beſte me but I
And iſ by Fare th'abuſed power of ſome,
Muſt in the worlds eye leau me ouercome,
They ſhall find one fort yet ſo fenc'd I trow,
It cannot feele a mortals ouerthow.
This Hope and Trust that great power did iuulfie,
That firſt iuſpir'd into my brefſt a Muſe,
By whom I doe, and ever will contemne
All theſe ill hapſ, my foes diſpight, and them.

Alexis.

Thou haſt ſo well (yong Reget) plai'd thy part
I am almoſt in loue with that ſweet Art:

And

The Shepheards Hunting.

and shal be shamed to thinke me
Enough kind Pastor: But oh! yonder see
Two honest Shepheards walking hither, bee
Cuddy and *Willy*, that so dearely loue
Who are repayring ynto yonder Groue:
Let's follow them: for neuer brauer Swaines
Made musike to their flocks vpon these plaines.
They are more worthy, and can better tell
VVhat rare contents do with a Poet dwell.
Then whiles our sheepe the short sweet grasse do
And till the long shade of the hills appeare,
We're heare them sing: for though the ongs be young,
Neuer was any that more sweetly sang.





A Postscript.

To the Reader.

SIG F you haue read this, and received any content, I am glad, (though it bee not so much as I could wish you,) if you thinke it idle, why then I, ee we are not likely to fall out; for I am iust of your minds; yee weigh it well before you runne too farre in your censures, lest this proue lesse barren of Wit, then you of courtesy. It is verie true (I know not by

A Postscript

by what chance) that I haue of late been
so hightly heholding to Opinion, that
I wonder how I crept so much into her
fauour, and (if I did thinke it worthu
she fearing) I should be afraid that she
hauing so undeservedly befriended mee
beyond my Hope or expectation, will
upon as little cause, ere long, againe
picke some quarrell against mee; and it
may bee, meanes to make use of this,
which I know must needs come farre
short of their expectation, who by their
earnest desire of it, seem'd to be fore-pos-
tfeast with a farre better conceit, then I
can beleue it prooves worthy of. So if m
much at least I doubted, and therfore imp
loth to deceive the world (though it of-
ten beguile me) I kept it to my self, indeede
not dreaming euer to see it published shou

But

to the Reader.

But now, by the ouermuch perswasion of
some friends, I haue beene constrained
to expose it to the generall view. Which
seeing I haue done, some things I de-
sire thee to take notice of. First, that I
am Hee, who to pleasure my friends,
haue fram'd my selfe a content out of
that which would otherwise discon-
tent mee. Secondly, that I haue co-
uerted more to effect what I binke truly
honest in it selfe, then by a see-
ming shew of Art, to teach the waine
blastes of uncertaine Opinion. This
that I haue beeere written, was no part
of my studie, but onely a recreation in
imprisonment: and a trifle, neither in
my conceit fitting, nor by me intended
to bee made common; yet some, and it
should bee me esteemede it worthy more

A Postscript

respect then I did,ooke paines to copy
it ouer, unknowone to mee, and in my ab-
sence got it both Authorized and pre-
pared for ihe Presse; so that if I had not
bindred it, last Michaelmas-Tearme
had been troubled with it. I was much
blamed by some Friends for withstan-
ding it, to whose request I should more
easily haue consented, but that I wou-
thougt (as indeed I yet doe) I shoule
thereby more disparage my selfe, then haue
contest them. For I doubt I shall bee
supposed one of those, who out of their
arrogant desire of a little preposterous
Fame, thrust into the World every un-
seasoned trifle that drops out of their ab-
unferled braines; whose basenesse how
much I hate, those that know mee can aby-
witnesse, for if I were so affected, I light-
might

to the Reader.

might perhaps present the World with
as many severall Poems, as I haue seen
yeres; and justly make my selfe ap-
peare to bee the Author of some things
that others haue blamefully vsurped and
made vse of as their owne. But I will
not consent other men shold owne
some of those Issues of the Braine, for I
would be loath to confess all that might
in that kinde call mee Father. Neither
shall any more of them, by my consent,
vast againe trouble the world, vntille
I know which way to benefit it with lesse
inuidice to my owne estate. And there-
fore if any of those lesse serions Poems
which are already dispers'd into my frinds
hands, come amongst you, let not their
publication be imputed to mee, nor their
lightnesse bee any disparagement to

T 2 what

A Postscript

what bath beene since more serious written, seeing it is but such stuffe as riper judgementes haue in their far elder yeers beene much more gudley of.

I know an indifferent Critick may finde many faults, as well in the slightnesse of this present Subiect, as in the erring from the true nature of an Elogie: moreover, it altogether concernes my selfe, which diuers may dislike. But neither can be done on just cause: The first bath bin answered already: The last might consider that I was there wher I free my owne estate was chiefly to bee looked vnto, and all the comfort I could minister vnto my selfe, little enough.

If any man deeme it worthy his reading I shall bee glad: if hee thinke his paines ill bestowed, let him blame him selfe vnto me.

to the Reader.

itself for meddling with that concerned
him not: I neither commanded it to him,
neither cared whether he read it or no: &
because I know those that were desirous
of it, will esteem the same as much as I
desire they should.

But it is not unlikely, some will think,
I haue in diuers places beeene more wan-
ton (as they take it) then befitting a Sati-
nist; yet their severity I feare not, because
I am assured all that I euer yet did, was
free frō Obscénity: neither am I so Cy-
nical, but that I think a modest expressiō
of such amorous conceits as sute with
Reason, will yet very well become my
yeares; in which not to haue feeling of
the power of Loue, were a great an ar-
gument of much stupidity, as an ouer-fo-
lish affection were of extreame folly.

T 3

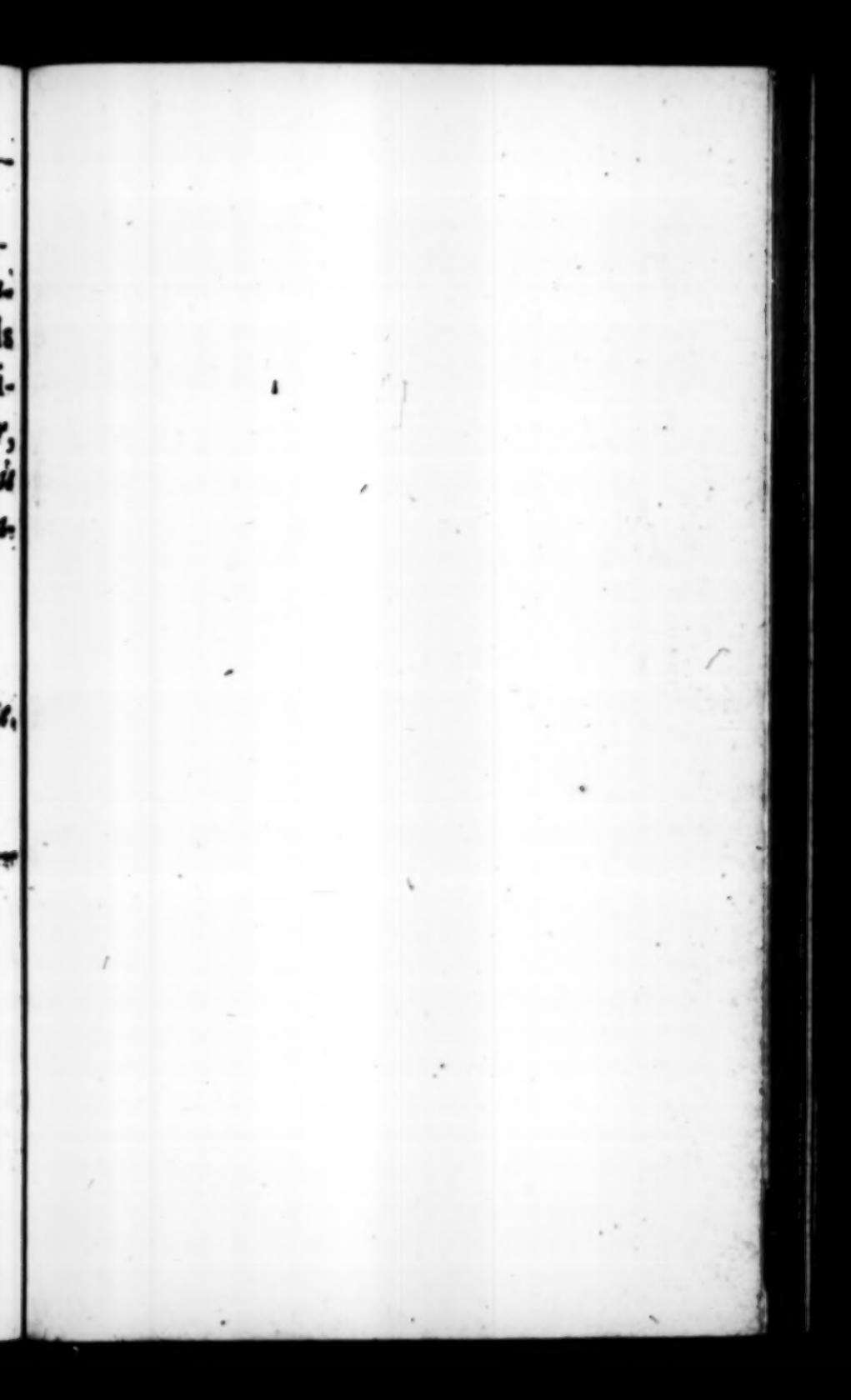
Lastly,

A Postscript, &c.

Lastly, if you thinke it bath not well an-
swered the Tale of the Shepheards
Hunting, goo quarrell with the Stati-
oner, who bid himselfe God-Father,
and imposed the Name according to his
owne liking; and if you, or bee, finde a-
ny faulcs, pray mend them.

eualete.

FINIS.



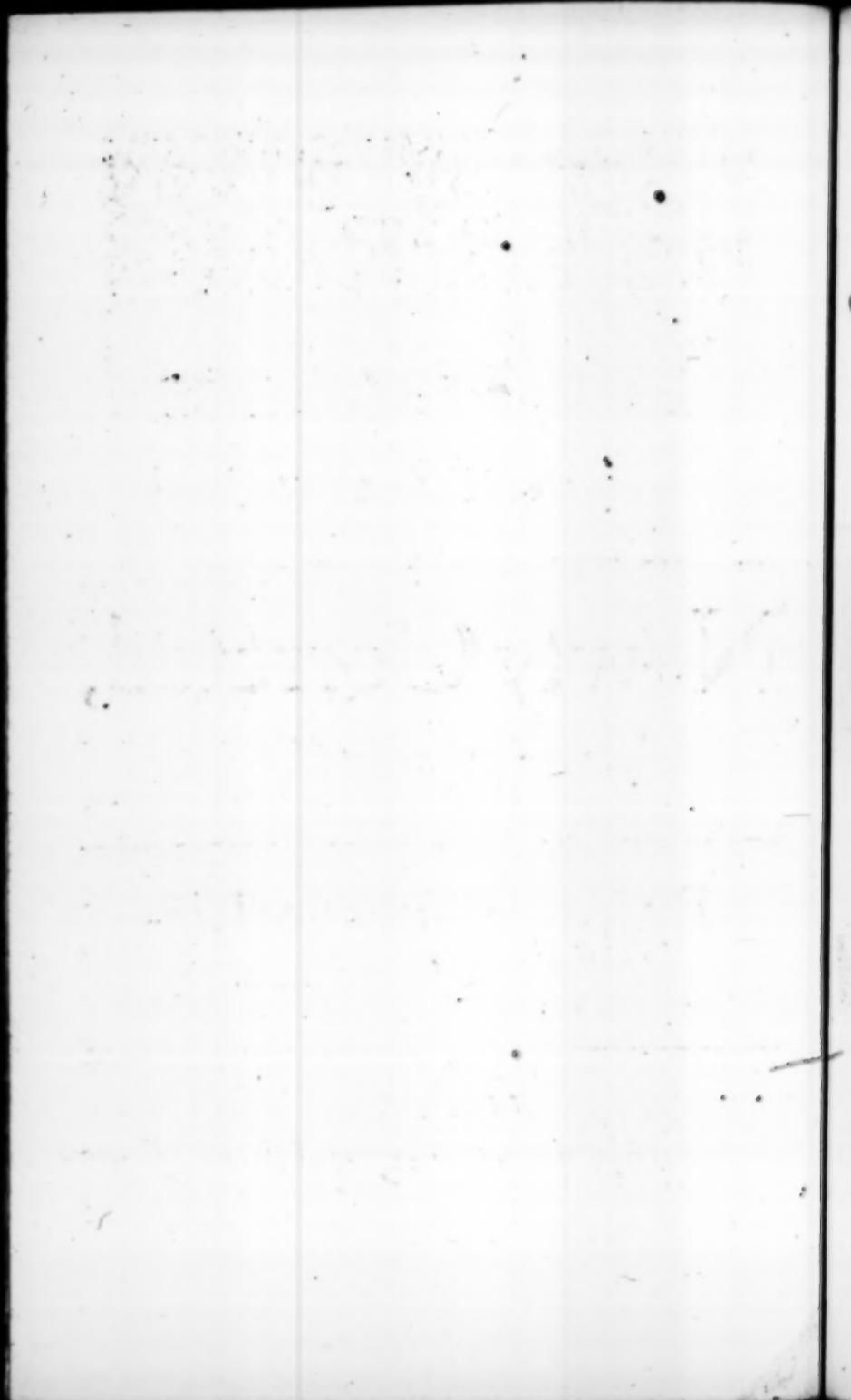


FIDELIA: Newly Corrected, *and augmented.*

By George Withers of Lin-
colns-Inne Gentleman.

LONDN.

Printed by John Beale for Thomas Walkley, and are
to be sold at his Shop at the Eagle and Child
in Brittaines-Burfe. 1620.





The Stationer to the Reader.



His Epistle intituled *Fidelia*, was
long since, imprinted to the vse of
the Author, who by the intreayt
of some of his acquaintance was
conent to bestow it on such as had
voluntarily requested it in way of an *Aduen-
ture*. But hauing dispersed many, and remem-
bring how far it would bee from his disposition
to lay claime to proffered gratuities, bee wholly
repented himselfe of what indeed he neuer well
approued of, & how iustly soever he might haue
challenged, more then many would haue lost, yet

To the Reader.

in steed of being he holding, is resolved, rather to
make those that haue received any of his Books
a little beholding to him, in freely forgiuing them
their unurged promises: And forasmuch as he
perceives that it delighted some, and is neuer
likely to preiudice any, it hath pleased him that
I should publish it to my owne benefit; so long as
I shall in the Imprinting thereof, carefully re-
spect his credit, which as I neuer intend to partie
of, on my part, so (hoping you that shall read it,
will on your behalfe censure it with as little ill
meaning to him, as he had malice towards you
in the composing thereof) I commit it to your
discretions, and wish I could as well present you
with all he hath been Author of.

Yours,

George Norton.

An Elegiacall Epistle of Fidelia, to her vncoustant Friend.

THE ARGUMENT.

This Elegiacall Epistle, being a fragment of some greater Poeme, discouers the modest affections of a discreet and constant Woman shadowed under the name of Fidelia; wherein you may perceiue the height of their Passions, so far as they seeme to agree with reason, and keepe within such decent bounds as becometh their Sex, but further it meddles not. The occasion seemes to proceed from some mutability in her friend, whose obiections shee here presupposing, confutes, and in the person of him iustly upbraiderth all that are subject to the like change, oricklenesse in minde. Among the rest some more weighty arguments then are (perhaps) expellid in such a subiect, are briefly, and yet somewhat seriously handled.


It I haue heard tell, & now for truth I find,
Once out of sight, and quickly out of minde.
And that it hath been rightly laid of old,
Lone that's soonest hot, is ever soonest cold.

Or

Fidelia.

Or else my teares at this time had not stain'd
The spotlesse paper, nor my lines complain'd,
I had not now been forced to haue sent
These for the *Nuncio's* of my discontent ;
Or thus exchanged, so vnhappily,
My songs of mirth, to write an Elegie.
But now I must, and since I must doe so,
Let me but craue thou wilt not flout my woe :
Nor entertaine my sorrowes with a scoffe,
But at least reade them, ere thou put them off.
And though my heart's too hard to haue compassion,
If thou'rt not pitty, doe not blame my *Passion*.
For well thou know'ft (alas that ere 'twas knowne)
There was a time (although that time be gone)
I, that for this, scarce dare a beggar bee,
Presum'd for more to haue commaunded thee ;
Yea, the *Day* was (but see how things may change)
When thou and I haue not been halfe so strange ;
But oft embraced with a gentle greeting,
And no worse words than *Tittle*, *Dose*, or *Sweeting*.
Yea, had thy meaning, and those vowes of thine,
Prost'd but as faithfull, and as true as mine,
It still had been so : (for I doe not faine)
I should reioyce it might be so againe.
But sith thy *Love* growes cold, and thou vnkinde,
Be not displeas'd I somewhat breath my minde,
I am in hope my words may proue a mirror,
Whereon thou looking, may'st behold thine error.

And

Fidelia.

And yet the *Heaven*, and my sad heart doth know,
How griu'd I am, and with what feeling woe
My minde is tortured, to thinke that I
Should be the brand of thy disloyalty :
Or liue to be the Author of a line,
That shall be printed with a fault of thine ;
(Since if that thou but slightly touched be,
Deepe wounds of griefe, and shame, it strikes in me.)
And yet I must; ill hap compels me to
What I neere thought to haue cause to doe.
And therefore seeing that some angry *Fate*
Imposes on me, what I so much hate :
Or since it is so, that the Powers diuine
Me miserable, to such cares assigne ;
Oh that *Loves* patron, or some sacred *Muse*
Amongst my *Passions*, would such Art infuse,
My well-fram'd words, and airy sighs might protie
The happy blasts to re-inflame thy loue.
Or at least touch thee with thy fault so neere,
That thou mightst see thou wrong'st, who held thee
Seeing, confessē the same, and so abhorre; (deere :
Abhorring, pitty, and repent thee for it.
But (*Deare*) I hope I may call thee so,
For thou art deare to me, although a foe ;
Tell me, is't true that I doe heare of thee,
And by thy absence now, so seemes to bee ?
Can such abuse be in thy Court of *Lone*,
False and inconstant now, thou *Hee* shouldst prone ?

Hee

Fidelia.

He that so wofull, and so pensiuue fate,
Vowing his seruice at my feete of late,
Art thou that *quondam* louer, whose sad eye
I neuer saw yet, in my prefence dry?
And from whose gentle-seeming tong I know
So many pitty-mouing words could flie :
Was't thou so soughtst my loue, so seeking that
As if it had been allth'hadst aymed at ;
Making me think thy *Passion* without staine,
And gently quite thee with my loue againe:
With this perswasion I so fairely plac'd it,
Nor *Time*, nor *Envie* should haue er'e defac'd it.
It's so? haue I done thus much? and art thou
So ouer-cloyed with my fauours now?
Art wearied since with louing, and estranged
So far? Is thy affection so much changed,
That I of all my hopes must be deceiu'd,
And all good thoughts of thee, be quite bereaued?

Then I finde true, which long before this day
I fear'd my selfe, and heard some wiser say ;
That there is nougat on earth so sweet, that can
Long relish with the curios taste of Man.

Happy was I; yea, well it was with me
Before I came to be bewitch'd by thee.
I ioy'd the sweet'st content that euer *Maid*
Possesst yet; and truely well-a-paid;
Made to my selfe alone, as pleasant mirth
As euer any *Virgine* did onearth.

The

Fidelia.

The melody I vs'd was free, and such,
As that Bird makes, whom neuer hand did touch,
But vn-allurd with Fowlers whistling flies
Aboue the reach of humarie treacheries.

And well I doe remember, often then
Could I read or'e the policies of men,
Diseouer what vncertainties they were,
How they would sigh, looke sad, protest, and swears,
Nay, faighe to die, when they did neuer proue
The flendrest touch of a right worthy loue :
But had chil'd hearts, whose dulnesse vnderstood
No more of *Passion*, then they did of good,
All which I noted well, and in my minde
(A generall humor amongst women-kinde)
This vow I made ; (thinking to keepe it than)
That neuer the faire tongue of any man,
Nor his complaint, though neuer so much grieu'd,
Should moue my heart to liking whil'st I liu'd.

But who can say, what she shall liue to doe ?
I haue beleu'd, and let in liking too,
And that so farre, I cannot yet see how
I may so much as hope, to helpe it now ;
Which makes me thinke, what er'e we women say,
Another minde wil I come, another day :
And that men may to things vnhop't for clime,
Who watch but *Opportunity* and *Time*.
For 'tis well knowne, we were not made of clay,
Or such course, and ill-temper'd stuppe as they,

Fidelia:

For he that fram'd vs of their flesh did daigne
When twas at best, to new refine't againe.
Which makes vs euer since the kinder *Creatures*,
Of farre more flexible, and yeelding *Natures*.
And as we oft excell in outward parts,
So we haue nobler, and more gentle hearts.
Which you well knowe, daily doe devise
How to imprint on them your *Cruelties*.
But doe I finde my cause thus bad indeed?
Or else on things imaginary feed?
Am I the lasse that late so truly iolly,
Made my selfe merry oft, at others folly?
Am I the Nymph that *Cupids* fancies blam'd,
That was so cold, to hard to be inflam'd?
Am I my selfe? or is my selfe that *Shee*
VVho from this *Thralldome*, or such falsehoods free,
Late own'd mine owne heart, and full merry then,
Did fore-warne others to beware of Men,
And could not, hauing taught them what to doe,
Now learne my selfe, to take heed of you too?
Foole that I am; I feare my guerdon's iust,
In that I knew this, and presum'd to trust.
An i yet (alas) for ought that I can tell,
One sparke of goodnesse in the world might dwell:
An i then I thought if such might be,
Why might not that one sparke remaine in thee?
For thy faire out-side, and thy fairer togue,
Promised much although thy yeares were yong.

And

Eidelia.

And *Vertue*, wherefouer she be now,
Seem'd then to sit enthron'd upon thy brow.
Yet sure it was ; but whether 'twere or no,
Certaine I am, and was perswaded so,
Which made me loth to thinke that word of fashion
Could be so fram'd, so oner-laid with *Passion*,
Or sighes so feeling fain'd from any brest,
Nay, say thou hadst been false in all the rest,
Yet from thy eye my heart such notice tooke,
Me thought guile could not faine so sad a looke.
But now I'ue try'd, my bought experience knowes,
They are oft worst that make the fairest bewes.
And howeere men faine an outward givning,
'Tis neither worth respelling, nor believing,
For she that doth one to her mercy take,
Warms in her bosome but a frozen shake
Which heated with her fauours, gathers scince,
And stings her to the heart in recompence.
But tell me why, and for what secret spight
You in poore women's miseries delight
For so it seemes; else why d'yee labour for
That, which when 'tis obtain'd, you doe abhor ?
Or to what end doe you endure such paine
To win our loue, and cast it off againe ?
Oh that we either your hard hearts could borrow,
Or else your strengths to helpe vs beare our sorrow :
But we are cause of all this griefe and shame,
And we have none but our owne selues to blame.

Fidelia.

For still we see your falsehoods for our learning,
Yet neuer can haue power to tak't for warning;
But as if borne to be deluded by you,
We know you trustlesse, and yet still we try you.

(Alas)what wrong was in my power to do thee?
Or what despight haue I ere done vnto thee?
That thou shouldest chuse Me, aboue all the rest,
To be thy scorne, and thus be made a iest.
Must mens ill natures such true viliains proue them,
To make them wrong those most that loue them?
Couldst thou finde none in Countrey, Towne or Countys,
But onely Me,to make thy Foe, thy spoit?
Thou knowst I haue no wanton courses runne,
Nor seemed easie vnto lewdnesse wonne.
And though I cannot boast me of much wit,
Thou saw'st no signe of fondnesse in me yet.
Nor did ill nature euer so ore-sway me,
To flout at any that did woe or pray me.
But grant I had been guilty of abusage,
Of thee I me sure I ner'e deseru'd such vsage.
But thou wer't grieued to behold my smilings,
When I was free from loue, and thy beguilings.
Or to what purpose else, di ist thou bestow
Thy time, and study to delude me so?
Hast thou good parts? and dost thou bend them all
To bring those that ne're hated thee in thrall?
Prethee take hee i, although thou yet enjoy'st them
They i be tooke from thee, if thou so employ'st them.

For

Fidelia.

For though I wish not the least hearme to thee,
I feare, the iust *Heavens* will reuenged bee.

Oh! what of *Me* by this time had become,
If my desires with thine had hapt to rome,
Or I, vnwisely had consented to
What (shamelesse) once thou didst attempt to doe?

I might haue falne, by those immodestrikes,
Had not some power been stronger then my Sex:
And if I should haue so been drawne to folly
I saw thee apt enough to be vnholy.

Or if my weaknesse had been prone to sinne
I poorely by thy strength haue succour'd bin.

You Men make vs belieue you doe but try,
And that's your part (you say) ours to deny.

Yet I much feare, if we through frailty stray,
There's few of you within your bounds will stay;
But, maugre all your seeming *Virtue*, bee
As ready to forget your selues, as we.

I might haue fear'd thy part of loue not strong,
When thou didst offer me so base a wrong:
And that I after loath'd thee not, did proue
In me some extraordinary *Lone*.
For sure had any other, but in thought,
Presum'd vnworthily what thou haft songht,
Might it appeare, I should doe thus much for him,
With a scarceresuemed hate abhorre him.

My yong experience neuer yet did know
Whether desire might range so farre, o~~o~~ no,

Fidelia.

To make true *Lovers* carelessly request,
What rash enioyning makes them most vnblest,
Or blindly, that owtow frailty giue consenting
To that, which done brings nothing but repenting.
But in my iudgement it doth rather proue
That thou art fir'd with lust, then warm'd with loue,
And if it be for psoof men to proceede,
It shewes a doubt else what doe trials neede.
And where is that man liuing euer knew
That false distract, could be with loue that's true?
Since the meete cause of that vnblam'd effect,
~~Such an opinion is, that~~ *lutes suspect.*
And yet I will thee and thy loue excuse,
If thou wilt neither me, nor mine abuse.
For Ile suppose thy passion made thee proffer
That vnto me, thou to none else wouldest offer.
And so, thinke thou, if I haue thee deni'd,
Whom I more lou'd then all men else beside.
What hope haue they, such fauour to obtaine,
That never halfe so much respect could gaine?
Such was my loue that I did value thee
Aboue all things below eternity.
Nothing on *Earth* vnto my hart was nearer
No joy so prized, nor no Iewell dearer.
Nay: I doe feare I did *Idolatrise*;
For which *Heavens* wrath inflicts these miseries,
And makes thet things which is for blessings sent,
To be removers of my disconteinit.

VVhere

Fidelia.

VVhere was there any of the *Naiades*,
The *Dryades*, or the *Hemadryades*?
Which of the *Brittish* Shires can yeld againe,
A mistresse of the *Springes*, or *Wood*, or *Plaine*?
Whose eye enjoy'd more sweet contents then mine,
Till I receiu'd my ouerthrow by thine?
Where's she did delight in *Springs* and *Rills*?
Where's she that walk'd more *Groues*, or *Dawns*, or
Or could by such faire artlesse prospect, more (*Hils*)?
Adde by conceit, to her contentments store
Then I, whilſt thou werſt true, and with thy *Graces*
Didſt give a pleasing presence to thoſe places?
But now *What is*; *What was* hāth ouerthowne,
My *Rose-deckt* allies, now with *Rue* are ſtrowne;
And from thoſe flowers that honied uſe to be,
I ſucke nougnt now but iuyce to poyſon mee.

For eu'n as ſhe, whose gentle ſpirit can raise
To apprehenid *Loues* noble myſteries,
Spyng a precious *Jewell* richly ſet,
Shine in ſome corner of her *Cabinet*,
Taketh delight at firſt to gaze vpon
The pretty luſtre of the ſparkling ſtone,
And pleaf'd in minde, by that doth ſeeme to ſee
How vertue ſhines through base obſcurity;
But prying neerer, ſeeing it doth proue
Some relique of her deere deceased *Loue*,
Which to her ſad remembrance doth lay ope,
What ſhe moſt ſought, and ſees moſt far from hope:

Fidelia.

Fainting almost beneath her *Passions* weight,
And quite forgetfull of her first conceit ;
Looking ypon't againe, from thence she borrowes
Sad melancholy thoughts to feed her sorowes.

So I beholding *Nature* curious bowers,
Seel'd, strow'd, and trim'd vp with leaues, hearbs, &
Walke pleased on a while, and do dewize (flowers,
How on each obiect I may moralize,
But er'e I pace on many steps, I see
There stands a *Hawthorne* that was trim'd by thee :
Here thou didst once slip off the virgin spraies,
To crowne me with a wreath of living Bayes,
On such a Banke I see how thou didst lyce,
When viewing of a shady *Mulbery*,
The hard mishap thou didst to me discusse
Of louing *Thy* (be), and yong *Piramus* :
And oh (thinke I) how pleasing was it then,
Or would be yet, might he returne agen.
But if some neighbouring *Row* doe draw me to
Those *Arbors*, where the shadowes seeme to wooc
The weary loue, sick *Passenger*, to sit
And view the beauties *Nature* strowes on it ;
How faire (think I) would this sweet place appeare,
If he I loue, were sporting with me here :
Nay, euery severall obiect that I see,
Doth severally (me thinkes) remember thee.
But the delight Iys'd from it to gather,
I now exchange for cares, and seeke them rather.

But

Fidelia.

But those whose dull and grosse affections can
Extend but onely to desire a *Man*,
Cannot the depth of these rare *Passions* know :
For their imaginations flagge too low ;
And cause their base *Consciences* doe apprehend
Nothing but that whereto the flesh doth tend ;
In *Loues* embraces they nere reach vnto
More of content than the brute *Creatures* do.
Neither can any iudge of this, but such
Whose brauer minds for brauer thoughts doe touch,
And hauing spirits of a nobler frame,
Feele the true heate of *Loues* vnquench'd flame.
They may conceiue aright what smarting stiag
To their *Remembrances* the place will bring,
Where they did once enjoy, and then doe misse,
What to their soules most deere and precious is.
With me 'tis so ; for those walkes that once seem'd
P' easing, when I of thee was more esteem'd,
To me appeare most desolate and lonely,
And are the places now of torment onely.
Where I the highest of contents did borrow,
There am I paid it home with treble sorrow.

Vnto one place I doe remember well,
We walkt the eu'nings to heare *Phylomell* :
And that seemes now to want the light it had :
The shadow of the *Gron*'s more dull and sad,
As if it were a place but fit for Fooles,
That screech ill lucke ; as melancholy *Owles*,

Or

Fistelia.

Or fatall *Raines*, that seld boding good,
Croke their blacke *Auguries* from some darke wood.
Then if from thence I haue despairing go,
Another place begins another woe:
For thus vnto my thought it seemes to say,
Hither thou saw'st him riding once that way;
Thither to meete him thou didst nimblly haft thee,
Yon he alighted, and eu'n there embrac'd thee;
VVhich whilst I sighing wish to doe againe,
Another object brings another paine:
For passing by that *Greene*, which (could it speake)
VVould tell it saw vs runne at *Early-breaker*;
There I beheld, what on a thin rin'd tree
Thou hadst engrauen for the loue me;
VVhen we two, all one, in heate of day,
VVith chaste embraces draue swiftheures away;
Then I remember too, vnto my smart,
How loath we were, when time compeld to part;
How cunningly thy *Passions* thou could'st faine,
In taking leaue, and comming backe againe;
So oft, vntill (as seeming to forget)
VVe were departing) downe againe we set;
And freshly in that sweet discourse went on,
VVhich now I almost faint to thinke vpon.
Viewing againe those other *Valkes*, and *Groues*
That haue been witnesses of our chaste loues;
VVhen I beheld those Trees whose tender skin
Hath that cut out, which still cuts me within.

Or

Fidelia.

Or come by chance vnto that pretty Rill
Where thou wouldest sit, & teach the neighboring fill
To answere in an Echo vnto those
Rare *Problems* which thou often didst propose.
VVhen I come there (thinke I) if these could take
That vse of words and speech which we partake,
They might vnfold a thousand pleasures then
VVhich I shall never like to taste agen:
And therupon *Remembrance* doth to racke
My thoughts, with representing what I lacke,
That in my mind those Clerkes doe argue well,
VVhich hold *Primation* the great'st plague of hell.
For theres no torment gripes me halfe so bad,
As the *Remembrance* of those joyes I had.

Oh hast thou quite forgot, when sitting by
The bankes of *Thame*, beholding how the *Fry*
Playd on the siluer waues? There where I first
Granted to make my *Portune* thus accurst;
There where thy too-too earnest suit compeld
My ouer-soone beleuuing heart to yeld
One fauour first, which then another drew
To get another, till (alas) I ruc
That day and houre, thinking I were should need
(As now) to grieue for doing such a deed,
So freely I my curtesies bestow'd,
That whose I was vnwarilie I show'd
And to my heart such passage mad for thes,
Thon canst not to this day remoued be;

And

Fidelia.

And what breast could resist it, hauing seen
How true thy loue had in appearance been.
For I shall ne're forget, when thou hadst there
Laid open every discontent and care,
Wherwith thou deeply seemd'st to me opprest.
When thou as (as much as any could protest)
Had'st vow'd and sworn, and yet perceiu'dst no sign
Of pitty-mouing in this brest of mine:
Well Loue (said'st thou) since neither sigh nor vow,
Nor any seruice may preuaile me now:
Since neither the recitall of my smart,
Nor those strong *Passions* that assaile my heart,
Nor any thing may moue thee to beleue
Of these my sufferings, or to grant releefe:
Since there's no comfort, nor desert, that may
Get me so much as *Hope* of what I pray;
Sweet *Loue* farewell, farewell faire beauties light,
And eu'ry pleasing obie&t of the sight:
My poore despairing hart here biddeth you,
And all Content, for euermore adue.
Then eu'n as thou seemd'st ready to depart;
Reaching that hand, which after gaue my hart,
(And thinking this sad *Farewell* did proceed
From a sound brest, but truely mou'd indeed)
I staid thy departing from mee so,
Whilst I stood mute with sorrow, thou for show.
And the meane while as I beheld thy looke,
My eye th'impression of such *Pitty* tooke,
That,

Fidelia.

That, with the strength of *Passion* ouercome,
A deepe fetch't sigh my heart came breathing from:
Wherat thou(euer wisely vsing this
To take aduantage when it offered is)
Renewd'st thy sute to me, who did afford
Consent, in silence first, and then in word.
So that for yeelding thou maist thanke thy wit,
And yet when euer I remember it,
Trust me, I muse, and often, wondring, thinke
Thorough what craney, or what secret chinke
That *Love* vnwares, so like a flye close Elfe,
Did to my heart insinuate it selfe.
Gallants I had, before thou cam'st to woo',
Could as much loue, and as well court me too;
And though they had not learned so the fashion,
Of acting such well-counterfeited *Passion*;
In wit, and person, they did equall thee,
And worthier seem'd, vnlesse thou'l't faithfull be.
Yet still vnmou'd, vnconquer'd I remain'd:
No, not one thought of loue was entertain'd:
Nor could they brag of the least fauour to them,
Saue what meere curtesie enioyn'd to doe them.
Hard was my heart: But would't had harder bin,
And then, perhaps, I had not let thee in,
Thou *Tyrant*, that art so imperious there,
And onely tak'st delight to *Dominere*.
But held I out such strong, such oft assailing,
And euer kept the honour of preuailing?

Was

Fidelia.

Was this poore breast from loves allurings free,
Cruell to all, and gentle vnto thee?
Did I vnlocke that strong affections dore,
That never could be broken ope before,
Onely to thee? and at thy intercession
So freely giue vp all my hearts possession :
That to my selfe I left not one poore veine,
Nor power, nor will to put thee from't againe?
Did I doe this, and all on thy bare vow,
And wilt thou thus requite my kindnesse now?
Oh that thou either hadst not leard to faine,
Or I had power to cast thee off againe!
How is it that thou art become so rude,
And ouer-blinded by *Ingratitude*?
Swearst thou so deeply that thou wouldest perseuer,
That I might thus be cast away for euer?
VVell, then tis true that Lovers periuries,
Among some men, are thought no iniuries :
And that she onely hath least cause of grieve,
VVho of your words hath smalst, or no beliefe.

Had I the wooer bin, or fondly won,
This had bin ~~more~~ tho, then thou couldst haue don;
But neither being so, what Reason is
On thy side, that should make thee offer this?

I know, had I been false, or my faith faild,
Thou wouldest at womens sicklenesse haue railed;
And if in me it had an error bin,
In thee shall the same fault be thought no sin?

Rather

Fidelia.

Rather I hold that which is bad in mee,
Will be a greater blemish vnto thee :
Because by *Nature* thou art made more strong,
And therefore abler to endure a wrong.
But tis our *Fortune*, you'l le haue all the power,
Onely the *Care* and *Burden* must be our.
Nor can you be contentt a wrong to do,
Vnlesse you lay the blame vpon vs too.
Oh that there were some gentle-minded *Peer*
That knew my heart, as well as now I know it ;
And would endeare me to his loue so much,
To giue the world (though but) a slender touch
Of that sad *Passion* which now clogs my heart,
And shew my truth, and thee how false thou art :
That all might know, what is beleeu'd by no man,
Ther's ficklenesse in men, and faith in woman.
Thou saw'st I first let *Pitty* in, then liking,
And lastly, that which was thy onely seeking :
And when I might haue scottd that loue of thine,
(As now vrgently thou despisest mine,)
Among the inmost Angles of my brest,
To lodge it by my heart I thought it best :
Which thou hast stolne too like a thankelesse Mate,
And left me nothing but a blacke selfe-hate.
What canst thou say for this, to stand contending ?
What colour hast thou left for thy offending ?
That wit, perhaps, hath some excuse in store,
Or an euasion to escape a sore.

But

Fidelia.

But ywell I know, if thou excuse this treason,
It must be by some greater thing then reasō.
Are any of those *vertues* yet defac'd,
On which thy first affection seemed plac'd?
Hath any secret foe my true faith wronged,
To rob the blisse that to my heart belonged?
What then? shall I condemned be vnheard,
Before thou knowest how I may be clear'd?
Thou art acquainted with the times condition,
Know'st it is full of enuy, and suspition,
So that the war'est in thought, word, and action,
Shall be most iniur'd by foule mouth'd-detractiōns.
And therfore thou, me-thinks, should'st wisely pause
Before thou credit rumors without cause.
But I haue gotten such a confidence
In thy opinion, of my innocence :
It is not that, I know, with-holds thee now:
Sweet, tell me then ; is it some sacred vow?
Hast thou resolued, not to ioyne thy han' i
With any one in *Hymens* holy band?
Thou shuldest haue done it then, whē thou wert free,
Before thou hadst bequeath'd thy selfe to mee.
What vow dost deeme more pleasing vnto *Heaven*,
Then what is by vnfained louers given?
If any be, yet sure it frowneth at
Those that are made for contradicting that.
But if thou wouldest liue chastely all thy life,
That thou maist doe, though we be man and wife ?

Or

Fidelia.

Or if thou long'st a *Virgin*-death to die,
Why, if it be thy pleasure, so doe I.
Make me but thine, and I'le (contented) be
A *Virgin* still, yet liue and lie with thee.
Then let not thy inuenting braine assay
To mocke, and still delude me every way;
But call to mind, how thou hast deeply sworne
Nor to neglect, nor leaue me thus forlorne.
And if thou wilt not be to me as when
We first did loue, do but come see me then;
Vouchsafe that I may sometime wish thee walke
Or sit and looke on thee, or heare thee talke;
And I that most content once aim'd at
Will thinke there is a world of blisse in that.
Dost thou suppose that my *Desires* denies
With thy affections well to sympathize?
Or such peruersnesse hast thou found in me,
May make our *Natures* disagreeing be?
Thou knowst whē thou didst wake I could not sleep;
And if thou wert but sad, that I should weep.
Yet even when the teares my cheeke did staine,
If thou didst smile, why I could smile againe:
I never did contrary thee in ought:
Nay, thou canst tell, I oft haue spake thy thought.
Waking; the selfe-same course with thee I runne;
And sleeping, oftertimes our dreames were one.

The Dyall needle, though it sence doth want,
Still betids to the beloued *Adamant*;

Fidelia.

Lift the one vp, the other vpward tends ;
If this fall downe, that presently descends :
Turne but about the stome, the steele turnes to ;
Then straighte returnes, if but the other do ;
And if it stay, with trembling keepes one place,
As if it panting longd for an embrace.
So wast with me : for if thou merry wert,
That mirth of thine, mourd ioy within my heart :
I sighed too, when thou didst sigh or frowne :
Whē thou w^{ere} sick, thou hast perceiud me swoone ;
And being sad, haue oft, with forc'd delight,
Striv'd to giue thee content beyond my might.
Whē thou wouldest talke, thē haue I talkd with thee,
And silent been, when thou wouldest silent be.
If thou abroad didst goe, with ioy I went ;
If home thou lou'dst, at home was my content :
Yea, what did to my *Nature* disagree,
I could make pleasing, cause it pleased thee :
But ift be either my weake Sexe, or youth,
Makes thee misdoubt my vndistained truth,
Know this ; as none till that unhappy hower,
VVhen I was first made thine, had euer power
To moue my heart, by vowes, or teares expence ;
No more, I sweare, could any *Creature* since.
No looks but thine, though aimd with *Passions* Art,
Could pierce so deepe to penetrate my hart.
No name but thine, was welcome to my care ;
No word did I so soone, so gladly heare ;

Nor

Fidelia.

Nor neuer could my eyes behold or see,
VVhat I was since delighted in, but thee.
And sure thou wouldest beleue it to be so,
If I could tell, or words might make thee know,
How many a weary night my tumbled bed
Hath knowne me sleeples: what salt teares I'ue shed;
What scalding sighes, the markes of soules opprest,
Haue hourelly breathed from my carefull brest:
Nor wouldest thou deeme those waking sorrowes
If thou mightst see how sleeping I am paind. (faind,
For if sometimes I chance to take a slumber,
Vnwelcomme dreames my broken rest doth cumber,
Which drening makes me start, startting with feares
VVakes; and so waking renew my cares:
Vntill my eyes ore-tir'd with watch and weeping,
Drownd in their owne flouds, fall again to sleeping.
Oh'that thou couldst but think, when last we parted,
How much I, grieuing for thy absence, smarted:
My very soule fell sicke, my heart to aking,
As if they had their last *Farewels* been taking;
Or feared by some secret Diuination,
This thy reuolt, and causelesse alteration.
Didst thou not feele how loth that hand of mine,
VVas to let goe the hold it had of thine?
And with what heauy, what vnwilling looke
I leaue of thee, and then of comfort tooke?
I know thou didst; and though now thus thou doe,
I am deceiuid, but then it grieud thee too.

Fidelia.

Then, if I so with *Lones* fell passion vexed
For thy departure onely was perplexed,
When I had left to strengthen me some trust,
And hope, that thou wouldest neare haue prou'd vnjust:
What was my torture then, and hard endurance,
When of thy falsehood I receiu'd assurance.

Alas, my tongue, a while, with griefe was dumbe,
And a cold shuddering did my ioynts benamme,
Amazement seiz'd my thought, and so preuailed,
I found me ill, but knew not what I ailed:
Nor can I yet tell, since my suffering then
Was more then could be showne by Poets pen;
Or well conceiu'd by any other hart
Then that which in such care hath borne a part.

Oh me; how loth was I to haue beleuird
That to be true, for which so much I grieu'd.
How gladly would I haue perswaded bin,
There had bin no such matter, no such sin.
I would haue had my heart thinke that (I knew
To be the very truth) not to be true.
Why may not this, thought I, some vision be,
Some sleeping dreame, or waking phantasie
Begotten by my ouer-blinded folly,
Or else engendred through my *Melancholy*?
But finding it so reall (thoug ht I) then
Must I be cast from all my hopes agen?
What are become of all those fading blisses,
Which late my hope had, and now so much misses?

Where

Fidelia.

Where is that future fickle happiness
Which I so long expected to possesse ?
And thought I too ; where are his dying *Passions*,
His honied words, his bitter lamentations ?
To what end were his *Sonnets*, *Epigrams*,
His pretty *Poses*, witty *Anagrams* ?
I could not think, all that might haue beene fain'd,
Nor any faith, I thought so firme, bin stain'd :
Nay, I doe sure and confidently know,
It is not possible it shold be so :
If that rare Art and *Passion* was thine owne,
Which in my presence thou haft often showne,
But since thy change, my much presaging heart
Is halfe afrai'd, thou some impostor wer't :
Or that thou didst but Player-like address) .
A & that which flow'd from some more gentle brest,
Thy pufi inuention, with worse matter swolne,
Those thy conceits from better wits hath stolne :
Or else I know it could not be, that thou
Shouldst be so ouer-cold as thou art now ;
Since those, who haue that feelingly their owne,
Euer possesse more worth conceal'd, then knowne.
And if *Love* ever any Mortals touch,
To make a braue impression, tis in such,
Who sworne loues Chaplaines, will not vjolate
That, whereunto themselues they consecrate.
But oh you noble brood, on whom the world
The slighted burthen of negle&t hath hul'd,

Fidelia.

(Because your thoughts for higher obiects borne,
Their groueling humors and affection scorne)

You whom the *Gods*, to heare your straines, will fol-
Whilst you do court the sisters of *Apollo*. (low,

You whom theres none that's worthy, can neglect,
Or any that vnworthy is, affect :

Do not let those that seeke to doe you shame,
Bewitch vs with those songs they cannot frame :

The nobleſt of our Sexe, and faireſt too,
Doe euer loue and honour ſuch as you.

Then wrong vs not ſo much to giue your *Passion*
To those that haue it but in imitation :

And in their dull breasts neuer feele the power
Of ſuch deepe thoughts as ſweetly moue in your.

As well as you, they vs thereby abuse,
For (many times) when we our *Lovers* chuse,
VVhere we thinke *Nature* that rich *Jewell* ſets
VVhich ſhines in you, we light on counterfets.

But ſee, ſee whither discontentment beares me,
And to what vncouth ſtraines my *Passion* reares me :
Yet pardon me, I here againe repent,
If I haue erred through that discontent.

Be what thou wilt, be counterfeiſt or right,
Be conſtant, ſerious, or be vaine, or light,
My loue remains inuiolate the ſame,
Thou canſt be nothing that can quench this flame,
But it will burne as long as thou haſt breath
To keepe it kindled (if not after death)

Nere

Fidelia.

Nere was there one more true, then I to thee
And though my faith must now despised be,
Vnprizd, vnualed at the lowest rate,
Yet this I le tell thee, tis not all thy state,
Nor all that better-seeming worth of thine,
Can buy thee such another *Lone* as mine :
Liking it may, but oh theres as much oddes,
Twixt loue and that, as betweene men and Gods :
And tis a purchase not procur'd with treasure,
As some fooles thinke, nor to be gaind at pleasure;
For were it so, and any could assur it,
What would not some men part with, to procure it?
But though thou weigh't not, as thou ought st to do,
Thou knowst I loue, and once didst loue me too.
Then wheres the cause of this dislike in thee?
Suruey thy selfe, I hope theres none in me.
Yet looke on her from whom thou art estranged?
See, is my person, or my beauty changed?
Once thou didst praise it, prethee view't agen,
And marke ist be not still the same twas then :
No false *Vermilion*-dye my checke distaines,
Tis the poore blood dispers't through pores & vaines,
Which thou hast oft seen through my forehead flush-
To shew no dawby colour hid my blushing : (ing,
Nor neuer shall: *Virtue*, I hope, will saue me,
Contented with that beauty *Nature* gaue me :
Or ist seeme lesse, for that grieves vaile had hid it,
Thou threwst it on me, twas not I that did it,

Fidelia.

And canst againe restore, what may repaire
All that's decay'd, and make me far more faire:
VVhich if thou do, I'lc be more wary than
To keep't for thee vnablemish, what I can :
And cause at best twill want much of perfection,
The rest shall be supply'd with true affection,
But I do feare, it is some others riches,
Whose more abundance that thy mind bewitches,
So that base obie^ct, that too generall aime,
Makes thee my lesser *Fortune* to disclaime.
Fie, canst thou so degenerate in spirit,
As to prefer the meanes before the merite?
Although I cannot say it is in me,
Such worth somtimes with pouerty may be
To equalize the match she takes vpon her ;
Tho thother vaunt of Birth, Wealth, Beuty, Honour,
And many a one that did for greatnesse wed,
Would gladly change it for a meaner bed.
Yet are my *Fortunes* knowne indifferent,
Not basely meane, but such as may content:
And though I yeeld the better to be thine,
I may be bold to say thus much, for mine :
That if thou couldst of them and me esteeme,
Neither thy state, nor birth, would mis-beseeme :
Or if it did ; how can I help't (alas)
Thou, not alone, before knew'st what it was.
But I (alhough not fearing so to speed)
Did also disirable't more than need.

And

Fidelia.

And yet thou wo'dst, and wooing didst persecuer,
As if thou hadst intended *Loue* for ever :
Yea, thy account of wealth thou mad'st so small,
Thou had'st not any question o'rt at all ;
But hating much that peasant-like condition,
Did'st seeme displeas'd I heare it in suspition,
Whereby I thinke, if nothing else do thwatt vs,
It cannot be the want of that will part vs.
Yea, I do rather doubt indeed, that this
The needless feare of friends displeasure is ;
That is the barre that stops out my delight,
And all my hope and ioy confoundeth quite.
But beares there any in thy heart such sway
To shut me thence, and wipe thy loue away ?
Can there be any friend that hath the power,
To disunite hearts so conioyn'd as our ?
E're I would haue so done by thee ; I'de rather
Haue parted with one deerer then my father.
For though the will of our Creator binds
Each child to learne and know his parents minds ;
Yet sure I am, so iust a *Dexter*,
Commandeth nothing against *Pietis*.
Nor doth that band of duty giue them leaue,
To violate their faith, or to deceiue.
And though that *Parents* haue authoritie,
To rule their children in minoritie :
Yet they are never granted such power on them,
That will allow to tyrannize vpon them,

Or

Fidelia.

Or vse them vnder their command so ill,
To force them, without reason to their will.

For who hath read in all the sacred writ,
Of any one compeld to marriage (yet?)
Or father so vnkind(thereto requird)
Denide his *Child* the match that he desir'd,
So that he found the lawes did not forbid it?
I thinke those gentler ages no men did it.

In those daies therefore for them to haue bin
Contracted without licence, had been sin?
Since there was more good *Nature* among men,
And euery one more truly louing then.

But now (although we stand obliged still

To labour for their liking and good will)
There is no duty whereby they may tie vs
From ought which without reason they deny vs:
For I do thinke, it is not onely meant,
Children should aske, but *Parents* should consent:
And that they erre, their duty as much breaking,
For not consenting, as we not for speaking.

” It is no maruell many matches be

” Concluded now without their priuitie;

” Since they, through greedy *Anarioe* misled,

” Their interest in that haue forfeited.

For these respectlesse of all care, do marry

Hot youthfull *May* to cold old *January*.

Those for some greedy end doe basely tie
The sweetest faire to foule deformitie.

Forcing

Fidelia.

Forcing a loue from where 'twas placed late,
To re-ingraffe it where it turns to hate.
It seemes no cause of hindrance in their eyes,
Though manners nor affections sympathize.
And two Religions by their rules of state,
They may in one made body tolerate,
As if they did desire that double stemme.
Should fruitfull beare but *Newters* like to them.
Alas, how many numbers of both kindes
By that haue euer discontented mindes:
And liue(though seeming vnto others well)
In the next torments vnto those of hell.
How many desprate growne by this their sinne,
Haue both vndone themselues and all the ir kione
Many a one we see it makes to fall
With the too-late repenting *Prodigall*.
Thousands, though else by nature gentler giuen,
To a&t the horridst murthers oft are driuen.
And (which is worse)there's many a carelessse else,
(Vnlesse Heauen pitty)kils and damnes his selfe.
Oh what hard heart,or what vnpitying eyes,
Could hold from teares to see thos Tragedies,
Parents by their negle&t in this,haue hurld
Vpon the stage of this respectlesse world?
Tis not one *Man*,one *Family*,one *Kinne*,
No nor one *Countray* that hath ruin'd bin
By such their folly,which the cause hath prou'd,
That forraine oft, and ciuill warres were mou'd

By

Fidelia.

By such beginnings many a Citie lies
Now in the dust, whose *Turrets* brau'd the skies :
And diuers *Monarchs* by such fortunes crost,
Haue seene their Kingdome's fir'd, and spoil'd, & lost.
Yet all this while, thou seest, I mention not
The ruine, shame, and chaſtitie hath got ;
For tis a task too infinite to tell
How many thousands that would haue done well,
Doe by the meaneſs of this, ſuffer deſires
To kindle in their hearts vnlawfull fires ;
Nay, ſome in whose cold breast nere flame had bin,
Haue onely for meere vengeaſce falne to fin.

My ſelfe haue ſeene, and my heart bled to ſee't,
A witleſſe Clowne enjoy a ſnatch vnmēt.
She was a Lasse that had a looke to move
The heart of cold *Diogenes* to loue :
Her eye was ſuch, whose every glance did know
To kindle flames upon the hills of ſnow ;
And by her powerfull peircings could imprint,
Or ſparkle fire into a heart of flint :
And yet, vntleſſe I much deceiued be,
In very thought did hate immodestie :
And (had ſh' enioyd the man ſhe could haue low'd)
Might, to this day, haue liued vnteprou'd :
But being forc'd, perforce, by ſeeming friends,
VVith her conſent, ſhe her contentment ends.
In that compel'd, her ſelfe to him ſhe gaue,
Whose bed, ſhe rather could haue wiſt her graue ;

And

Fidelia.

And since, I heare, what I much feare is true,
That ~~she~~ ~~hath~~ bidden shame and fame adieu.

Such are the causes now that *Parents* quite
Are put beside much of their ancient right;
Their feare of this, makes children to withhold
From giuing them those dues which else they wold:
And these thou see'ſt are the too-fruitfull ills,
Vvhich daily spring from their vnbridled wils.
Yet they, forsooth, will haue it vnderstood,
That all their study, is their childrens good.
A seeming *Lone* shall couer all they do:
When, if the matter were well look't into,
Their carefull reach is chiefly to fulfill
Their owne foule, greedy, and infatiate will:
Who quite forgetting they were euer young,
Would haue the children dote with them on dung.
Grant, betwixt two, there be true loue, content,
Birth not mis-seeming, wealth sufficient,
Equalitie in yeares, an honest fame,
In euery side the person without blame,
And they obedient too: Vvhat can you gather
Of *Lone*, or of Affection, in that father,
That but a little to augment his treasure,
(Perhaps, no more but only for his pleasure:)
Shall force his child to one he doth abhor,
From her he loues, and iustly seeketh for;
Compelling him (for such mis-fortune grieu'd)
To die with care, that might with ioy haue liu'd?

This

Fidelia.

This you may say is *Loue*, and swear as well,
There's paines in *Heauen*, and delights in *Hell* ;
Or that the Diuels fury and austerity
Proceeds out of his care of our posperity.
Would *Parents* (in this age) haue vs begin
To take by their eyes, our affections in ?
Or doe they think we beare them in our fist,
That we may still remoue them as we list ?
It is impossible it should be thus,
For we are rul'd by *Loue*, not *Loue* by vs :
And so our power so much ner'e reached to,
To know where we shall loue, vntill we doe.
And when it comes, hide it a while we may,
But 'tis not in our strengths to driu't away.

Either mine owne eye should my chuser be,
Or I would ner'e weare *Hymens* Liuery.
For who is he so neare my heart doth rest,
To know what 'tis, that mine approued best :
I haue my selfe beheld those men, whose frame
And outward personages had nought of blame
They had (what might their good proportion grace)
The much more mouing part, a comely face,
Which many of those complements, which we
In common men, of the best breeding see.
They had discourse, and wit enough to carry
Themselves in fashion, at an *Ordinary* ;
Gallants they were, lou'd company and sport,
Wore fauours, and had *Mistresses* in Court ;

And

Fidelia.

And every way were such as now might seeme
Worthy of note, respect, and such esteeme ;
Yet hath my eie more cause of liking seene,
Where nought perhaps by some hath noted beene :
And I haue there found more content, by farre,
Where some of these perfections wanting are ;
Yea so much, that their beauties were a blot
To them (me thought) because he had them not.

There some peculiar thing innated,
That beares an vncontrouled sway in this ;
And nothing but it selfe knowes how to fit
The mind with that which best shall suit with it.
Then why should *Parents* thrust themselues into
What they want warrant for, and power to doe ?
How is it they are so forgetfull growne,
Of those coditions, that were once their owne ?
Doe they so dote amidst their wits perfection,
To thinke that age and youth hath like affection :
(When they do see 'mong those of equally yeares,
One hateth what another most endeartes.)
Or doe they thinke their wisedomes can invent
A thing to give, that's greater than Content ?
No, neither shall they wrap vs in such blindnesse,
To make vs thinke the spight they doe, is kindnesse.
For as I would aduise no child to stray
From the least duty that he ought to pay :
So would I also haue him wisely know,
How much that duty is which he doth owe :

That

Fidelia.

That knowing what doth vnto both belong,
He may do them their right,himselfe no wrong.
For if my *Parents*; him I loath should chuse,
Tis lawfull, yea my duty to refuse :
Else, how shall I leade so vpright a life,
As is enioyned to the *Man* and *Wife*?
Since that we see some time there are repentings,
Eu'n where there are the most, and best contentings.
VVhat, though that by our *Parents* first we live,
Is not life misery enough to give ;
VVhich at their births the children doth vndo,
Vnlesse they adde some other mischiefe to ?
Cause they gaue being to this flesh of our,
Must we be therefore slaues vnto their power?
We were desir'd it, for how could we tell,
Not being, but that not to be was well :
Nor know they whom they profit by it, seeing
Happy were some, if they had had no being.
Indeed, had they produc'd vs without sin,
Had all our duty to haue pleas'd them bin :
Of the next life, could they assure the state,
And both beget vs and regenerate ;
There were no reason then we shold withstand,
To vndergoe their tyrannouſt command :
In hope that either for our hard endurance,
We should, at last, haue comfort in assurance :
Or if in our endeouours we mis̄sped,
At least feele nothing when we shold be dead.

But

Fidelia.

But what's the Reason for't that we shall be
Inthral'd so much vnto Mortality ?
Our soules on will of any *Men* to tye
Vnto an euerlasting misery.
So farre, perhaps too, from the good of either,
We ruine them, our selues, and altogether.

Children owe much, I must confess tis true,
And a great dept is to the *Parents* due :
Yet if they haue not so much powre to craue
But in their owne defence the liues they gave:
How much lesse then, should they become so cruell
As to take from them the high prised Iewel
Of liberty in choice, whereon depends
The majnc contentment that the heauen here lends ;
Worth life, or wealth, nay far more worth the either
Or twenty thousand liues put all together.
Then howsouer some, severer bent,
May deeeme of my opinion, or intent,
With that which followes thus conclude I do :
(And I haue Reason for't, and Conscience too)
No Parent may his Childs iust cause deny
On his bare will, without a reason why ;
Nor he so vs'd, be disobedient thought,
If vnapprovd, he take the match he sought.

So then if that thy faith vincrazed be,
Thy friends dislike shall be no stop to me :
For if their will be not of force to doe it,
They shall haue no cause else to drine them to it.

Y

Let.

Fidelia.

Let them bring all forth that they can alleage,
Weare both young, and of the fitteſt age,
If thou diſſemblēdſt not, both loue, and both
To admit hinderance in our loues were loth.
Tis preiudiciale vnto none that liues,
And Gods, and humane Law our warrant giues.
Nor are we much vnequall in degree,
Perhaps our *Fortunes* ſomewhat diſferent be.
But ſay that little meaneſ, which is, were not,
The want of wealth may not diſſolve this knot.
For though ſome ſuch prepoſteroſ courses wend,
Preſcribing to themſelues no other end,
Marr'age was not ordain'd t'enrich men by,
Vnleſſe it were in their posteritie.
And he that doth for other cauſes wed,
Nere knowes the true ſweetes of a marriage bed:
Nor ſhall he by my will, for tis vnfitt
He ſhould haue bliſſe that neuer aym'd at it.
Though that bewitching gold the *Rabble* blinds,
And is the obieſt of the *Vulgar* minds:
Yet thoſe me thinks that graced ſeeme to beeſ,
With ſo much good as doth appeare in theeſ,
Should ſcorne their better-taught deſires to tye
To that, which fooles doe get their honour by.
I can like of the wealth I (muſt confeſſe)
Yet more I prize the man, though mony-leſſe.
I am not of their humor yet, that can
For Title, or Estate, affect a *Man*;

Or

Fidelia.

Or of my selfe, one body deigne to make
With him I loath, for his possessions sake.
Nor wish I euer to haue that mind bred
In me, that is in those ; who, when they wed,
Thinke it enough they doe attaine the grace
Of ~~some~~ new honour, to fare well, take place,
Weare costly clothes, in others sights agree,
Or happy in opiaion seeme to bee.

I weigh not this : for were I sure before
Of Spencers wealth, or our rich Suttons store ;
Had I therewith a man, whom Nature lent
Person enough to give the eye content :
If I no outward due, nor right did want,
Which the best husbands in appearance grant :
Nay, though alone we had no priuate iarres,
But merry liu'd from all domestick cares ;
Vnlesse I thought his Nature so incline,
That it might also sympathize with mine,
(And yeeld such correspondence with my mind,
Our soules might mutually contentment find,
By adding vnto these which went before,
Some certaine vnexpressed pleasures more,
Such as exceed the streight and curb'd dimensions
Of common minds, and vulgar apprehensions)
I would not care for such a match, but tarry
In this estate I am, and neuer marry.

Such were the sweets I hop'd to haue possest,
When Fortune should with thee haue made me blest.

Fidelia.

My heart could hardly thinke of that content,
To apprehend it without rauishment.
Each word of thine (me-thought) was to my cares
More pleasing then that musick, which the *spheres*
(They say) doe make the gods, when in their chime,
Their motions *Diapason* with the time.
In my conceit, the opening of the eye,
Seem'd to giue light to euery obie& by,
And shed a kinde of life vnto my shew,
In every thing that was within it view.
More ioy I'ue felt to haue thee but in place,
Then many doe in the most close embrase
Of their beloued'ſt friend, which well doth proue,
Not to thy bodie onely tends my loue.
But mounting a true height, growes so diuine,
It makes my soule to fall in loue with thine,
And sure now whatsoer'e thy bodie doe,
Thy soule loues mine, and oft they visit too.
For late I dream'd they went I know not whither,
Vnlesse to *Heauen*, and there play'd together;
And to this day I nere could know or see,
'Twixt them or vs the least *Antipathy*.
Then what shuld make thee keep thy person hence,
Or leaue to loue, or hold it in suspence?
If to offend thee I vnawares was driuen,
Is't such a fault as may not be forgiuen?
Or if by frownes of *Fate* I haue beene checkt,
So that I seeme not worth thy first respect,

Shall

Fidelia.

Shall I be therefore blamed and vpbraided,
With what could not be holpen, or auoyded?
Tis not my fault: yet cause my *Fortunes* doe,
Wilt thou be so vnkinde to wrong mee too?
Not vnto *Thine*, but thee I set my heart,
So aught can wipe my loue out while thou art:
Though thou wert poorer both of house and meat,
Then he that knowes not where to sleepe or eat:
Though thou wert sunke into obscurity,
Become an obie& in the worlds proud eye,
Though by peruersesse of thy *Fortune* crost,
Thou wert deformed, or some limbe haſt lost,
That loue which *Admiration* first begot,
Pity would strengthen, that it failed not:
Yea, I should loue thee still, and without blame,
As long as thou couldſt keepe thy minde the ſame;
Which is of *Vertues* ſo compa& (I take it)
No mortall change ſhall haue the power to ſhake it.
This may, and will (I know) ſeeme ſtrange to thofe
That cannot the *Abyss* of loue diſclose,
Nor muſt they thinke, whom but the outſide muves
Euer to apprehend ſuch noble *Loues*.
Or more conie&ture their vnsounded meaſure,
Then can we mortals of immortall pleaſure.
Then let not thofe dull vncouciuing braines,
Who ſhall hereafter come to reade theſe ſtraines,
Suppoſe that no loues fire can be ſo great,
Because it giues not their cold Clime ſuch heate.

Fidelia.

Or thinke m'inuention could haue reached here
Vnto such thoughts, vnlesse such loue there were,
For then they shal but shew their knowledge weak,
And iniure me, that feele of what I speake.

But now my lines grow tedious, like my wrong,
And as I thought that, thou thinkst this too long.
Or some may deeme, I thrust my selfe into
More then becometh modesty to do.
But of the difference I am not vnwitting,
Betwixt a peeuiish coynes, and things vnfitting :
Nothing respect I, who pries ore my doing :
For here's no vaine allurements, nor fond wooing,
To traine some wanton stranger to my lure ;
But with a thought that's honest, chaste and pure,
I make my cause vnto th' conscience knowne,
Suing for that which is by right my owne.
In which complaint, if thou doe hap to find
Any such word, as seemes to be vnkind :
Mistake me not, it but from *Passion* sprung,
And not from an intent to do thee wrong.
Or if among these doubts my sad thoughts breed,
Some (peraduenture) may be more than need ;
They are to let thee know, might we dispute,
There's no objections but I could refute ;
And spight of *Envie* such defences make,
Thou shouldest embrace that loue thou dost forsake.

Then do not (oh forgetfull man) now deeme,
That tis ought else then I haue made it seeme.

Or

Fidelia.

Or that I am vnto this *Passion* mou'd,
Because I cannot else-where be belou'd :
Or that it is thy state, whose greateste knowne,
Makes me become a tutor for my owne :
Suppose not so ; for know this day there be
Some that wooc hard for what I offer thee :
And I haue euer yet contented bin
With that estate I first was placed in,
Banish those thoughts, and turne thee to my heart ;
Come once againe, and be what once thou wert.
Reuiue me by those wonted foyes repairing,
That am nigh dead with sorrowes and despairing.
So shall the memory of this annoy,
But adde more sweetnesse to my future ioy ;
Yea, make me thinke thou meantst not to deny me,
But onely wert estranged thus, to try me.
And lastly, for that loues sake thou once bar'st me,
By that right hand thou gau'st, that oath thou swar'st
By all the *Passions*, and (if any be) (me,
For her deare sake that makes thee iniure me ;
I here coniure thee ; no, intreat and sue,
That if these lines doe ouer-reach thy view,
Thou wouldest afford me so much fauour for them,
As to accept, or at least not abhorre them,
So though thou wholly cloake not thy disdaine,
I shall haue somewhat the lesse cause to plaine :
Or if thou needs must scoffe at this, or me,
Dot by thy selfe ; that none may witnesse be.

Not

Fidelia.

Not that I feare, twill bring me any blame,
Onely I me loth the world should know my shame.
For all that shall this plaint with reason view,
Will judge me faithfull, and thee most vntrue.
But if *Oblition*, that thy loue bereft,
Hath not so much good nature in thee left,
But that thou must, as most of you men doe,
When you haue conquer'd, tyranize it too:
Know this before, that it is praise to no man
To wrong so faire a *Creature* as a woman,
And to insult or'e one, so much made thine,
Will more be thy disparagement then mine.

But oh (I pray that it portend no harme,)
A cheaing heate my chilled senses warmes:
Iust now I flashing feele into my brest,
A sudden comfort, not to be exprest;
Which to my thinking, doth againe begin
To warme my heart, to let some hope come in;
It tells me 'tis impossible that thou
Shouldst liue not to be mine; it whispers how
My former feares and doubts haue been in vaine,
And that thou mean'st yet to returne againc.
It saies thy absence from some cause did grow,
Which, or I should not, or I could not know.
It tells me now, that all those proofes, whereby
I seem'd assur'd of thy disloyalty,
May be but treacherous plots of some base foes,
That in thy absence sought our ouerthrowes.

VVhich

Fidelia.

Which if it prove; as yee me thinkes it may,
Oh, what a burden shall I cast away?
What cares shall I lay by? and to what height
Towre in my new ascension to delight?
Sure er'e the full of it I come to try,
I shall eu'n surfeit in my ioy, and die:
But such a losse might well be call'd a thriling
Since more is got by dying so, then living.

Come kill me then, my deare, if thou thinke sic,
VVith that which never killed woman yet:
Or write to me before, so shalt thou giue
Content more moderate that I may live:
And when I see my staffe of trust vnbroken,
I will vnspeake againe what is mis-spoken.
VVhat I haue written in dispraise of *Men*,
I will recant, and praise as much agen;
In recompence Ile adde vnto their Stories,
Encomia & stick lines to ymp their glories.
And for those wrongs my loue to thee hath done,
Both I and it vnto thy *Pitty* runne:
In whom, if the least guilt thou finde to be,
For ever let thy armes imprison mee.

Meane while I'le try if misery will spare
Me so much respite, to take truce with care.
And patiently await the doubtfull doome,
VVhich I expect from thee should shortly come;
Much longing that I one way may be sped,
And not still linger 'twixt aliue and dead.

For

Fidelia.

For I can neither live yet as I should,
Because I least enjoy of that I would ;
Nor quiet die, because (indeed) I first
Would see some better daies, or know the worst.

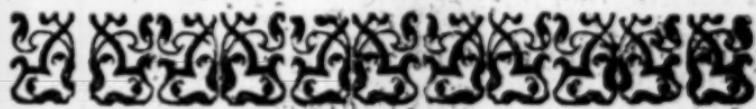
Then hasten *Dears*, if to my end it be,
It shall be welcom, cause it comes from thee.

If to renew my *Comfort* ought be sent,
Let me not loose a minute of *Content*.

The precious *Time* is short, and wil away,
Let vs enjoy each other while we may.

Cares thriue, *Age* creepeth on, *Men* are but shades,
Joyes lessen, *Youth* decaies, and *Beauty* fades ;
New turnes come on, the old returneth neuer,
If we let our go past, 'tis past for euer.

Inter



Inter *Equitand* : *Palinod*.

MY *Genius* say what *Thoughts* these paintings
Thy *Thoughts* of *Loue*. (motion)
What *Flames* are these that set my heart on fire?
Flames of *Desire*.

What are the *Meanes* that these two vnderprop?
Thy earnest *Hope*.

Then yet I me happy in my sweete *Friends* choyce?
For they in depth of *Passion* may rejoyce;
Whose *Thoughts*, & *Flames*, & *Meanes* haue such bleſt
They may at once both *Loue*, *Desire*, & *Hope*. (scope,

But tell what *Fruit* at laſt my *Loue* ſhall gaine?
Hidden *Disdaine*.

What wilthat *hope* proue which yet *faith* keepsfaire?
Hopeleſſe *Despaire*.

What *End* will runue my *Passions* out of breath?
Vntimely *Death*.

Oh me, that *Passion* ioyn'd with *Faith* and *Loue*,
Should with my *Fortunes* ſo vngracious proue;
That ſhe le no *fruit*, nor *Hope*, nor *End* bequeath,
But cruelleſt *Disdaine*, *Despaire*, and *Death*.

Then

Then what new *Study* shall I now apply?

Study to Dye.

How might I end my *Care*, and die content?

Care to Repent.

And what good thoughts, may make my end more

Thinke on thy Folly. (holy

Well, so I will, and since my *Fate* may giue

Nothing but discontents whilst here I liue.

My *Studies, Cares, and Thoughts* Il'e all apply

To weigh my *Folly* well, *Repent*, and *Dye.*



Sonnets.





Sonnets.

HEnce away thou *Syren* leue me,
Pish vnclaspe these wanton armes
Surgred words can necre deceiue me,
Thogh thou proue a thouſad charmes.
Fie, fie, forbeare no common snare
Can euer my affection chaine,
Thy sugred baites of Loue deceits
Are all beſtowed on me in vaine.

I haue elſe where vowed a duty,
Turne away thy tempting eye;
Shew not me thy painted beauty,
These impostures I defie:
My ſpirit lothes where gawdy clothes
And faigned othes, may loue obtaine,
I loue her whose lookeſ ſweares no,
That all thy labour will be vaine.

I am no ſlave to ſuch as you be,
Nor ſhall that ſoft ſnowy Breſt,

Rowling

Rowling eye, and lip of rubie
Euer rob me of my rest.

Go, go, display thy beauties ray
To some more soon enamored Swain,
Thy forced wile, of sighes and smiles
Are all bestow'd on me in vaine.

Can he prize the tainted poesies
That on others brest are worne,
Which may pluck the Virgin roses
From the neuer-touched thorne:
I can go rest on her sweet brest
That is the pride of *Cimhi* as traine,
Then stay thy tougue, thy Mermaids Song
Is all bestow'd on me in vaine.

He is a foole that basely dallies,
Where each Pesant mates with him;
Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,
Where there's noble Hils to clime :
No, no, though Clownes are scar'd with frownes,
I know the best can but disdaine,
Then those I'le proue, so will thy loue
Be all bestow'd on me in vaine.

Yet I would not daigne embraces
With the fairest Queenes that bee,

If another shar'd those graces,
Which they had bestow'd on me.
Ile grant that one my loue where none
Shall come to rob me of my gaine,
The fickle heart makes teares and art,
And all bestow'd on me in vaine.

I doe scorne to vow a duty
Where each lustfull Lad may woe,
Giue me her whose sunne-like beauty
Buzzards dare not sore vnto:
Shee it is affords thy blisse,
For which I would refuse no paine,
But such as you fond fooles adieu,
Thou seekes to captaine me in vaine.

Shee that's proud in the beginning,
And disdaines each looker on,
Is a *Harpie* in the winning,
But a *Turtle* being woon:
What ere betide she'l neere diuide
The fauour she to one doth daine,
But fondlings loues vncerten proues,
All all that trust in them are vaine.

There fore-know when I enjoy one,
And for loue employ my breath,

She

If

Shee I cou't shall be a coy one,
Though I purchase with my death.
The pleasures there few aime at dare,
But if perhaps a Louer plaine,
Shee is not woone nor I vndone,
By placing of my loue in vaine.

Leaue me then thou Syren leane me,
Take away these charmed armes,
Craft thou seeſt can neſte deceiue me,
I am prooſe, gaint womens charmes.
Oft fooles assay to lead astray
The heart that constant must remaine,
But I the while doe ſit and Smile,
To ſee them ſpend their loue in vaine.

Shall

Chaucer's Tales, folio 12 verso, 1483

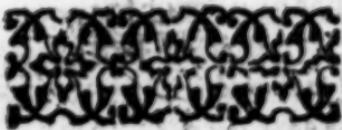
Shall I wasting in despaire
 Die because a womans faire;
 Or my cheeke make pale with care,
 'Cause anothers rosie are,
 Be shee fairer then the day,
 Or the flowry meedes of **May**,
 If shee be not so to me,
 What care I how faire shee bee.
 Shall my foolish heart be pynche,
 'Cause I see a womans kinde,
 Or a well disposed nature,
 Ioyned in a comely feature,
 Be shee kinde or meeker than
 Turtle Doue or Pelican,
 If shee be not so to me,
 What care I how kinde shee bee.

Shall a womans vertues make
 Me to perish for hef sake;
 Or her merits value knowne
 Make me quite forget my owne;
 Be shee with that goodnes blest,
 That may me hit name of best,
 If shee seeme not so to mee,
 What care I how good shee bee

Canſe her fortunes ſeemeſt too high,
Should I play the foole and die;
He that beareſt a noble minde,
If not outward helpe he finde,
Thinke what with them he would do,
That without them dares to wooc,
And unlesſe that minde I ſee,
What care I how great ſhe bee.

Great, or good, or kinde, or faire,
I will neare the more deſpaire;
If ſhee loue me then beleeue
I will die ere ſhee shall grieue.
If ſhee slight me when I wooc,
I can ſlight and bid her goe,
If ſhee be not fit for me,
What care I how others bee.

FINIS.





The Christians Armour: or Faith
and Prayer. Being a Metrical Pa-
raphrase vpon the Creede and the
Lords Prayer. Composed by G. W.
and Dedicated to his worthy friend,
Mr. ARTH. STR.

SInce it befits, that I account should give
VVhat way vnto saluation *I believe;*
Of my professiō here the summe I gather.
First, I confesse a Faith in God the Father;
In God, who (without Helper or Partake)
VVas of himselfe the worlds *Almighty Makr.*
And first gaue Time his being: who gaue birth
To all the Creatures, both of *Heauen and Earth.*
Our euerlasting wel-fare doth consist
In his great mercies, and in *Iesus Christ:*
The second person of that *Three in one,*
The Father's equall, and *his onely Sonne;*
That euer blessed, and incarnate Word,
Which our Redeemer is, our life, *Our Lord:*

The Christian Armour,

For when by Sathan's guile we were deceiued,
Christ was that meanes of helpe, which was conceiued;
Yea, (when wee were in danger to bee lost)
Conceiued for vs, by the holy Ghost.
And that wee might not euer bee fore-lorne,
For our eternall safety He was borne;
Borne as a Man (that Man might not miscary)
Even of the substance of the Virgine Mary,
And lo, a greater mercy, and a wonder;
He that can make All suffer, suffered under
The Iewish spite (which all the world revile at)
And Romish tyrranies of Pontius Pilate.
In him doe I bleeene, who was enuited,
Who with extreameſt hate was Crucified;
VVho being Life it ſelfe (to make assured
Our ſoules of safety) was both dead, and buried;
And that no ſeruile ſeatē in vs might dwell,
To conquere, *Hee descended into Hell:*
VVhere no infernall Power had power to lay
Command vpon him; but on the third day
The force of Death and Hell he did conſtraine,
And ſo in Triumph *Hee arose againe.*
Yea, the Almighty power aduanc'd his head,
Aswell aboue all things, as from the dead.
Then, that from thence gifts might to men be giuen,
With glory, *Hee ascended into Heaven:*
Where, that ſupreme and euerlaſting throne,
Which was prepar'd, he climb'd; and ſitteth on
That blessed ſeatē, where he ſhall make abode
To plead for vs, at the right hand of God.

And

or Faith and Prayer.

39

And no where should he be enthroned rather,
Then there : for, he is God as is the Father,
And therefore with an equall loue delight I
To praise and serue them both, as one Almighty :
Yet in their office there's a difference.

And I beleue, that Iesus Christ, *from thence*,
Shall, in the great and vniuersall doome,
Returne ; And that with Angels *He shall come*,
To question such as at his Empire grudge ;
Euen those who haue presumed him *to judge*.
And that blacke day shall be so Catholike,
As I beleue not onely that *the quicke*.
Shall to that grand assise be summoned ;
But, he will both adiudge them *and the dead*.
Moreouer, in the Godhead I conceiue
Another Person, in whom *I beleue* :
For all my hope of blessednesse were lost,
If I beleue not *in the holy Ghost*.

Although vaine Schismaticks through pride & folly
Contemne her power, I do beleue *the holy*
Chast Spouse of Christ (for whom so many search
By markes *uncertaine*) the true *Catholike Church*.
I doe beleue (God keepe vs in this vnion.)
That there shall be for euer *the Commision*
Of Gods Elect : and that he still acquaints
His Children in the fellowship *of Saints*.
Though damned be Mans naturall condition,
By grace in Christ I looke for *the remission*
Of all my foule misdeeds ; for, there begins
Deaths end, which is the punishment *of sinnes*.

Z. 3

More

The Christians Armour,

Moreover, I the *Sadducos* infection
Abhorre, and doe beleue the *Resurrection*:
Yea, though I turne to dust; yet thorough God, I
Expect a glorious rising of the body;
And that, exempted from the cares here life,
I shall enjoy perfection and the life
That is not subiect vnto change or waltering;
But ever-blessed, and for everlasting.
This is my Faith, which that it faile not when
It most shoulde stede me, let God say, *Amen.*

*To whom, that he so much vouchsafes me may,
Thus as a member of his Church, I pray:*

(ther,

Lord, at thy Mercy-seat, our selues we ga-
To doe our duties vnto thee, *Our Father.*
To whō all praise, al honor, shuld be giue:
For, thou art that great God which art in
Thy wiſdom rules, the worlds whole frāc, (*heauen.*
For euer, therefore *Hallowed be thy Name.*
Let neuer more delayes diuide vs from
Thy glories view, but let *Thy kingdome come.*
Let thy commands opposed be by none,
But thy good pleasure, and *Thy will be done.*
And let our promptnes to obey, be euen
The very same *in earth, as tis in heauen.*
Then, for our selues, O Lord, we also pray,
Thou wouldest be pleased to *Give vs, this day,*
That food of life wherewith our soules are fed,
Contented raiment, and *our daily bread.*

With

Lord,

or Faith and Prayer.

30

With eu'ry needfull thing doe thou relieve vs :
And, of thy mercy, pitty *And forgive vs*
All our misdeeds, in him whom thou didst please,
To take in offering for *our trespasses*.
And forasmuch, O Lord, as we beleeue,
Thou so wilt pardon vs, *as we forgive* ;
Let that loue teach vs wherwith thou acquaints vs,
To pardon all *them that trespass against vs*.
And though sometime thou findist we haue forgot
This Loue, or thec; yet helpe, *And lead vs not* See
Pro.
30.8
9.
Through Soule or bodies want, to desperation
Nor let abundance drieue *into temptation*.
Let not the soule of any true Belieuer,
Fall in the time of triall : *But, deliver*
Yea, sauе him from the malice of the Diuell ;
And both in life and death keepe *vs from evill*.
Thus pray we Lord : And but of thee, from whom
Can this be had ? *For thine is the kingdom*.
The world, is of thy workes the grauen story,
To thee belongs *the power, and the glory*.
And this thy happiness hath ending neuer ;
But shall remaine *for ever, and for ever*.
This we confesse ; and will confess agen,
Till wee shall say eternally, *Amen*.

*Thou shalt write them upon the postes of thy house,
and upon thy Gates. Deut.6.9.*

FINIS.
† . . .